

The Australian

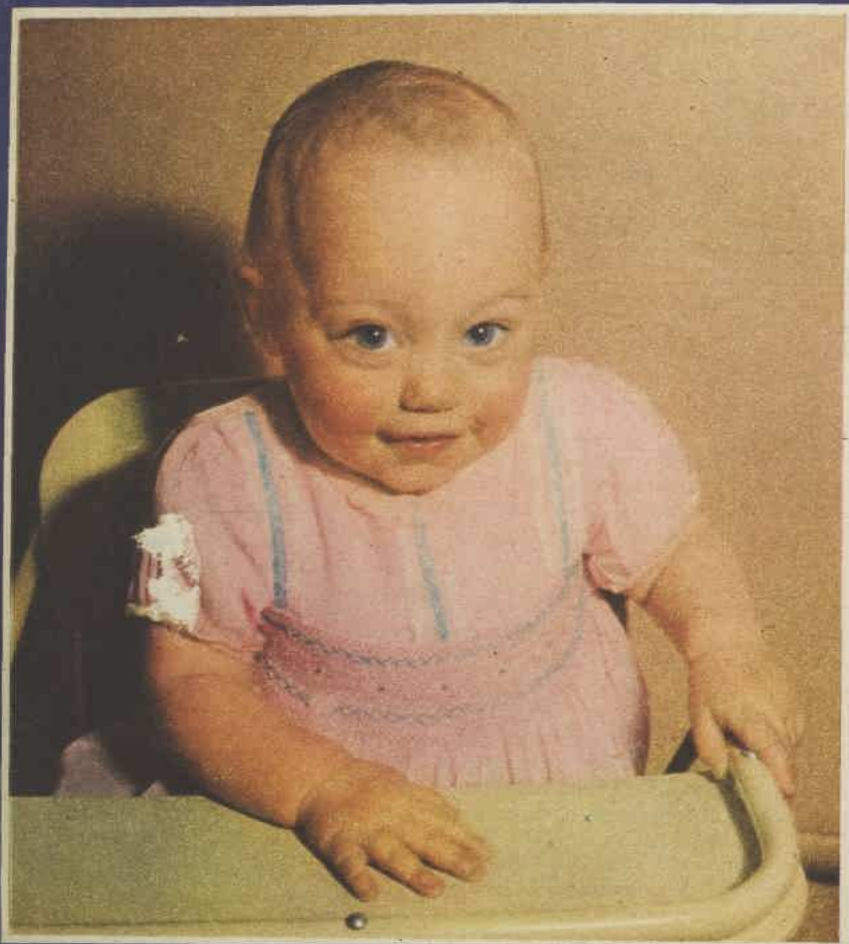
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November 14, 1956

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



JENNIFER



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 21 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

NOVEMBER 14, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 24

UNIFORM GAUGE IS ESSENTIAL

WORKS of major national benefit
often look too big to start.

One such job is the standardisation of
Australian rail gauges.

Again plans have been put forward for
this immense project and again rejection
looms.

But there never would have been a
Snowy River Scheme, a Yallourn coal
project, or a Sydney Harbor Bridge with-
out courage, imagination, and hard work.

A uniform rail gauge is long overdue
in Australia.

For passengers the gauge-break is in-
convenient and time-wasting. For freight
it causes almost crippling costs and long
delays as goods are shifted from truck to
truck.

During World War II it made the
movement of large numbers of troops a
nightmare. Roads had to be built so that
where possible railways could be by-
passed.

The chairman of the Government
committee that studied this problem, Mr.
W. C. Wentworth, M.H.R., suggested a
three-point plan that would make it
possible to travel from Brisbane to Perth
without change in gauge.

The plan would cost £40 million to
implement and Mr. Wentworth says that
it could be done in stages to avoid undue
dislocation to rail services while work was
being carried out.

Such a productive and far-seeing pro-
ject would bring the nation a sound
return on its investment.

With an efficient rail system linking
capital cities the alarming wear and tear
on main highways caused by heavy trans-
port would be reduced. The increase in
railway freight that would result would
be a welcome addition to the coffers of
the State Railways.

Australia is numerically a small nation,
but it can be a great one if its people
are undaunted by their biggest problems.

A standard rail gauge must come
sometime. Why not begin now?

Our cover:

● The Lucke quads, who are now just
on 16 months old, must have known they
were going to be on our cover this week.
Babies are notoriously hard to photograph, and
when there are four of them the cameraman
is likely to be exhausted by the time he has fin-
ished the job. However, the morning these
photographs were taken all four quads were
in a happy mood. Even Kevin, usually the
most unco-operative, turned on a series of
winning smiles.

This week:

● Staff photographer Ron Berg, who
took the pictures which illustrate the story
on Olympic bandmen appearing on page 15
this week, horrified the Army trumpeters when
he asked them to puff out their cheeks for a
photograph. The indignant bandmen said
that no good trumpeter ever did that.

Next week:

● With excitement mounting over the
Olympic Games, next week we will bring
out the first of a series of special Olympic
issues. The first issue will centre on the lavish
hospitality planned by Melburnians for visitors
and athletes. Two pages of color photographs
show some of the lovely homes where big par-
ties and balls will be held in the gala Novem-
ber-December season. There will also be a
story and pictures of athletes at the official
opening of the Olympic Village at Heidelberg.

● Another year has nearly gone by,
and it won't be long before Christmas is
with us again. In next week's issue our Home-
making Department comes up with some
helpful ideas for easy, last-minute gifts.

● Our special film section next week
will strike a sentimental chord among
older readers. We reproduce scenes from a
new Hollywood film, which is a musical ver-
sion of that old comedy "It Happened
One Night." There are flashback shots of Clark
Gable and Claudette Colbert, the original stars.

● In prewar days, the liners Mariposa
and Monterey were familiar sights in
Australian ports. Then, with World War II,
they were converted into troopships. Now the
new Mariposa and Monterey are again the last
word in sea-going luxury. Color pictures of
the Mariposa on her maiden run appear next
week.

● The current tour of the Classical
Theatre of China has proved a contro-
versial one. Next week we reproduce two
pages of color photographs of the company.
The photographs are some of the loveliest and
most unusual we have seen.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

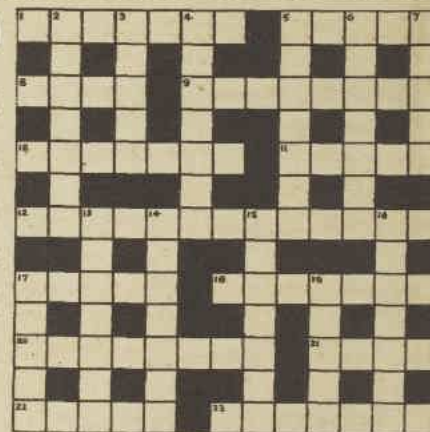
ACROSS

- Obstructs with ba-
kets (7).
- Goddess giving help
when turned (5).
- Heavenly or Holly-
woody (4).
- Abruptly truncate
before dots and
dashes (8).
- Trifled while played
the violin (7).
- Stately, once worth
6-8 (5).
- Seasoned often with
the salt of the sea
or by fresh air (7-8).
- Scare to be seen in
ethereal stocks (5).
- Good for a Prince
of Wales or a Ger-
man tennis player
(3, 4).
- The verb tear used
in the making of a
bone (6).
- Lausanne is the
capital of this can-
ton (4).
- Flowers which for
thirty years des-
troyed England (5).
- Though not actually
expressed the devil
told an untruth (7).

Solution will
be published
next week.

FORSEAR ADAM
LENNURE
INGRESS GRAND
NALEMI
TELEPATHY AGA
MMVOE
RESIDE REGENT
NYELE
ADOSPAGHETTI
GPITURN
ENACT ALIMENT
LELEAAAE
ELSA SPRINTER

Solution of last week's
crossword.



DOWN

- It could be a sad rite to sit so (7).
- Studied patiently an Italian river
which is crimson (5).
- Filled to excess by a peeler who
swallowed his tea (7).
- Teacher north of the Cheviot
Hills (7).
- Rob a cat (Anagr. 7).
- Anoint in a Caledonian elegy (5).
- Agrees on a short account of thick
strings (7).
- His rose for these businessmen
(7).
- Fascinate but not without harm
(7).
- Regularly done by musician and a
hangman (7).
- Mostly over a freebooter (5).
- Being spirit of evil is full of evil
(5).

The Silk Merchant

By DAPHNE K. FORSTER

SUNSET had come quickly this autumn evening, making the river burn with a million rays of light. The western sky hung in a painted curtain beyond the Junk Wharf where the junks were massed, their sails like great black bats poised for flight.

Over the teeming city darkness was falling. But that would not be for long. Materially, it was never dark in this city of many races where starvation and gluttony rubbed shoulders and more languages were heard in a square mile than in any other port of the world. The city's illuminated signs, brilliantly lit night-clubs, and floods of electric lighting turned its night into a feverish, glittering day.

There were, of course, the alleyways where the homeless snatched what rest they could, and rickshaw coolies, leaden with weariness, slept in their hovels. But these were but the aching, hidden part of the great body of the city. For so it is wherever men have gathered for commerce and raised a mammoth edifice for greater commerce.

Already lights showed along the Creek and in the Beggars' Colony beyond. Soon the Bund would be ablaze, along which the ocean-going liners docked and offices and hotels looked out towards the muddy waters of the Wangpoo.

In a week or so it would be too chilly to sit outside and look towards the Junk Wharf, watching the sunset and the answering lights of the city.

Soon they would come to fetch him indoors with grumblings about old people being as much trouble as babes, for the respect that was once shown for the aged was fading as ancestor-worship disappeared. Or they might forget to come, leaving him with his memories and his opium pipe.

A little extra cold or warmth made small difference to him now.

He was so old. Some said he was past his century. But what did they know, these uncouth grandchildren and great-grandchildren of his? They used the fortune he had made and his big stone house in its garden set behind a tall iron gate. They managed his money affairs and squabbled among themselves. Enough of the religion of their forefathers remained in them to allow him a room and his opium pipe.

He could have had what food he wanted, but beyond his favorite brew of jasmine-scented tea and a little boiled rice he wanted no more. Once he had coveted everything that was within his reach. His possessions had been vast, with wealth and renown as the prince of silk merchants, wives, and concubines. But all that was long ago.

In his room the joss-sticks burnt, and the scarlet coffin with the golden dragons painted on it had stood empty and waiting for years.

His body was so dry and brittle and shrivelled that it reminded him of tea-leaves laid by and forgotten in some dark cupboard, which when brought to light are found to be savorless. Across the yellow parchment of his face Time's spiders had traced and retraced their network of lines.

All his faculties were blurred; but one remained as it had been in his youth and vigor, that which men had called The Touch of Silk. So that even now, when doubtful bales were brought for his verdict, his hands shaky and ineffectual would come into their own again, deftly drawing the silk through gnarled thumb and finger.

Otherwise there were only memories, carrying him with them in a spate of dreams while he sat in the garden in the evenings, smoking his opium pipe and watching the sun set over the Junk Wharf where the sails seemed to cling like bats to the sunset sky. Sometimes, as now, the memories were fierce and vivid, and past became present.

The city he knew as a boy sprawled round the fringes of the river. It was anybody's land. Sailors were doped and shanghai'd for money, throats were slit, troublesome people thrown unceremoniously into the Wangpoo on dark nights.

Yet always there was that sense of growing power, of money exchanged and merchandise coming and going from the far corners of the earth. He felt it was a good place for an ambitious lad. Along with fifteen brothers and sisters, a father, and worn-out mother, he lived in a sampan by the Creek.

The father worked from dawn till late at night, and from earliest childhood the children were never idle.

Chance gave him his first permanent work, handling bales at

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His beautiful daughter was in the shop with him the day the blond giant from over the seas came to buy silks.



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to make you
completely
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perfume fragrances. 6/6.

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THE THIRD ANGEL

By Jerome Weidman

Dramatic and concluding instalment
of our exciting serial

THE first thing that took Cecil Inch by surprise was the wind. It had been blowing due south, or so he could have sworn, all the way up Shore Road. Then, as soon as he turned his car into the causeway, he became aware that the wind had shifted. It didn't seem possible. Yet there it was, hitting him full in the face, coming in from the north.

Before Cecil could give this phenomenon the attention it deserved, especially in view of the dirty color of the sky and the mean slap of the water against that concrete piling under him, he was hit by the second surprise: Cecil saw his own truck parked at the top of the Kirkbean service driveway, just beyond the brand-new reviewing stand. Cecil Inch slammed on his brakes.

When he left home, the truck had been parked in the yard and Ben had been in his room. On his way over to Kirkbean, Cecil had gassed up at Karl Kingsley's garage and he had stopped in at the bank for some cash. All this had taken time, of course, but even so it must have taken some pretty fast moving on Ben's part to get himself out of the house, into the truck, and all the way over here ahead of his uncle.

Some pretty fast moving, and some pretty tricky calculating.

Because Ben had obviously waited until his uncle had left the house before he got going. Even more obviously, he had not known that his uncle was coming to the same place. And most obvious of all, the boy had not wanted Cecil to know where he was heading for.

Which should have made it sort of funny. Because Cecil had not wanted Ben to know where he was heading for. Except that Cecil Inch was in no mood at the moment to find things funny.

"What's the matter? Motor trouble?"

Cecil turned. It was one of those two Government men, the fat one with flat feet. He was coming down from the big house, lugging what looked like the tabulating mechanism for the turnstile.

"No," Cecil said. "I just stopped because of the wind. Notice how it's shifted?"

"No," Albert Bede said. "What does it mean?"

"Can't tell," Cecil said. "Might mean your boss down in Washington won't be able to fly up for the ceremonies."

"Not a chance," Albert Bede said. "The Secretary of the Interior we got now, he's the most devoted public servant they had in Washington since Abe Lincoln."

Albert Bede shivered. "The weather always as crummy as this up here in December?"

"It's not so bad when the sun's out," Cecil Inch said. "Where's your boss?"

"Mr. Sparrow is up in the main hall."

"He busy?"

"He's tagging up some last-minute things before the crowd gets here."

"Hope you get a crowd in this weather."

"We always do," Albert Bede said. "Local people hate to miss these things."

"Well, if you let me in without making me pay twenty-five cents to get through the turnstile," Cecil Inch said as he tapped the starter. "I won't miss it, either."

"Looks like your whole family don't want to miss it," Albert Bede nodded towards the truck. "Your nephew beat you to it."

"Fair enough," Cecil Inch said.

He rolled the big car up the driveway to the front door. Getting out, he sent a casual glance across the lawn, but there was no sign of Ben. Rubbing his hands together against the chill, Cecil Inch climbed the stone steps to the massive oaken door. He stared at the bell for a moment, then figured the hell with that. He seized the knob and thrust the door open.

"Oh, good morning."

The other Government man, the small, thin one like a bird, was standing on a library ladder in front of the bookcases to the left of the fireplace.

"Good morning," Cecil Inch said. "I guess you know you're risking your neck."

"No risk is too great in the performance of one's duty."

"I'm not joking. The crossbar on that thing is loose."

"I know. Thank you. I just wanted to get a few of these last cards into place. I won't be a minute."

Lester Sparrow went back to getting his cards into place. Cecil Inch wandered casually across the cluttered room. He stopped in front of the portrait on the wall in the bend of the staircase. One of Mr. Sparrow's neatly lettered cards had been tucked into a corner of the frame. Cecil leaned forward and peered hard, giving an imitation of a man reading with interest.

"This portrait of John Paul Jones was presented to Admiral Headland in 1930 by the King of Sweden as a token of His Majesty's esteem. John Paul Jones was Admiral Headland's boyhood hero. This house is named after the town in Scotland where John Paul Jones was born: Kirkbean."

Cecil straightened up and turned. Lester Sparrow was setting a card



among a cluster of silver medallions on the top shelf. He had not seen Cecil's performance.

"Interesting," Cecil said. "I never knew the Admiral had things like that in this house."

"Whenever the Department comes into a house, we always dig up a great many things that local people never knew anything about."

Cecil moved back across the room towards the bronze bust at the other side of the fireplace. This put him directly in Sparrow's line of vision. Cecil leaned forward again, and peered harder, giving an even better performance of a man completely absorbed by a piece of reading matter.

Cecil glanced up across his shoulder. Lester Sparrow was fussing with the card for a group of Oriental boxes on the shelf below the silver medallions.

"You letter all these cards yourself?" Cecil said.

"Yes," Lester Sparrow said. "Why?"

"Haven't seen lettering as good as this since I was a boy."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Inch."

"Fact," Cecil Inch said. "Better come down off that thing, Mr. Sparrow, or you won't be attending those ceremonies this afternoon."

"I suppose you're right," Sparrow came down cautiously.

Cecil nodded to the suitcases at the foot of the ladder. "You checking out after the ceremonies?"

"After the ceremonies my duties just begin," Sparrow said. "Those bags belong to Mrs. Headland and her daughter."

"They checking out?"

"After the house is thrown open to the



public at four o'clock this afternoon, it would hardly be possible for them to remain on here in any privacy."

"Looks like they own a lot of clothes."

"It's not all clothes. Mrs. Headland and her daughter have selected a few objects to take away with them."

"What kind of objects?"

"Souvenirs of Kirkbean's great days and its great owner."

"I wouldn't mind having a souvenir of this place myself." Cecil Inch pointed to the shelf under the silver medallions. "What's that thing?"

Lester Sparrow looked up. "A cigar humidor."

"Mind if I take a look at it?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. No offence, Mr. Inch. The Department prefers not to have the physical properties of a national historic site handled by visitors."

"I thought this place doesn't become a national historic site until four o'clock," Cecil Inch said. "And I'm not exactly a visitor."

"That's true, and I hope you won't think me rude, Mr. Inch, but it is a policy of the Department not to allow these things to be handled. However, Mr. Inch, if that cigar humidor has any special value to you, I think I might perhaps overlook—"

"It doesn't matter," Cecil Inch said. "It just looked sort of interesting."

"Suppose I get it down for you, then," Lester Sparrow said.

The door opened. Albert Bede came in. "I think I got the counting dingus working okay," he said. "Want to try the tickets now?"

"Yes, please," Lester Sparrow said. "Would you get them, Albert?"

Bede went up to the portrait of John Paul Jones, swung it aside, and manipulated the knobs of a round, small wall safe. He hauled out several bound rolls of tickets, closed the

safe door, twirled the knobs, and swung the painting back into place.

"Here," Lester Sparrow said. "I'll take them."

Bede handed over the rolls of tickets. Sparrow started for the door. Bede moved with him.

"I'll take care of this," Sparrow said. "You finish tidying up in here."

Sparrow went out.

"Think you can trust him?" Cecil Inch said.

"To do what?" Albert Bede said.

"Give you your half of whatever he's getting for allowing Orville Kresy to stick a turnstile in front of that reviewing stand."

Albert Bede gave Cecil a long glance. "He's a GS-12 and I'm a CPC-4," Albert Bede said slowly. "I have to trust him."

"Think you can trust me?"

"Not from what I've heard around this town."

Cecil Inch laughed. "What about from what you've been able to see for yourself?"

"I've been pretty busy since I got up here from Washington. I haven't had much time to look around."

"You're a pretty cautious man."

"I'd say I'm a perfectionist."

"A what?"

"A perfectionist. Like Mr. Aden."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, you'd think, with all those thousands of pages of Admiral Headland's journal he's got to work on, you'd think he'd be satisfied. But he ain't. He stays up nights worrying about those few missing pages covering the last days of the admiral's life."

"What do you worry about, Mr. Bede?"

"People who come along and ask me what do I think of them. Do I trust them. What have I heard about them. Don't I think they're different from the other people I got a perfect right not to trust. That kind of

bunk. If I were just an ordinary moron, Mr. Inch, I wouldn't worry about people like that. Not for one minute, I wouldn't. But since I'm not a moron, Mr. Inch, since I'm a perfectionist, like Mr. Aden, I don't form any judgments of people until I got all the facts."

"In my case, Mr. Bede, you don't have all the facts."

"In your case, Mr. Inch, I ain't got any. All I got is my experience, and my experience tells me any time a local guy like you shows up around a national historic site, that's the time to make a grab for the Civil Service Manual and read all the fine print, because sure as God made little apples those guys want something the law says they can't have."

"We all want something we can't have."

"You, too?"

"I said all," Cecil Inch said.

"You want to watch your language. Right now you own everything in this town except the view of the sea."

"I don't own this house."

"Well, if you've been sneaking up on making me an offer for it, Mr. Inch, let me tell you a little secret: I'm in no position to sell."

"I don't want the house."

"What do you want?"

"A souvenir."

Cecil Inch nodded towards the suitcases near the library ladder.

"I want the sort of thing Mrs. Headland and her daughter are taking away with them in those bags."

"Why don't you ask for one?"

"I never ask for things."

"Most people seem to find it a pretty good way to get what they want."

Cecil Inch pulled a wallet from his hip pocket. "I prefer my way."

"Mr. Sparrow is boss around here, and I don't think it's his way."

Patterson Osler held the envelope up triumphantly. "The missing pages of the diary," he said, while Eva Gormley looked at him in fury.

"Neither do I," Cecil Inch said. He tossed the wallet lightly from one hand to the other.

"Uh-oh," Albert Bede said to the ceiling. "Lead me to that Civil Service Manual."

"Before you get there," Cecil Inch said, "I wonder if you'd mind telling me if my way of getting things could maybe be your way, too?"

"Officially speaking, Mr. Inch, no."

"Unofficially?"

"Maybe."

"How much would it take to convert maybe into yes?"

"Depends on the souvenir you want."

"I'm not fussy," Cecil Inch turned and ran his eye casually along the shelves of bookcases and curio cabinets. "Anything small enough to carry," he said. "How about that thing?"

"That box?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I don't know," Cecil Inch said. "Look like a box," Albert Bede started up the ladder. It swayed gently.

"Oops."

Bede reached up and took down the card leaning against the box. "This humidor," he read aloud, "an excellent example of eighteenth century Japanese work in ebony and bronze, was one of Admiral Headland's favorite possessions. During all of his active professional life, no matter in which part of the world he was stationed, this humidor always stood on Admiral Headland's desk. It was returned to Kirkbean, together with the Admiral's other personal

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Page 5

Jantzen Sports Briefs
mould you . . . hold you

To keep you figure-perfect while you're active, Jantzen designs these briefs to wear under sleekest sportsclothes—even swimsuits! They're of lustrous faille, elasticised to keep your curves under control. In four sizes (S, M, L and XL) and four fadeproof shades—frost white, black ebony, heavenly blue and ripe peach. Of course they're made to take to water—sudsy or salt. About 35/-.



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INTERNATIONAL

"CANNES" J-shirt in striped Jersey that stays shapely through countless washings, about 29/6.

"PIED PIPER" shorts in nylon shantung, styled for perfect fit, in 1" increases, about 39/6.

New fashion partnership: denim and checks



"CHECK PLEASE", above, Swiss check cotton shirt, about 47/6.

"SAUCY SUE", Tyrolean fashion in piped denim, about 49/6.

"SAN DIEGO" separates (above left). Shirt, spiced with white, about 39/6. Shortie in 1" waist increases, about 39/6.

"CHECK MATES" (above) denim shirt, about 35/-; skirt, check-trimmed, about 47/6.

"CHECK MATES" (above), check-collared tunic, about 39/6. Shorts in 1" increases, about 29/6.

"CHECK MATES" (above right), bra and shorts in check-trimmed denim. Bra, about 25/-; "Pocket edition" shorts in 1" waist increases, about 37/6. "Denim Dandy" cap, about 17/6.

Prices vary in some States.

"LAUSANNE" swimsuit (below) by Jantzen-Switzerland — from Jantzen exclusive "International Set"—enriched by embroidered flower clusters. About £7/19/6.



Those Hildreth Twins

A short short story

By **FREDERICK LAING**

IT was a game they had always played. They were the Hildreth twins, Lynn and Lois, and ever since they were this high they had played a game where they would swap names and laugh when you couldn't tell them apart. When they were younger they had played it to keep from being punished.

Like the time one of them had gone to Mrs. Stark's, across the street, and washed her Persian grey in a hair rinse to make it a bleached blonde. Mrs. Stark had seen one

of them do it and she was furious. But they refused to say which one, and Mr. Hildreth couldn't bring himself to punish two for a misdemeanor committed by one.

Their father had married late in life and their mother had died when they were born, and they had grown up teasing Dad because he didn't know which was which and, later, teasing the boys.

They would swap names and swap dates, trade a matinee for a football game, a Jimmy for a George, a dance for a dinner date. It was fun. And it drove the boys

crazy. But now the game was out of hand.

Lynn lay on the bed watching Lois get ready for the weekend party. Lois closed the overnight case which they both owned. She turned and swung happily before the mirror.

They shared their clothing like they had shared their names and dates. But from now on they weren't going to share the man who was waiting downstairs.

Lynn tried to hear his voice above the four or five, the gang who had arrived in a car.

A lot of people had smiled when Andy Nelson landed in town and started going out with one of the Hildreth twins. He didn't even know Lynn had a twin sister.

When he finally saw them together one night at their house Lynn was wearing a blue dress and Lois a brown one. They had twice as many changes that way and had long since given up dressing alike.

And the next day when Lois happened to meet him in the drug store she was wearing the blue dress and she told him she was Lynn.

He kept coming around to the house and once in a while taking one of them out. And one evening when he wanted to take Lynn to the movie "Narrow Ledge" Lynn fibbed and said she hadn't seen it. She wondered if that was how you acted when you fell in love.

She was upstairs dressing when Lois came to her and asked her to switch the date. "You've seen 'Narrow Ledge,'" Lois reminded her, "and I'm dying to see it."

"Lois," Lynn said, "you know we're getting too grown up to play tricks like these on the boys."

Lois looked hurt, then she looked thoughtful. "I guess you're right. But just this once more."

Lynn wondered if she ought to tell Lois the real reason why she

hated to give up a date with Andy. She didn't. Perhaps she wasn't entirely sure yet herself. She said, "I don't want to tell him I have a headache at the last minute. And I think he'd know whether it was you or I."

"He won't," Lois said. "You'll see."

Lynn really wanted to know, then. "I'll tell you what, Lois. You change and go downstairs. If he doesn't know the difference it's your date."

"You watch," Lois said confidently.

Apparently he hadn't known. Apparently he had just given Lois that shy, good-natured smile and taken her off to the movies. It nearly broke Lynn's heart.

The next time he had a date with Lynn the twins were both upstairs getting ready to go down to meet him. It seemed to Lynn then that there was something feverish, something fiercely competitive about the way each tried to look her best. She'd never had that feeling before.

Lois turned and twisted before the mirror as she fixed her hair. She said, "I wonder if we ought to wear our hair differently."

Lynn wasn't sure she understood. "You mean a new way or different from each other?"

"Different from each other," Lois said.

"I was going to suggest it myself," Lynn admitted. "We do look cute together, but, after all, we are two different people."

But they didn't do anything about it that evening, and they looked pretty much alike when they went down to the living-room where Andy was waiting.

That was when he told them about the weekend party at the country house of the Faradays. He and his older brother, who was coming down from Boston, were invited, and they could each bring a girl.

Andy smiled. "I'm not sure when he'll get here. We may go in separate cars. So one of you is stuck with a blind date."

A simple thing like that was

enough to establish one of them as Andy's girl. They were both aware of it. And that night Lynn had considered telling Lois that she was in love with Andy. But it was Lois who spoke first. She came to Lynn with tears in her eyes and begged for the date with Andy.

So now Lynn lay on the bed watching Lois get ready to leave. She had told Lois, and Andy, too, that she was coming down with a cold and had a fever. That wasn't true, though she was sick enough. Her illness was in that subtle and uncharted region known as the heart. She didn't want to go on a weekend party that would establish Lois as Andy's girl.

As Lois was about to go downstairs, Lynn said, "Don't let him come up to see me. I'm a mess."

Lois gave her a hug. "You're a brick. And I hope you feel better."

It was shortly after Lois and the gang had left that the doorbell rang. She heard Andy's voice, heard him talk to Margaret, the maid. He asked if he could see Lynn a minute, and Margaret said she guessed it was all right. And seconds later Andy was in her room.

Lynn remembered she was sick, and lay back on the bed and limply gave Andy her hand. She tried to look composed, but inside of the heart there was confusion.

"I thought you'd left for the weekend," she said.

"I didn't want to go without you," he told her.

"But . . . where's Lois?"

He didn't answer that. He pulled a straight chair up to the bed and straddled it with his arms on the back. "There's one thing I want to make clear, Lynn. I always knew when it was you. Why, you two aren't alike! Your eyes are quite different. Maybe it's just the expression."

"I like Lois," Andy said. "She's cute and full of the dev—lots of spice, but . . ." He gave her his shy, warm smile. "I didn't do this only for a gag, but when I learned you weren't going, I sort of wanted Lois to get started with my brother Jack."

"I guess I've had something like this in mind all along, and maybe that's why I've never told either of you about Jack. I mean, that he's only half an hour older than I am."

(Copyright)

As Lois was about to leave, Lynn said, "Don't let Andy come up and see me. I feel awful."



Echo from the PAST

By MOIRA CHETHAM-STRODE

*The future stretched ahead, empty and endless,
when suddenly a miracle changed it all*

TRACY walked towards her home. She walked with her head held high and the crisp air of autumn on her face—a slim, independent figure in jaunty trousers and jacket. That was the way she walked, and that was the way she lived now . . . lonely, but proud.

She glanced about her and thought gratefully: Kent must be lovelier than anywhere at this time of the year.

A mist rose off the marsh as the morning sun warmed it. The hawthorn hedges, which in summer had been smothered with pink-and-white blossom, were now ablaze with crimson berries. Children were blackberrying in the lanes; the apple orchards were heavy with fruit, golden and russet against the sky.

Tracy had always loved the autumn, though for the past few years she had feared the melancholy which went hand in hand with its beauty. She had too much sadness already deep within herself.

Ever since her young husband had been killed six years before in a senseless motor accident, she had carried on their farm alone, with only the help of an old man and a boy. Ben Ogden was shrewd but nearly decrepit, and Charlie, the boy, had the muscles of an ox but the brains of a rabbit.

Tracy had flung herself into the work, hoping by physical tiredness to kill the thoughts and longings that tormented her. Eventually, she had succeeded, too, in building up an excellent farm, a good flock of about one hundred sheep, and a flourishing hop garden.

She had trained her mind to run always along practical and commonsense lines. No time was left for dreams or memories, and she tried to ignore the gap of loneliness in her life. There seemed no other way.

So now, Tracy walked into the farmhouse, of which she was so proud. The big kitchen was impractical by modern standards, but it held the tradition of centuries of use. Hams strung in the chimney and a ladder ran up to the loft where apples and onions were stored. The sitting-room was low and rather dark, with huge beams, a gleaming oaken hearth, crimson curtains, and great bowls of flowers which Tracy lovingly arranged.

Now, in that room, as Tracy entered, the telephone was ringing.

Gaily over the wires from London came the voice of Tracy's friend Kay. As if from a different world.

"I'm having a party and this time you must come," Kay said urgently. "It's my last fling before I go into purdah rehearsing for a new play. You need a break, darling, from all your chores. Besides, I want you to help with the party—I've only got a daily and myself. It would do you the world of good to have an outing, and scrape off some of that farm mud; you're too young to bury yourself."

The words had a familiar ring. Kay very often tried to entice Tracy away from her hard and lonely way of life. They were such old friends that, however much Kay might criticise or bully her, Tracy knew that she meant well.

Their friendship had lasted after they had left school. Kay went on the stage and Tracy married, but they kept in touch.

Although Tracy's admiration was not now quite as uncritical as it had been, her affection endured.

Kay came to the farm when she wanted rest and quiet—though that was not very often. When Tracy's husband had died, Kay had tried to help by inviting her to stay in London and encouraging her to meet new people. But Tracy found that if she was to make anything of her life on the farm she must devote to it all her time, and gradually she had dropped out of Kay's social round.

But now, over the telephone, Kay was very persuasive.

"Do come, darling. It would be so much more fun for me if you were here, and it would be a wonderful change for you."

Tracy suddenly felt that Kay was right. It would be good to shake off responsibility, to be gay and frivolous for a brief while. In a few days' time hop-picking would begin on the farm, and that would mean even harder work than usual.

"Very well," Tracy said decisively. "I'll come. I'd love to, really—even though I don't know any theatre people now and I don't speak the right jargon. Still, I'll do my best!"

On the day of the party Tracy went up to London early to have her hair shaped and set and her nails manicured. (Kay's remark about scraping off the farm mud had gone home!) Tracy even bought herself a new dress.

"I must say you look madly attractive," Kay remarked when she saw the finished product. "Sort of unusual, with that fair hair and those black eyebrows. And so lovely and thin! It's the effect of life in that great outdoors, I suppose."

"You look pretty wonderful yourself," Tracy said, smiling. "You know, I don't stand a chance beside you!"

Kay looked gratified.

"I'll admit that I feel rather good. I always do when something exciting happens."

"And has it?"

Kay nodded. "This new play. It's truly something special—my part is, anyhow. You'll meet the author tonight—Stephen Sangster. He's directing the play, too." Then, in her most beguiling voice, she continued persuasively:

"I want you to do me a very great favor, darling."

"What is it?"

"Could you, would you, have Stephen and me down to the farm next weekend?"

"You see, I do terribly want to go over my part with him and get to know all his ideas about it. And it's hopeless trying to work here—far too many interruptions."

Tracy hesitated.

"I won't be able to be a very good hostess to you," she said doubtfully. "Hop-picking will have started by then, and I shall have to be out all day long."

"But that couldn't matter less, darling," Kay broke in. "Stephen and I can look after ourselves. I'll do the cooking. It'll be fun!"

Tracy laughed.

"I see. You're going to do your simple life act, are you? Is he in love with you yet?"

"Well . . . perhaps not yet. But I do think it's a good thing if one's director is

just a tiny bit in love with one," Kay said, grinning shamelessly. "I mean, it does seem to help!"

"And you?" Tracy asked. "How do you feel about Stephen, Kay?"

Kay looked mischievous. "You know me," she said. "But he's very intriguing. Very."

After ten-thirty, the guests began to arrive, coming from the various theatres at which they were playing. Little groups began to form—most of them discussing the latest theatre gossip.

Attracted by her appearance, people drifted up to Tracy, but when they found that she did not belong to their world they soon drifted away. But she enjoyed watching the progress of the party, and noted with some amusement the effortless way in which Kay managed to become the focus of attention wherever she was. Other women grew dim in contrast.

Then Kay came towards her.

"You said you'd be an angel and help bring in supper," she said. "I think we ought to start now, don't you—even though my precious author hasn't come yet . . ."

Tracy hurried off and busied herself by helping to carry in dishes of food and plates for the informal buffet supper. Kay was clever at making up original concoctions and all the food looked delicious.

On one of Tracy's journeys through the hall she heard the doorbell ring.

"I'll go," she called out. "I'll answer it."

She put down the huge bowl of salad which she was carrying, and flung open the door.

He seemed to be too tall for the doorway as he entered. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'm afraid I'm a bit late, but I was held up."

Absently drawing off his overcoat, he stood looking at her.

"You must be Tracy," he said.

"Yes, I'm Tracy." Then, as he threw the coat carelessly on to a chair: "Oh, not in the salad bowl!"

They both laughed as they tried to pick up the mess on the floor.

"Kay told me about you," he said.

"Did she? D'you think I ought to wash this lettuce all over again before I take it in? The floor's quite clean, and it's such a bore—"

"Of course you needn't," he said. "What they don't see won't hurt them to eat. I'm all in favor of a good few germs!"

"You'd better go into the sitting-room," Tracy told him. "You said yourself you were late."

She rose to her feet and took the bowl from his hands, smiling as she did so. Suddenly their eyes met. Her smile died as they stood silently gazing at each other. It was one of those still, strange moments of recognition, and they seemed to be looking not only into each other's eyes but, deeply, into each other's hearts.

"Stephen! Stephen, darling, how dreadful of you to keep me waiting!" Kay was flying down the passage, hands outstretched to him. "Come here this very moment."

Kay swept him away.

Tracy was left feeling slightly stupefied, but later, as she laid out the dishes and plates for supper, she was able to take stock of Stephen Sangster.

She noted his thin, clever face, the dark

*"Tracy! Stephen!"
said Kay gaily as she
burst on to the balcony,
"you're stealing
away from my party.
Do come in now."*

eyes, and his easy, casual stance as he stood surrounded by gay, animated people. She noticed, too, that Kay was beside him all the time; clearly, she felt that he was her property.

The room was very crowded now and everyone seemed to be talking at once, the pitch of voices rising higher and higher. Champagne flowed freely.

But after a time Stephen caught Tracy's attention and, freeing himself with some decision from the group around him, he came over to her.

"Is there anywhere we can talk?" he asked. "Out of this terrible din?"

Laughing, she shook her head.

"I don't think so, and, anyhow, supper is starting and I promised Kay—"

"Listen," he interrupted, "you've done enough to help Kay with this party. I know, I've been watching you. Let her cope now."

He took Tracy's arm and began to pilot her across the room.

"I know where we can find quiet," he said. "For a few minutes at least."

He opened french windows and they stepped on to a balcony overlooking the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14, 1956



square. When the windows were closed behind them, the sound of voices became a subdued murmur.

Stephen took a deep breath. "That's better," he said. "And I don't think Kay noticed you leaving."

"I'm quite sure she noticed you leaving, Tracy thought, but said nothing."

The night was moonless, and the plane trees in the square looked black and mysterious. Light from street lamps threw brilliant patches of green among the shadows, and the outline of Regency houses made a regular and beautiful pattern against the sky. It was very still.

"There's a spell over this night," Stephen said quietly, and then they were both silent, as if held by a strange, unreal beauty.

"I never knew London could be like this," Tracy said at last. "Such peace . . ."

He took her hand in his.

"Tracy," he said, "look at me."

She raised her eyes to his own.

"In time to come we may say all sorts of things to each other. But the essence of what we feel—it's there already . . . in our eyes . . . isn't it?"

She nodded without speaking.

"I shall never forget this moment," he said. Gently, he tipped her face up to his with his hand and kissed her lips.

The windows behind them were flung open. A burst of sound broke into the stillness. Quickly Stephen and Tracy stepped apart.

"Tracy! I did want you to meet Stephen, but I didn't say you could steal him away from my party like this!"

Kay was laughing. In the darkness she had seen nothing, and she was too confident of her own powers of attraction ever to be easily suspicious or jealous of any other woman.

"I can't spare you any longer, Stephen," she went on. "I want you to come and meet John Lorrimer, the boy I talked of for the part in the second act. He's just full of promise . . ."

Chattering, she drew Stephen with her into the room.

Tracy remained alone on the balcony for a few minutes, and then she rejoined the party.

She was not alone with Stephen again, except for a few brief moments. She found it impossible to talk with him as to a casual stranger. When their eyes met, the words died.

"I . . . I'm not making sense!" she said helplessly.

He smiled. "I know. I'm not listening, anyway."

"But why?"

"You know perfectly well—don't you?"

It was true: she did know. What their eyes were saying made nonsense of whatever their words might pretend to mean.

The party came to an end in the early hours of the morning. As they prepared for bed, Kay and Tracy discussed it sleepily. Tracy was careful to avoid any mention of Stephen's name.

Instinct told her that she was not ready yet to start fighting for Stephen. Her feeling was so new and uncharted, so simple; it did not belong amid emotional intrigues.

She could only wait for the long week ahead to end, so that she would see him again.

The following day Tracy returned to the farm. Back to work, back to responsibility . . . but nothing was the same. A miracle had happened, and love had come back into her life.

But at moments she was afraid, realising that one romantic meeting was not enough on which to base her wild hopes and happiness.

Perhaps it was just as well that there was

To page 69

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I THINK that phone numbers for essential services should be made uniform throughout Australia. Recently, while trying to notify the police and ambulance after a suburban accident, nearby residents and I were hampered by not knowing the city police number. If phone numbers for these life-and-death services were made uniform throughout the Commonwealth for city and country towns, much fruitless and desperate searching in dilapidated (and often missing) phone books would be eliminated. I suggest a numbering which would make Police 1111, Fire 2222, Ambulance 3333. And country services could be facilitated by using simply Police 1, Fire 2.

£1/1/- to H. Baker, Reid St., Gawler, S.A.

MANY parents, with the best intentions in the world, allow the desire to be kind to lead them into mistakes in handling children; for example, telling the child that the doctor or dentist won't hurt a bit. Many parents try bribery for good behaviour. Often this results in greater reluctance than ever, as the child guesses, shrewdly, that he will have to go through something unpleasant first. A much better idea is a small treat given afterwards as a surprise. Be frank and win the confidence of your child, and respect his intelligence. A little thoughtful preparation can do a lot to smooth the way and make the treatment more pleasant for everyone concerned.

10/6 to Mrs. M. H. Gabriel, Peel Island, Moreton Bay, Qld.

EVERY newlywed is faced with the problem "How can I cook as Mother does?" or, "Will I be able to cook?" But she should remember Mother was a newlywed once and had to begin cooking herself. Take the simple recipes — apple pie, etc., and easy meat dishes. With these for a start you can gain confidence and then attempt the more complicated recipes.

10/6 to M. Wragg, 40 Muriel Street, North Essendon, Vic.

HAVE you ever listened-in to kiddies playing make-believe? The number of times you hear phrases and expressions used by yourself is amazing. My two daughters have been the means of making me correct many an undesirable word or slangy way of speech.

10/6 to "Janie" (name supplied), Yarraville, Vic.

WANTING only minimum luggage on my trip to Melbourne for the Games, and having to take some woollens for the changeable Melbourne weather, I have decided to fill a cushion-cover with woollies, zip one end, and stitch a small material handle to one side. Result—a handy cushion for the long train journey and a carry-all as well.

10/6 to "Northerner" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I WONDER when some enterprising firm is going to wake up and improve the type of bag put up for our Royal Show each year. Must this only be an opportunity for firms to advertise their wares? To the children it is a big event, and a bag is a must. Why not a small novelty for them? A bright beetle that clicks when you press it, a tiny mouth-organ, anything, to keep after the cats have gone and to put a thrill back into "a bag at the Show."

10/6 to Mrs. E. Cant, 26 Salisbury St., Bayswater, W.A.

Home-made cakes

IN reply to Mrs. M. Saunders (24/10/56), I think she must be a very extravagant cook if she can't make cake for less than she can buy it. I can make a log cake and 12 patty cakes, all iced, for under 3/-. I defy Mrs. Saunders to buy them for that. I recently bought a small log cake for a friend, and that alone was 3/2. Inexpensive recipes can be just as good as ones calling for rich, expensive, and unnecessary ingredients, and who doesn't appreciate home-made cake.

10/6 to Mrs. E. A. Ellis, Hope Valley, S.A.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WITH Christmas drawing near, some parents might like to try out my idea regarding Santa Claus which I have proved very successful. When my daughter was seven, Santa left her a little goodbye letter, telling her how happy he had been bringing toys to her, but now that she was seven, and a big girl, he would have to say goodbye. He explained that as such a lot of new babies had arrived in the world, he just didn't have enough toys and stockings for everybody. He said that Mummy and Daddy would buy her a present each year at Christmas in memory of him, while he continued to make toys for the under-sevens.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. A. Benjamin, 98 Electra Street, West Bundaberg, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

YOU have probably heard of the King brothers, Smo and Nosmo.

I came across them first on a long train journey in America during the war.

An Air Force pal of mine pointed out to me that the Kings have their names on the double doors in trains over there, like this:

SMO KING

and

NOSMO KING

The two brothers, unfortunately, are on pretty bad terms.

That is why they keep apart on train journeys.

Nosmo says Smo is unhealthy and smelly.

Smo calls Nosmo a killjoy and a fusspot.

Despite his faults, I grew to be very fond of Smo King.

In fact, I adopted all his habits. One of the things I liked about him was that he seemed more sophisticated than Nosmo.

On social occasions, Smo was very much at ease.

He always had something to do with his hands—rolling cigarettes, striking matches, or flicking ash.

MRS. KING'S BOYS

He was a free spender, and got a lot of pleasure out of life.

Yet I noticed that Smo also had annoyances to put up with.

He often ran out of cigarettes



on Sunday when the shops were shut.

Then he would rummage through cupboards and old clothes in search of a packet, grumbling and cursing.

He used to get angry, too, when his lighter wouldn't work, which was a good part of the time.

Smo's worst period was the cigarette shortage.

He had to stand in queues and

grovel to tobacconists to get his supplies.

Still, I stuck with him loyally through it all.

What started the breach between Smo and me was my marriage to a friend of his brother Nosmo.

My wife never asked me to give up Smo, but it was plain she wasn't keen on him.

Also, I began to find Smo's way of life too expensive.

One day, quite suddenly, I said: "I'm going to see what Nosmo King is like."

At first I disliked him intensely. Then I gradually came to appreciate Nosmo's good points.

He is a carefree type, who never has to worry about carrying cigarettes or matches.

In time I became quite attached to him.

I said: "Smo King is dead. Long live Nosmo King!"

But last week at a party I looked round—and there was my old mate Smo.

He was grinning and offering me a cigarette.

I knocked him back this time, but I'm frightened he'll try again.

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WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

LOOKING FOR BAIT. The fishermen who frequent the beaches and rocky headlands north and south of Sydney, winter and summer, from sunrise to sunset, find most of their bait — cungevoi, small crabs, shell-fish, and octopus — round the rocks. This fisherman with his young helpers was photographed by Joan Cobb at Deewhy, north of Sydney. Rock-fishermen catch many kinds of fish round Sydney, mainly black drummer, groper, trevally, black bream, red mowong, squire, and snapper. Now, more and more spear-fishers are trying the water off the rocks, and the rod-and-line fishermen are meeting keen competition.

● See page 45 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia Book.

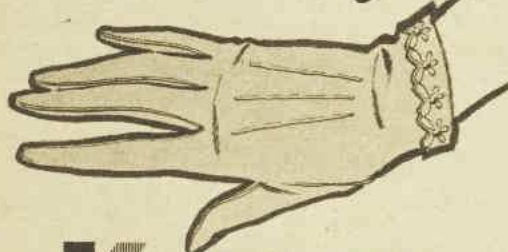
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CAIRO men's handkerchiefs, in colours only, are 2/10 each. For ladies, of course, the name is IDEAL colours only, at 1/11.



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Neighbors of the atom



OFF TO FISH in the River Irt, which runs through their farm, are Mrs. Radford Robinson and her children, Rosemary (6) and Francis (4). The Robinsons have a lease for their part of the river, which since Calder Hall began operations has abounded in trout and salmon.

● The newspaper placard against the rough stone wall stated:
"Living With the Atom." Behind me stood the futuristic towers of
Calder Hall — the world's first atomic electric power station.

From BETTY BEST, in London

IN front of me the little village of Santon Bridge — just four miles from Calder Hall across the rocky Cumberland moors. It was like driving between a gap of centuries.

But nobody seemed perturbed.

The Vicar of Calderbridge, in whose parish we drove, was explaining that his little church of St. Bridget had two Saxon crosses in the graveyard.

As he talked I could hear the echo of the voice of a physicist in the control-room of Calder Hall.

Only five minutes earlier he had explained nuclear reac-

tion in equally familiar tones.

It didn't seem to add up. Behind was man's hope for the future. In front lay a relic of the past.

Just then the past seemed comfortably familiar after the experience I'd just had.

Ushered through the guarded entrance of the atomic station by men in jaunty Navy suits and berets (who might have been skiing instructors had they not worn the word "Security" across their sleeves), I felt dwarfed.

Vast, curving concrete towers soared into the pale autumn sky. Beside them a Disney-like world of multi-

colored pipes writhed serpent-wise around rectangular buildings.

I expected to be whirled up hundreds of feet a second to the reactor charging-room.

After all, this was the new atomic age, where all physical effort would be unnecessary. But no. There was an ordinary office-type lift. It was not to be used.

Instead, I was told to march up five flights of steep steel stairs, which would have daunted anyone less than Hillary.

All the way I watched for Martian-like men in plastic breathing apparatus (I had seen them on a Calder Hall film a week before and they had fitted into my mental picture perfectly).

Instead, a workman in faded blue overalls kept pace with my climbing footsteps whistling "Rock Around the Clock."

Pink and green

THE color scheme of the plant was straight from the pages of a glossy magazine. Smart midnight-blue stood out against pale shocking-pink, apple-green, apricot-pink, baby-blue, and the more resigned grey and white of the modern suburb.

It made me think about the question of painting the sitting-room wall. It was all too much like "home was never like this — but I wish it was."

Remembering coal mines and oil derricks (my only previous symbols of power-producing units), the pristine cleanliness of Calder Hall seemed incongruous — and unfrightening.

Even the atomic heart of the monster reminded me more of a ship's polished engine-room than anything out of science fiction.

As I climbed the final stair it lay before me like a giant Chinese-checker board.

Calder Hall is the first atomic pile to operate commercially. There have been other stations — in America, in Russia, even at Harwell, where the idea for Calder Hall was born.

But that was on a laboratory scale. Calder Hall is now helping to grill the steaks in West End restaurants, burn the toast for suburban breakfasts, turn the lathes of North Country factories, and light streets throughout Britain.

Standing over the floor which covers the 36-foot-diameter pile was a young English journalist. With remarkable restraint he commented, "I suppose this is really something."

It certainly was. Eighteen feet down below, safely under control, was enough radioactivity to wipe out a small township.

A white-coated, pleasant-faced man wandered up. "Would you like me to explain anything?" he asked, in what I felt was the understatement of the century.

John Corfield, ex-Royal Navy, is a mechanical engineer working in the reactor charging-room. He operates a small part of this revolutionary machine.

John doesn't regard his job as unusual. "It's not unlike the Navy," he said. "You see it's equally well run and very clean."

He showed me the small television set which acts as the spy on the pile. A small TV camera is lowered to the centre of the pile, where no human eye could last a second, and it photographs whatever is going on there.

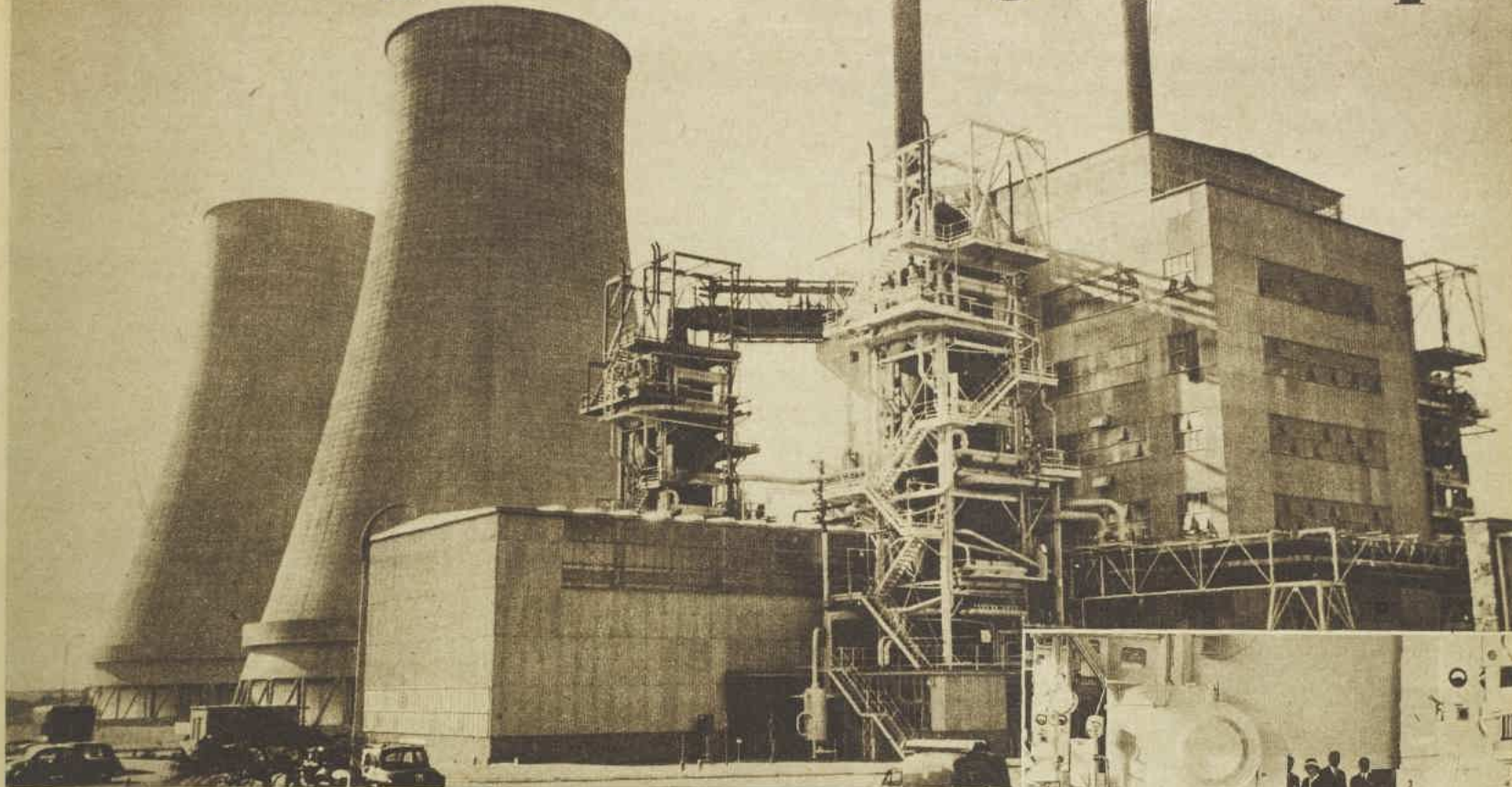
Then we looked at the meter, by which any radioactivity in the air, dust, on clothes or machinery, can be immediately detected.

Scattered around Calder Hall for miles, at various points, are other meters, examined daily. In the unlikely chance of dangerous radioactivity escaping, these meters would record it immediately.



ONE OF THE OLDEST oil-heated ovens in the district belongs to Mrs. Joe Thwaites, whose kitchen is so dark lamps must be lit soon after lunch. Her son Brian (6) helps.

But they're still using oil lamps



CALDER HALL, the world's first atomic electric power station. Now operating commercially, it is pouring power into Britain. The huge convex structures are cooling towers. Unlike other power stations there is no smoke at Calder Hall. This is expected to reduce smog greatly when all power is produced from atomic energy.

RIGHT: The Queen, dwarfed by the giant equipment in the reactor charging floor, officially opens Calder Hall.

Meanwhile, around Calder Hall life goes on in pre-atomic placidity.

Take the Robinsons at "Gatesworth Farm," Santon Bridge. Mr. Radford Robinson is Rural Councillor for Santon and the nearby village of Irton. His farm is his hobby as well as his home.

In the 17 acres surrounding the 300-year-old farmhouse he and his wife run 100 pullets, 40 cockerels, three sows with their 14 piglets, and about a dozen geese.

They also have the fishing lease of the River Irt, which runs through their property.

"This has been the best salmon season in six years," Mrs. Robinson told me.

"Local fishermen thought the atomic station would spoil the rivers. But they caught more fish this year than ever."

The Robinsons have three children.

Apart from his council activities, Mr. Robinson controls the vast canteen which feeds Calder Hall personnel.

Mrs. Robinson is a member of the Women's Voluntary Services in the welfare section, tends the big farm garden into a showpiece, feeds the livestock, is learning to milk, and keeps the big two-storied farmhouse spotless with an ordinary broom.

"It's tantalising to know that Calder Hall is so close and we still haven't electricity," says Mrs. Robinson.

"The first thing I shall want when we do get it is a vacuum-cleaner, and then, of course, a fridge."

Mrs. Robinson still cooks with bottled gas, lights the house with oil lamps, and heats

the household water with a coke stove.

Mrs. Joe Thwaites, postmistress for Santon Bridge, agrees. She cooks with an oil stove regarded as the oldest in the district.

"I've been hanging on to this old thing for six years, because they keep promising that we will have electricity within the next twelve months," she says.

Mrs. Billy Willan and her husband run the famous Bridge Inn at Santon Bridge.

"Way ahead"

MRS. WILLAN bakes her bread in a tin oil stove, keeps the kettle hissing over a wood fire, and carries the lamp along the front hall to light the customers into the bar.

But the Willans are an advanced couple. They have a two-stroke petrol engine which provides enough electricity to light one bulb for a few hours each night. This is regarded

by the village as "way ahead."

Mrs. Kensit, wife of a civil engineer at the atomic plant, prefers to live according to the ancient pattern.

The Kensits have a picturesque cottage on the bank of the river, almost hermit-like in its seclusion.

This is the way they like it. Their two dogs share the cosy flickering of the oil lamps in the evening.

"It may be a relief for my husband to come home to this after a day at Calder Hall — it's such a change," Mrs. Kensit says.

One person whose life has really changed since Calder Hall came into being is Calderbridge postmistress Miss Polly Geldart, who is "over 80."

Until Calder Hall was built the task was easy.

Then one day a heavy rectangular parcel arrived by post and had to be carried in the postwoman's bag all the way out to Calder Hall. Next day several similar parcels arrived,

all with the same address.

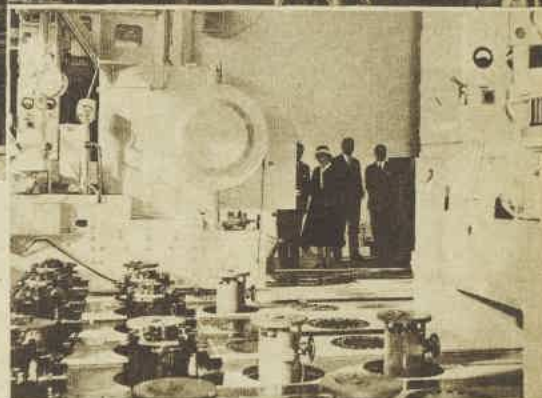
"When I discovered they were test bricks for the new station I was very frightened," says Miss Geldart. "I thought they were going to send the whole plant by post!"

Atomic mail

THEY didn't, but that is about all they didn't send. All the Calder Hall mail pours through the miniature stone post office on the village corner — thousands of letters a week.

One man who would have welcomed Calder Hall personnel to his parish of Beckermest, St. Bridget, and Ponsonby is the Reverend E. O. Bennett, of Calderbridge.

With a total area of eight by two and half miles to cover, the vicar has three churches to keep up, a church school of 70 pupils to run, and a total of 1500 souls in his care.



"When they put up the station bang in the middle of the parish I hoped that it would bring churchgoers with it," he said.

"Instead, they have built their houses and hostels at Seascale, outside the parish.

"I'm not against atomic power from the spiritual point of view. I think it's like beer — it just depends on how you use it."

"But if you ask me what the station has brought to the parish it stands in I'll tell you straight — not a sausage!"

OIL LAMPS provide the only light for Mrs. F. Kensit, wife of an engineer at Calder Hall. They live only four miles from the atomic plant.



LEFT: The week's bread is all baked in this oil stove at Mr. and Mrs. W. Willan's Bridge Inn. Calder Hall stands. They have lived there 30 years.



ABOVE: The Rev. E. Bennett, vicar of the parish in which Calder Hall stands. His church is about 1000 years old.



Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

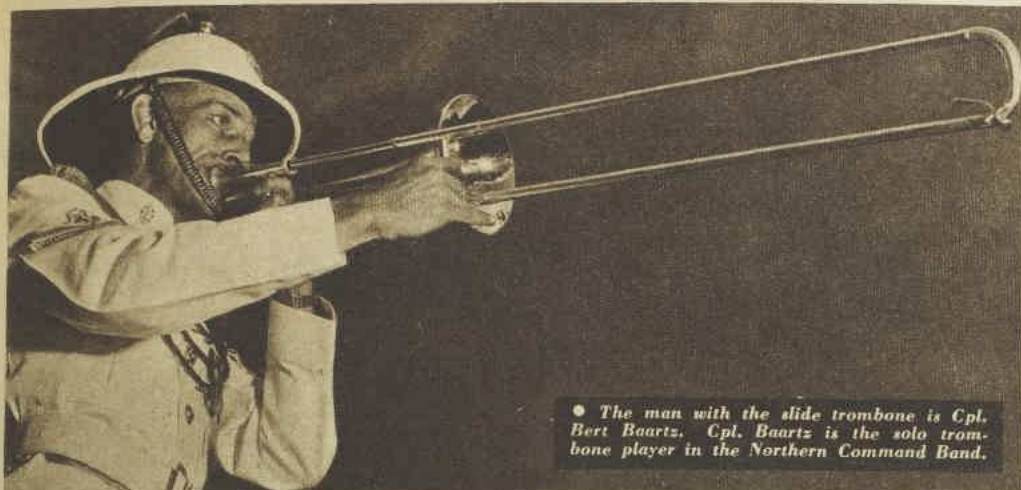
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OLYMPIC MUSIC-MAKERS



• The man with the slide trombone is Cpl. Bert Baartz. Cpl. Baartz is the solo trombone player in the Northern Command Band.

Massed Army bands will play 73 national anthems

• For the past few months 200 Army bandsmen from six Australian Army bands have been busy rehearsing a repertoire for the Olympic Games.

THEIR vivid red, white, and blue regimental uniforms are pressed ready for the spectacular opening of the Games on November 22.

One of their biggest tasks was to learn the 73 national anthems they may be called upon to play at the end of each athletic event when the winner stands on a dais.



• Pte. D. J. Hocking, one of the cornet players of the Southern Command Band, practises a national anthem from the band's Olympic repertoire.

• Below: The man with the omp-pah is Pte. D. K. Gray, of the Southern Command Band, Melbourne. His instrument is an E flat bass.



• Left: Southern Command side-drummer Pte. J. Chamings practises for the display. Other bands come from Western Command, Perth, Central Command, Adelaide, and from the Royal Australian Engineers, Casula, N.S.W.

• Above: The man with the twirling sticks is tenor drummer Private F. Mann, of the Northern Command Band from Brisbane. Staff photographer Ron Berg took these pictures in Sydney during the Army Tattoo.

SPRING OUTINGS FOR QUADS

Combined picnic, history lesson for the Saras



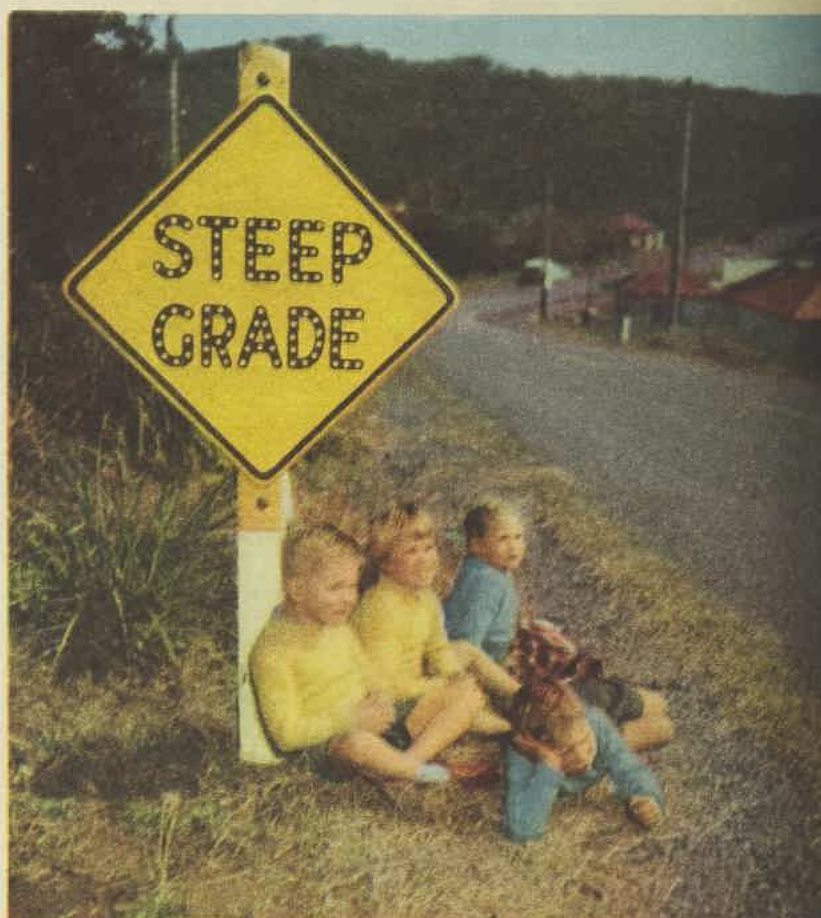
ENERGETIC MARK sits in the fork of a tree, while Judy climbs up after him, and Alison and Phillip wait their turn on the ground. Between lessons from Mrs. Sara the quads explored the country, chased kookaburras, climbed trees, and skipped stones on the water.



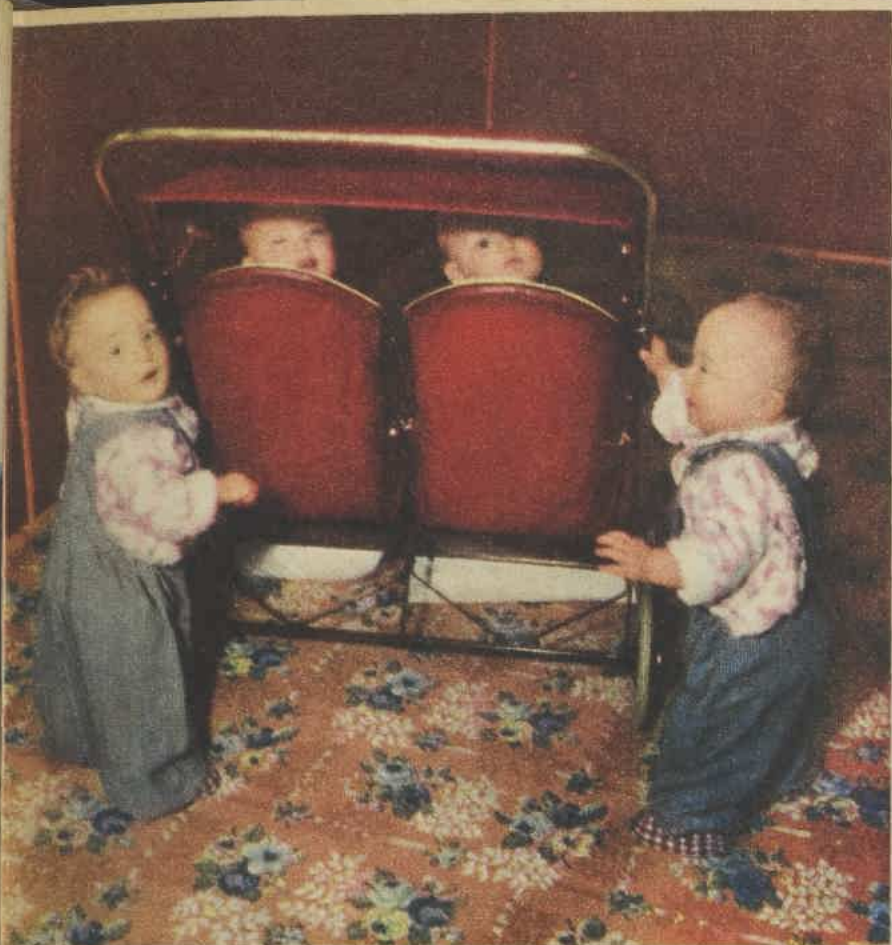
AT WATTAMOLLA, on the south coast of N.S.W., the Sara quads listen as their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, tells them about the monument they are standing near, and about Bass and Flinders, who called at Wattamolla in Tom Thumb in 1796.



LEARNING about Lawrence Hargrave and his aeronautical research at Bald Hill, overlooking Stanwell Park, Alison, Phillip, Mark, and Judy listen while Mrs. Sara demonstrates.



HISTORY, PICNICS, and days out generally leave people tired and the quads are no exception. The four rest for a while by the road at Bald Hill before going on to more places of historical interest. From left, Phillip, Alison, Judy, and Mark.



TRIAL RUN. Veronica, left, and Jennifer give their brothers Kevin and Eric a trial run in the stroller. A month ago Eric weighed 28lb., Kevin 27½lb., Jennifer 24lb., and Veronica 21lb. The four sturdy youngsters recently had their Salk vaccinations.



JENNIFER, the first of the Lucke quads to walk unaided, helps her mother, Mrs. Arthur Lucke, to pick flowers in the garden of the Lucke home at Gooburru, Queensland. The quads' vocabulary is still mainly restricted to "Dad, dad, mum, mum."

Lucke babies . . . traffic stoppers



TRAFFIC HALTS when the Lucke quads visit Bundaberg with their parents. Here Constable C. Noffke stops for a word with, from left, Kevin, Eric, Veronica, and Jennifer.

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FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

Her husband is still ruled by his parents

● It's natural for a young wife to feel cheated when her husband allows his parents' whims to delay having a home and family.

DR. DAVID R. MACE, Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, gives this understanding assurance to a young wife who says her husband has not kept his promise about how long they would have to live with his parents.

Dr and Mrs. Mace are on a tour of Australia arranged by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

While on this tour Dr. Mace has agreed to answer readers' problems. Send your problem to him at The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be given as a guarantee of good faith.

MRS. L.R. writes: "I have been married for two years. Our plan was that we could take over my husband's parents' home while they built themselves a smaller home nearby. I understood that this would happen at once, but the months have dragged on and they make no decision. They are always changing their plans."

"Meanwhile, I find most of the household duties falling on me. Before marriage I had a well-paid job. I often think that if I went back to it I would be much happier. My husband seems to be under the thumb of his parents. He doesn't give me any real support when I want to get some decision made about the future. We don't feel we should start a family till we are on our own. But at the present rate this will be a long time ahead. I get so irritable and depressed. Is this unnatural?"

Dr. Mace says:

I consider Mrs. L.R. to be fully justified in feeling that she has been let down. Her husband just hasn't fulfilled his undertakings to her. It is natural for a young wife to want a place of her own, and to be able to anticipate starting her family.

It seems that her husband is either a very weak individual or he has failed to appreciate the intensity of his wife's feelings of frustration. I think Mrs. L.R. should put the issue to him in the strongest possible terms. If he still can't see it, she should seek the help of someone outside the situation whom her husband will respect and who can put to him very clearly and plainly what is happening.

It is not too much to say that if something isn't done, Mrs. L.R.'s affection and respect for her husband may be seriously impaired. There are some human situations that have to be endured with acceptance and fortitude. There are others that have to be challenged and changed. I con-



sider the plight of this wife to be in the latter category.

MISS L.W. writes: "My boy-friend and I have been going with each other for over a year. However, there seems to be no chance of our getting married for another four years. It will take us at least that time to save enough for a home of our own."

"We realise that this will involve us in many temptations because we are so much in love. I have been brought up to believe that intimacy be-

financial hardship is involved, than to anticipate marriage secretly or to pile up tremendous emotional tensions. In the light of these considerations it may be that Miss L.W. and her future husband may have to modify their plans before the four years have elapsed."

MISS L.A. writes: "I am to be married soon and I'd be glad if you could tell me of two books which my fiance and I could read beforehand. We have come to feel since

books. The books may then either be ordered from the council or from her local bookseller.

MISS T.L. writes: "I am 18 years of age and want to marry a New Australian. He has saved up enough to provide a home for us, but my parents object strongly to the whole idea, and they refuse to let me go out alone in case I meet him again."

"This boy loves me deeply, and writes to me twice a week. All I want in life is to marry him. Can I do so without the consent of my parents?"

Dr. Mace says:

Legally, it is possible to secure consent to marry in such a case as this. The parents can be overruled if the Court decides that their objection to the marriage is unreasonable. However, it is a very serious step for a young girl to go to law against her own parents. The result could be a tragic break in the relationship between them that might take years to heal.

Much depends on why the parents feel as they do. Their attitude may be based on prejudice. On the other hand they may see potential difficulties in the proposed marriage of which Miss T.L. is unaware. I suggest that the best course to adopt would be for Miss T.L. to ask some neutral person to help her. A minister, or a marriage counsellor, could look at both sides and arrive at a balanced view of the matter. He could help, then, to bring parents and daughter to respect each other's sincerity and reach agreement.

If there is no really valid objection to the marriage taking place, the skilful intervention of such an intermediary should get the parents to agree to allow it, now or after a prescribed period of time. If on the other hand there is good reason to believe that the marriage would not be a happy one, I think Miss T.L. would be able to recognise this when all the facts were presented clearly to her.

Dr. MACE'S MAILBAG

fore marriage is wrong. My boy-friend respects my convictions about this.

"However, he is affectionate and I like him to be so, because this proves to me how much he loves me. I have been told that it is not wise to let a boy go too far because he loses control more easily than a girl does. So I am rather bewildered. Can you help me?"

Dr. Mace says:

This is a problem that affects all courting and engaged couples. There is no simple answer to it, because individuals differ very much in their feelings and reactions. Obviously people in love cannot be expected to deny themselves any expression of their natural affection for each other. On the other hand I agree with Miss L.W. that it is best to keep the fullest expression for marriage.

Somewhere between those extremes the couple must establish a pattern that leaves them happy and contented, avoiding actions that produce in them strain, tension, and guilt. This can only be done on the basis of mutual frankness and the acceptance of the appropriate disciplines.

However, as mutual love and trust deepen through close and full acquaintance, a point may be reached when the couple are fully ready for marriage with all its fulfilments and all its commitments. At that point, I personally consider it better for the couple to marry, even if some

reading your articles that there are many aspects of marriage that an engaged couple need to understand. If you can show us how to get that knowledge we shall be grateful."

Dr. Mace says:

I certainly consider it an excellent plan for an engaged couple to do some reading in preparation for marriage. There are some excellent books available for this purpose. I suggest that Miss L.A. send a stamped, addressed envelope to the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia, 44 Margaret Street, Sydney, for a copy of a carefully selected list of such

PROGRAMME

This week Dr. and Mrs. Mace end their Western Australian tour, and Dr. Mace gives one public-meeting address in Sydney. Both Dr. and Mrs. Mace will then have a week free of public engagements before beginning another programme in Sydney. Here are details of their public engagements for this week:

November 14: PERTH: 1.00 p.m., Mrs. Mace, Town Hall, address Mothers' Union Annual Festival. 2.15 p.m., Mrs. Mace, Y.W.C.A., address Young Mothers. "Marriage Guidance Round the World."

November 15: PERTH: 8 p.m., Dr. Mace, Youth Rally organised by W.A. Christian Youth Council, "From Friendship to Marriage."

November 16: PERTH: 2.15 p.m., Mrs. Mace, Literary Institute, address Perth Women's Service Guild, "Does Our Society Need Marriage Guidance?"

November 17: KALGOORLIE: 8 p.m., Dr. Mace, Public Meeting, "Marriage Guidance—A New Social Service." ALBANY: 8 p.m., Mrs. Mace, Public Meeting.

November 18: ALBANY: 10.15 a.m., Mrs. Mace, Albany Central Methodist Church, "A Christian Home"

November 20: SYDNEY: 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Assembly Hall, Dr. Mace, "Marriage and Parenthood."

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JAMES DEAN, as he appears in the role of Jett Rink in "Giant," his last film before his death.

SCULPTOR Kenneth Kendall puts the finishing touches on the head of the late James Dean. Replicas of the head will go into Dean's old high school at Fairmont.

The Dean craze in Britain

● In Britain, as in every other Hollywood-film-going country in the world, James Dean is still the most popular star, living or dead. Film magazine editors say that the craze is "bigger than anything before. Even than Valentino." Letters pour in to them asking for the color of Dean's eyes and the color of his hair. "They want to know everything about him." One even wanted to build a Dean memorial in Britain.

AT an exhibition of 60 years of cinema in Trafalgar Square, more pictures of Dean were sold than of any other star. And once a week attendants had to wipe lipstick from the large Dean portrait on display.

Of the 6000 letters that arrive at Warner Brothers' Hollywood studios every month addressed to Jimmy Dean, nearly half come from abroad.

In Sweden, "Deanagers," dressed in the familiar jeans-and-jacket, have the police worried by their suicidal tactics on motor-scooters.

In Paris, 30 schoolgirls wrote to the manager of their local cinema asking him to change the dates of "Rebel Without a Cause" so that they could see it before they went away on holiday. He agreed.

But such fervor is rare in England. Crazier things have been done in devotion to Liberace, who is far from dead.

By now the recording companies have a firm front seat on the Dean bandwagon.

In America, there are seven Dean records, ranging from the theme music from his films to "His Name was Dean." An eighth, "Jimmy Dean's Christmas in Heaven," will be released shortly.

Record shops in Britain are being pestered for such recordings. But as one salesgirl put it:

"They aren't the rock n' roll types, though. It's the more intelligent youngsters who want the records."

And this is where Dean worship in England takes its most surprising and sinister twist. The simple fact that Dean managed—partly by the details of his own life, partly by his first-rate playing of

teenage roles—to touch some chord of sympathy in the average teenager of today needs no more proving.

But as against the largely emotional reaction in America and elsewhere, Dean has also hit the British youngster on his intellectual funnybone. And most of this reaction is male, and comes from those who have never written a fan letter in their lives.

It comes from the Cambridge undergraduate who persuaded the manager of his local theatre to let him tape-record the entire soundtrack

All of which is the more strange because the death of a film star usually makes his films box-office poison. But it is the very manner of Dean's death that makes it significant to his followers.

"He wouldn't conform," they say, "his mad driving was part of his rebellion."

And since the more intelligent a person is, the more aware of the world, the more likely is he to rebel against it. The belief that Dean founded a revolution against convention and was prepared to sacrifice his life to that cause is why so many intelligent youngsters have rallied to his standard.

One of these is 22-year-old Daniel Winter, of Shepherd's Bush. "People just don't have any ideas any more," he said. "There's no philosophy, nothing new at all. Everybody's subconsciously waiting for the big bang that'll end it all. Dean knew this, I'm sure. He expressed it."

Finally I met a man who has seen the Dean "rebellion" develop — Mr. Michael Croft, a South London schoolmaster.

"It is as if this generation can find no moral code at all, and is looking for a new one," he said. "But for them it must have a practical, not an ethical, basis. It is what you might call a sensual journey."

But not everybody who worships Dean is on this journey. Too many are just sitting complaining of the world left them by their elders without trying to do anything about it.

In the long run it might be better to have weepy fan-letters and a few hysterics.

It would be better still to remember how hard Dean worked to be able to buy the car in which, like 38,300 other Americans last year, he killed himself.

● Concluding the life story of enigmatic film star James Dean, who was killed in a car crash last year. He was 24.

of "East of Eden." It comes from the young Dean imitators who auditioned for the London University Dramatic Society.

One significant facet of Dean worship is that there are no Dean fan clubs in Britain.

"He was an individual — look at the way he turned Hollywood upside down," a young man told me. "And to appreciate him you have to be an individual, too. You've got to feel as lonely as he did."

There is no doubt that much of Dean's popularity stems from his being dead.

When "East of Eden" appeared, just three months before Dean's death, it "hardly produced a flutter," the studios say. But from the moment Dean died it was packed out.

"Rebel Without a Cause" was a hit from the start. "Giant" may break every record.

Chosen from 18,000

Teenager wins world contest to star as new "Joan of Arc"

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

● An American teenager, a typical "Jeannie with the light brown hair," will be Hollywood's next "Joan of Arc."

SHE is 17-year-old Jean Seberg, of Marshalltown, Iowa, winner of a world-wide talent contest conducted by producer-director Otto Preminger for an unknown girl to star in his forthcoming film of George Bernard Shaw's famous play "Saint Joan."

Some 18,000 girls, including about 100 Australians, applied for the role.

Three thousand were auditioned by Preminger during a 30,000-mile, 37-day tour of 19 cities in the United States, Canada, and Europe; and three made final screen tests in New York.

The winner, Jean, a slim, pretty girl with light brown hair, grey-green eyes, tip-tilted nose, moles, and dimples, was presented to more than 100 reporters and cameramen.

Her film test, showing her in three scenes from "Saint Joan," was screened.

Jean watched herself on the screen for the first time; sat aghast when the lights went on.

"I nodded and shook my head too much," she said. "My voice needs training and I think I might look better if I have my moles removed."

"Absolutely not!" said a woman reporter. "Your moles are distinctive and charming."

A male reporter agreed. "If they remove your moles," he said, "they'll put you in a bathing-suit like every other new star."

There seems no immediate danger of that, what with the pace still being set by Marilyn, Jane, Gina, Diana, and Co.

Asked her measurements, Miss Seberg said: "Thirty-four, 23, and, cheating a little bit, 34—but I'm working on it."

The Press conference roared.

She is 5ft. 4in., weighs 7st. 10lb., and has the shortest-cropped hairdo seen in New York since girls got over the Italian urchin look. Her hair

looked terrible—like the girls in liberated

France shorn for collaborating with the Germans in World War II.

In the first of her three test scenes her hair was shoulder-length. "I had it cut mid-way through the screen test," explained Preminger.

Hollywood scoffed at Preminger when he started his long, strenuous, costly quest.

But Preminger held that a real star could be born of such a quest, some girl in the backwoods who otherwise might never get her big chance, also he felt that only a new young girl could justify making yet another film about Joan of Arc.

Miss Seberg fits Preminger's theory perfectly. She seems, not surprisingly, to be just what he said he might find.

She was born (on November 13, 1938) and lived all her life in Marshalltown (pop., 23,000).

Her father, Edward W. Seberg, 50, is a pharmacist, with a shop on a corner. She has a sister, Mary Ann, 20, who studies speech therapy at



JEAN SEBERG, 17-year-old "unknown" from Iowa, selected by producer-director Otto Preminger (right) to play the title role in his film version of "Saint Joan," meets star Richard Widmark, who will play the Dauphin.

the State University of Iowa, and two brothers, Kurt, 14, and David, 6.

In presenting his find, Preminger made much of her "hometown girl" quality.

"Why," he said, "she'd never been in New York before I brought her here for testing."

"Her parents are here today—and this is their first visit to New York."

"Miss Seberg has never even met a film star, so I've brought a famous star here for her to meet. Here he is, Richard Widmark."

Richard Widmark rose.

"Hullo," said Miss Seberg,

or words to that effect, smiling radiantly and reaching forward to seal this historic meeting with a handclasp.

It was pure corn.

Widmark, baggy-eyed, ran a hand through his lank, fair, tousled hair, shook Jean's hand, gave the cameramen their due, and departed. He looked as though he wasn't used to getting up so early on a Sunday—it was midday.

Photographers then took

Jean with her Mom and Dad.

They insisted that both parents be photographed kissing Jean at the same time, one on each side. This was also something they obviously had never done before.

Asked what he thought about his daughter becoming a Hollywood star, her father said: "Give me about two years to think it over, then I might be able to tell you. I don't know what it's all about, yet."

Said her mother: "Jean's had a good Lutheran upbringing and I'm sure that will serve her well whatever she does in her life. She al-

ways wanted to act and the whole fam-

ily is pleased for her sake that she has this chance."

Oddly, Jean did not enter the contest herself. Her name was sent in by a local manufacturer, Bill Fisher, and her High School speech instructor, Miss Carol Houghton.

Jean's talent was well known in Marshalltown. She had appeared in school plays and won "outstanding" ratings in two State talent contests last year.

With the help of Fisher and Miss Houghton, Jean appeared in five plays on the Eastern Summer Theatre Circuit this year.

That was her total professional acting experience.

Preminger said he was sure that Jean had the stuff that makes a star.

"Young girls, especially amateurs, don't know how hard the true professional has to work at a part," he said. "At one stage during the filming of her test scenes, Miss Seberg must have been very, very tired. We all were."

"But that is the time when everyone just has to go on with the job to get it right. As Jean was a newcomer, I suggested she might like to take a rest."

"She refused absolutely. 'I will do this scene, Mr. Preminger,' she said, 'until you drop dead.'"

"That's what it takes, and she's got it."

Someone didn't

INSIST ON SELLOTAPE



A Good Deed Gone Wrong. When Mrs. Perkins went to visit her daughter that morning, she thought she'd take some things to help out at lunch. But she didn't use 'Sellotape', the sticky tape you can rely on. After this, she'll insist on 'Sellotape'!

'Sellotape' is the consistent brand of sticky tape — it always stays stuck!

When 'Sellotape' leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength—and it's just right when you buy it in the shop—because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane*. 'Sellotape' always comes to you 'factory-fresh': never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And, because it's 'factory-fresh', 'Sellotape' sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the Home: 'Sellotape' costs only 9d. for the 3 yard roll, 1/9 for 8 1/2 yards. A thousand uses round the home—and the youngsters need it for school, too!

For the factory, shop or office: 'Sellotape' comes in factory-sealed tins of 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.



* 'Cellophane' is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.



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CONGRATULATIONS from parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seberg, following the announcement of Jean's selection. Preminger organised a world-wide quest, including Australia, for a young actress to play "Joan."

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AFTER YEARS of travel, author David Beaty and his wife Betty, also a writer, now live in a typical English country house in Kent, with daughters Susan (7), Carol (5).

RIGHT: Beaty says he must work undisturbed, but his wife writes in the kitchen with the children around.



EXCITING
SERIAL
NEXT WEEK

Best-seller author was R.A.F. pilot

"The Proving Flight," which begins as our new serial next week, is the latest success of David Beaty, D.F.C. and bar, ex-R.A.F. and commercial airline pilot turned best-seller author. It is one of the most exciting stories we have ever published.

BEATY, whose books have been translated into ten languages and picked as Literary Guild of America and Dollar Book Club choices, is the good-looking, 37-year-old father of two daughters and the husband of equally successful writer Betty Beaty. He wrote "The Proving Flight," when, with his family, he was living in a Benedictine monks' priory in Spain.

For such a young and comparatively recently established writer, Beaty regards himself as a veteran—he's been writing since he was ten. All his first efforts were short stories and "unpublished ones."

It wasn't until Beaty went up to Oxford that he saw his own words in print.

"Even that was a bit of a swindle," he says now with a grin. "While I was there I edited the weekly students' paper, called 'Cherwell,' and, of course, I didn't send myself rejection slips."

War turned him from his first career idea, which was to enter the Colonial Service. Instead, he joined the R.A.F.

At his last R.A.F. station at the end of the war he met Betty, who was a W.A.A.F. officer in charge of the stores there. Betty wasn't writing at this stage, but she had David's passion for flying.

At the end of the war David joined an airline company, which took him to Montreal on the North Atlantic run as First Officer, and Betty became an air stewardess for another airline. They planned to marry when David became a captain.

Their patience was rewarded in 1948, when David got his command on the London-Santiago run, and they went to live near Montreal.

By this time David had written his first book. "You spend so much time on the ground waiting for a command course that I had to do something," says David. "So I settled down in the Montreal Public Library and wrote 'The Take-off.'"

It was an immediate success, but Beaty found that a captain's job made it impossible to settle down to another novel. Instead, he concentrated on short stories.

Then, later, he was transferred to Bristol, England, and there outlined the plot of his second novel. When his American publisher saw this he made a special trip to Eng-

land to try to persuade Beaty to write full-time.

"For six months I hesitated," says Beaty. "To begin with, I loved flying.

"Secondly, I was not convinced that I could make a go of writing as a full-time job. My publisher offered to support me for two years until I got going, and in the end Betty and I decided to try it."

From our
London Office

Result of his decision was "The Heart of the Storm," which was translated into ten languages, became choice of American book societies, and set Beaty up once and for all as a full-time novelist.

The Beatys then thought that they would like to live in Spain for a few years to get new background material.

"We were taken in by that old idealised idea of a cheap

villa in which one could live for practically nothing and have lots of help for the children," says Beaty. "But, of course, this didn't happen.

"All we could find was an annex of a hotel. Within seven weeks we found that it was just as expensive as living in England, and not half so convenient. We gave up and rented a house which belonged to an order of Benedictine monks in the north.

"It was here that I wrote 'The Proving Flight.'"

"The Proving Flight" was first published in June of this year, and became Book Society Choice of that month.

The Beatys now live in a small house in Hever, Kent, surrounded by two acres of ground and "all the peace in the world."

"I work very slowly," he says. "It takes me at least nine months to complete a novel, and without peace and quiet it would string out to a year.

"On the other hand, my wife, who never wrote until we were married, has none of these troubles. With the kiddies running in and out and a bubbling pot on the stove, she settles down to her typewriter in the kitchen and just bashes at top speed.

"She bases all her stories on air stewardesses, sells them to magazines, and then later they are turned into books. She just can't keep up with the demand and it makes all my struggles look silly.

"But there are no arguments in our family. You see, we both rely absolutely on each other's judgment. Because we both know the subject backwards, we are in a good position to criticise each other's work. This way we manage to keep our technicalities pretty accurate.

"Between us we make a comfortable team."

"The Proving Flight"

IN "The Proving Flight," author David Beaty brings to life all the excitement and drama surrounding the world's largest airliners, and the people who fly in them.

Threading through its action is a love story, and the clash of strong characters. When the giant airliner "Emperor Able Dog" takes off on its proving flight across the Atlantic, it carries a group of people, crew and passengers, torn by conflicts more dangerous than the hazards of the wild ocean beneath them.

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is sunshine bright.**

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By **LOUISE HUNTER**

● Thanks for the many letters readers write to this column. It's nice to have your good wishes, but unfortunately I can't reply to them personally.

HERE are this week's letters:

"MY problem is that I'm in love with a boy who wants me to go out with him, but will not tell his parents. I feel this is not right. His parents don't want him to have anything to do with girls until he has finished his university studies, which will be in two years' time. At the beginning of the year I promised his mother I would not try to see him, but while he was on holidays last month I met him by accident, only to find our feelings had not changed towards each other. I did not see him again while he was home. He then wrote asking me to come to Sydney, which I did, hoping things would work out. He still says he will not tell his parents about us again, as they will ask him not to see me any more, and he doesn't want to do this. I think this is being unfair to both of us. He is 20, and I am 18. What should I do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Do nothing. Let your young man act for a change. It's up to him to put your case more strongly to his parents. At 20, most boys have more freedom than he has, and at first glance his parents do seem to be acting a bit tyrannically.

But their attitude may be justified by his past behaviour. I don't know their side of the problem, so I can't say. What I do say is this: don't go out with him without his parents' knowledge or consent. Being sneaky about it is a sure way to blight your friendship; and don't allow your boy-friend to leave the onus of choice completely up to you.

He seems a rather weak-kneed young man to me and not worth while getting in a state over. Tell him that if he wants to see you he must first win his parents over to his point of view. If he can't do this, or is unwilling to try it, give him up.

If you agree to a clandestine

friendship with him you put yourself in the wrong and finish up the loser, anyway.

"IS it possible to fall in love with a boy's looks and not really fall in love with the boy himself? I am in love with a boy who is 17; I am 16. He has a reputation for being a flirt and I find it hard to trust him when I am not with him. Since I have been going with him I have not accepted an invitation to go out with another boy. He is wonderful to me, but I can't help feeling that I am just another one in his eyes. What should I do?"

"Lovelorn," Qld.

It's possible to fall in love with someone for his good looks, but this is not real love. Just about everybody goes through the stage of having crushes on film stars or even the handsome character who lives up the street. It doesn't last for long.

I don't really think you have a problem so far as the boy you go out with is concerned. His attitude is a sensible one, I think. He wants to go out with more than one girl, and, at 17, why on earth shouldn't he?

You are both at the age

when you should be making a lot of friends, not mooning around with only one and fretting because he might be out with another girl. You say he is wonderful to you when you're together. Be happy about that, enjoy yourself when you're out with this boy, but don't worry about "trusting" him.

"WE are two 15-year-old girls who are very fond of two boys of 22 and 23. Now other boys of our own age have stopped asking us out, as they think we like the other two much better than them. We want to go out to dances and enjoy ourselves with people of our own age, but also wish to keep the friendship of the other two."

"Worried Pair," W.A.

You can't have it both ways, you know. It's flattering to have two "older" boys interested in you, but it's most unwise to encourage it. Boys of 22 and 23 are a bit old for you, and it's possible you will be criticised around your district if you continue to go out with them.

There's plenty of time for you to make friendships with 23-year-olds when you are in that age group.



A word from Debbie...

IS there a blank space on your favorite jacket where a covered button has come adrift—where the fabric has pulled out of the metal button-base and can't be repaired? Try this:

Stick a piece of adhesive tape to the back of the button and sew the button back on again through the tape. It's a good idea to place the repaired button where it won't get a lot of use. When the other buttons start to come adrift you can replace the lot of them. Simple?

THE weather's warmer, the breeze is balmy, summer's busting out all over. What's wrong with blossoming out a bit yourself? Do something different. Change your hairstyle, buy a new shade of lipstick, start a new hobby, or mix with a new group of people. Don't be dull.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

WITHIN a lugubrious black cover labelled "Miss Show Business" you'll find a rich collection of songs by Judy Garland. Although her previous album ("If You Feel Like Singing") was good, this new one far surpasses it, since it gives a much wider panorama of this great little artist's talents. Apparently it was made after her last film, and her increased warmth and maturity are fully evident.

One section of the 12-inch platter (W.676) is composed of the songs she has sung at the Palace, New York's famous variety house, and after a rather sloppy invocation of the memories of old personalities who played on the same stage Judy tears into "Some of These Days," "I Don't Care,"

"Carolina in the Morning," and, of course, her signature tune, "Over the Rainbow."

"The Trolley Song," another tune closely identified with her, is heard on the reverse side, together with "For Me and My Gal" and "You Made Me Love You." In all, there are 17 well-loved songs, ranging from the wistful to the comic, and I think you'll enjoy every moment of it.

"NEW FACES OF 1952," which folk who collect original Broadway-cast albums have been smuggling in from the States for years or else illegally making copies on a tape recorder, is at last on sale. This is the disc on which Eartha Kitt made her first appearance and thence catapulted to fame.

Most of the numbers in the film version are on L.18004, including the terrific "Lizzie Borden" hoedown and Eartha's sensational "Monotonous," a sophisticated ditty which out-Goles Cole Porter.

That crazy comedienne Alice Ghostley just about steals the show with the satirical "Boston Beguine" and romps through "Take Off the Mask." But the song with most impact is June Carroll's "Guess Who I Saw Today." At first it seems innocuous, but the punch-line has a deadly sting, a denouement which will make you think of it long after the music has ended. "New Faces" is a definite "must" for the theatre-minded collector.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



REHEARSAL OUTDOORS by students at the Music Camp at Bonegilla, Victoria. From left are Patrick Brislan, of N.S.W., Jill Roberts, of Victoria, and Anthony Buddle, of South Australia. The camps are held every January for young music students.

Camps that cradle young talent

When Australia's National Youth Orchestra gives its first performances in the Sydney Town Hall next March, all its members, who will come from all States, will be under the age of 21.

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

THE members have not yet been chosen, but students who attend either of the two Music Camps next January are likely to have an advantage.

The National Music Camp Association, which organises the annual camps, will arrange two camps next January for the first time. One will be held at Bonegilla Migrant Centre, Victoria, and the other at Frensham School, Mittagong, N.S.W.

Well-known composer Lindley Evans, a member of the association's committee, explained the purpose of the camps.

Music Camps are open to all young musicians who are keen and reasonably competent," he said. "The purpose is to stimulate their enjoyment and their performance of music by giving them an opportunity to come together with many of the best players and teachers in the Commonwealth."

Mr. Evans, who was Melba's accompanist for 10 years before 1930, is an enthusiastic worker for young musicians. Many of them recall that Melba said publicly he was one of the greatest accompanists in the world.

But Mr. Evans, who is extremely modest, said: "Guiding star of the Music Camp movement is Professor John Bishop, now Elder Professor of Music at the University of Adelaide and Director of the National Music Camp Association."

It was mainly due to Professor Bishop's efforts that the first Music Camp was held at Point Lonsdale, Victoria, in January, 1948. Sixty-five young students and 10 of the

finest instrumental tutors available in the State attended. Professor Bishop was director of music, and Dr. Alex Scholes camp chief.

It was such a success that it was decided to make it an annual event.

During the eight years of its development the annual Music Camp has changed very little. The students are divided into three orchestral groups, and the greater part of each morning is devoted to study and rehearsal, either in orchestra or in instrumental sections under the guidance of tutors.

Afternoons are free for relaxation and some evenings are set aside for dancing or films. But on most evenings there are concerts given alternately by tutors and students.

There is a late-afternoon chamber music concert every day.

Last year at Bonegilla the young musicians had an en-

thusiastic audience of New Australians.

At the final concert the audience went wild with enthusiasm.

The camp director at Bonegilla next January will be violinist Ernest Llewellyn, and Lindley Evans will have charge of the Frensham camp.

Music rehearsed at both these camps will be performed at the Sydney concerts given by the National Youth Orchestra under the direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission and the association.

"This is not a kids' thing," said Mr. Evans. "It is extremely important, because these young people will provide the nucleus of our orchestras in the years to come."

A Music Camp scholarship fund allows the committee to help a limited number of students who cannot afford all the fees and fares involved in attending camp.

Inquiries about the Music Camp should be sent to The Secretary, National Music Camp Association, 420 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne.



CHAMBER-MUSIC ENSEMBLE rehearsing in the informal atmosphere of the Music Camp. The camps are open to all young musicians who are keen and reasonably competent.



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TELEVISION PARADE

● The ether is crackling out Willoughby way as the Channel 9 team prepare to shift their temporary "live" studio from Surry Hills to its new home under the TCN mast.

CHANNEL 9's top two directors, Neil Andrews and Peter Bernardos, have planned format changes for several of their shows.

They will be able to use more elaborate sets, and will be able to improve lighting arrangements in their new "king-sized" studios.

★ YOUR columnist sat glued to his TV receiver last Monday night as Channel 2 (ABN) lit up the screens for the first time. A few off-the-cuff thoughts about the opening night:

● The live play, "The Twelve Pound Look," produced by Paul O'Loughlin, was hard to fault. Acting, direction, camera work, make-up, and lighting were all excellent.

● "This is the ABC" is a good film, but I saw it twelve months ago in a Brisbane cinema.

● The two imported films, "War in the Air" and "My Hero," should provide first-class regular entertainment.

★ ON Friday (November 9), at 8.30 p.m. on Channel 9, viewers will see Australian actress Mary Parker, sister of Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh. Mary will appear in Doug Fairbanks' play, "International Settlement," in which Fairbanks will star with Mary Parker.

"International Settlement" is one of the "Douglas Fairbanks Presents" series that has been a great success in Britain on commercial TV.

It deals with a small Pacific island where in 1942 the occupants had not heard about the war. They were of mixed nationality, Japanese, German, Italian, French, and Scottish.

An American flier (Douglas Fairbanks) is forced down on the island. He realises that these people do not know their countries are fighting each other, and decides not to tell them about it. He falls in love with an Italian girl (Mary Parker).

His decision not to tell his new friends about the war causes him grave concern. He is regarded as a rogue when he steals their boat and sails away to rejoin his ship. He returns after the war and weds the girl in the island chapel.

★ "LIFE WITH ELIZABETH," a gay situation comedy, begins on Channel 2 (ABN) on Sunday, November 11, and continues each Sunday at 8 p.m.

The series stars Betty White, a talented young comedienne, who switched to TV work from the Little Theatre. She recently won a TV Academy Award. Her husband is played by another comedian, Del Moore. The story revolves around a typical young American couple, and the average situations with which they must cope.



JIM HANNAN, of Darlinghurst, who will make his third appearance as a contestant on "Name That Tune" next Wednesday (Nov. 14). Jim successfully gave the names of seven tunes in the "Medley Marathon" in the last two shows.

JIM HANNAN, of Darlinghurst, N.S.W., scooped the "Name That Tune" pool for the second time this week. Two weeks running Jim, who is a hosiery salesman, has picked the seven tunes in the shows, "Medley Marathon," winning for himself a half share in £70.

Next week Jim will return for a third attempt, and the show's producer - compere, Bruce Gyngell, says he will have to make it harder for Jim to win, or he will become a permanent fixture on the show. "Name That Tune" is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, and is presented every Wednesday night at 9 on Channel 9.



TCN's "Campfire Favorites," which is seen Thursdays on Channel 9 at 7.15 p.m., will in future feature a child guest artist every fortnight, and an adult artist every month. The child artist will be a boy or a girl who can sing or play a musical instrument in the Western manner. The idea is to make the show more flexible and varied without losing any of its quaint Western flavor.

★ CHANNEL 2 is certainly giving the ballet-lovers something with their series of films of the Ballet de France.

This Tuesday's contribution (November 13) is the contemporary ballet, "Night and Day." Set to music by Tchaikovsky, it is an allegorical representation of the eternal struggle between Night and Day. It is danced by Janine Charrat and Clair Sombert.

★ IT'S rarely you find a strike that makes everybody concerned happy. Actors' Equity have refused to allow its

members to work for commercial television because of a dispute regarding payment for replays of filmed commercials.

● The actors are happy because they are sticking up for a principle.

● Sydney models are happy because they have got in under Equity's belt with their commercials.

● The television announcers and compere are happy because they are making a small fortune recording commercials for the advertisers because actors are not available.

● Commercial television is happy because they have run a commercial television station for eight weeks without actors, and can quite easily carry on for another eight weeks in the same way.

★ ROBERT KENNEDY, moderator of "What's My Line," Channel 9's Sunday night quiz game, came up with a mystery guest on his show last Sunday night. Kennedy blindfolded his panel and asked them to guess the identity of Australian golfer Peter Thompson, which they did.

Bob says this was such a success that he plans to have a mystery guest every week. All will be famous people, and if their voices are well known they will disguise them when answering questions put to them by the panel.

"What's My Line" fills the 8 p.m. slot on Channel 9 on Sundays.

★ A NUMBER of deadly snakes will be the stars of "Australia Unlimited" on Channel 2, on Wednesday, November 14, at 8.45 p.m.

The snakes will be "introduced" by Eric Worrell, a leading Australian authority on snakes. He will point out the characteristics of the death adder, the taipan, the black, and the tiger snake. Viewers will see him milk a snake of its deadly serum, and a Red Cross nurse will demonstrate how to deal with snakebite.



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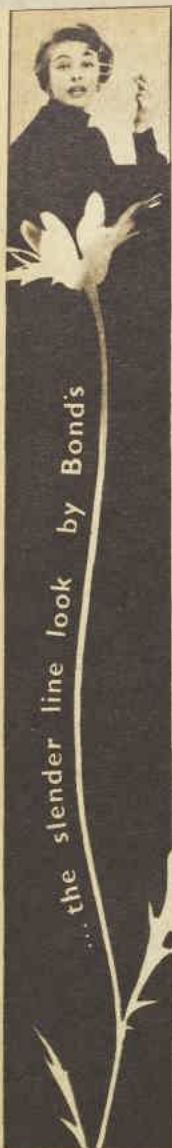
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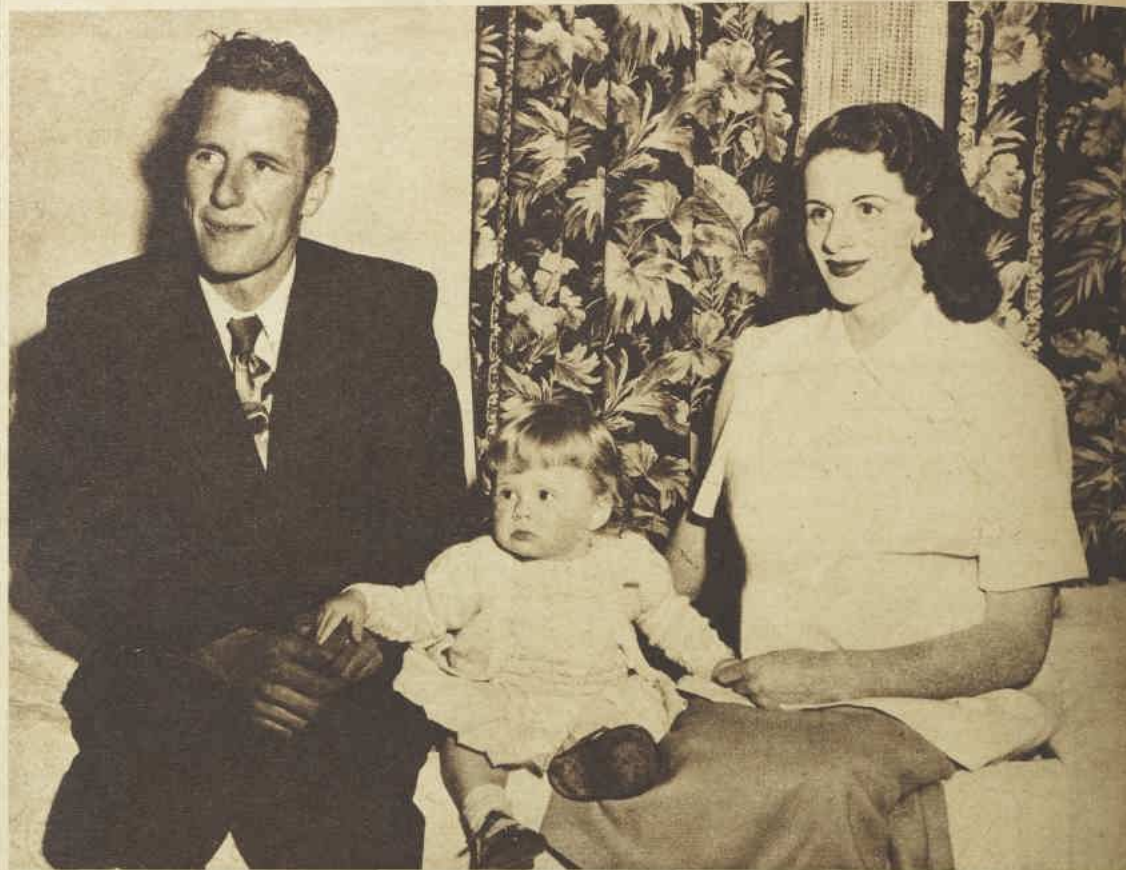
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Carpenter's wife, 21, belongs to family of 13

By HELEN FRIZELL

The most dramatic picture Mrs. Brian Eslick, of Bathurst, N.S.W., will ever see is the X-ray shown to her by her doctor the other night. For it proved what she had suspected — that she was to become the mother of quadruplets in January.

WHEN I visited the Eslick home for an exclusive interview, Mrs. Eslick drew the X-ray from an envelope and held it to the light. Showing dimly were the outlined heads and minute spinal columns of four babies.

Kathleen Eslick is only 21. Her husband, a carpenter, is 25. They married two years ago at St. Michael's and St. John's Cathedral, Bathurst, and are the parents of a 14-month-old baby girl, Christine.

Soon after she became pregnant for the second time, Kath Eslick had a dream.

"In this dream," she told me, "I was lying in a hospital bed and there were four babies with me. The room was filled with bunches of beautiful flowers."

Kathleen Eslick could not forget the dream. She mentioned it to her medical adviser, 27-year-old Dr. Richard Wansey, and also to her husband, Brian.

Brian knew there were no

twins in Kathleen's own family, and had never heard of any in his. Some time later a relative mentioned that there were twins on his side, way back.

But he dismissed the dream until the X-ray proved it to be prophetic.

If the quads take after their parents and sister, Christine, they will certainly be handsome.

Kath Eslick has Irish looks, a very fair complexion, dark, shining, shoulder-length hair, and brilliantly blue eyes. When I met her she looked smart in an aqua linen skirt, a crisp white linen jacket, sheer nylons, and matching blue court shoes.

Brian Eslick is tall and suntanned.

Fourteen-month-old Christine is much like her father. Her hair is fair and cut straight across her forehead in a fringe.

She has pink cheeks, a chubby shape, and was dressed in a cream pleated skirt and a warm, pink cardigan.

"When we were married,"

● The Australian Women's Weekly will have the privilege of bringing its readers, exclusively, the story of the birth of the Bathurst quadruplets.

We received the news of the expected birth just as this issue, with its cover of the Lucke quads, of Bundaberg, Queensland, was going to press.

As with both Lucke and Sara quads, this newspaper will make the welfare of the mother and babies its first consideration.

said Brian Eslick, "we thought that we would plan for a family of six. Well, after this news, I think we will settle for five."

And Kath Eslick said: "When it seemed I was going to have twins, I chose their names. I picked out two girls' names and two boys'."

"If the quads turn out to be two boys and two girls, I will call them Michael John, Alan Francis, Karen Therese, and Cheryl Anne. I know a little girl named Karen, and think her name is pretty. Cheryl I read somewhere in a book. Michael and Alan would be named after my brothers."

Kathleen Eslick has plenty of brothers and sisters. She is one of 13. Her mother and father are Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stapleton, of "Dromoland," Burruga, 44 miles from Bathurst, among the hills. They run sheep on their property and grow potatoes.

When I first talked to Mrs. Eslick her mother did not

know the news, because the telephone was out of order.

Kathleen's brothers and sisters are; Eileen (23), Fay (22), Rex (20), Leslie (19), Alan (16), Pauline (14), Kenneth (13), Michael (12), Douglas (9), Graham (6), Chris (4), and Danny, four months old.

Dr. Wansey, who is attending Mrs. Eslick in Bathurst, also looked after Mrs. Stapleton when Kathleen's baby brother, Danny, was born.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Eslick have only one room, but share kitchen, bathroom, and the sitting-room, when possible, with the owners.

Their bedroom, facing on to the street, contains their own bed, Christine's cot, a wardrobe, and dressing-table. Most of their wedding presents are packed away. Soon after they married, Kath and Brian Eslick left Bathurst and moved to Sydney, where they lived in a tent at the Narrabeen Lakes camping reserve. "It wasn't just a tent," said

Mother had prophetic dream



AT HOME. At present the Eslicks have a room in this house in Brilliant Street, Bathurst. Since her marriage Mrs. Eslick has been unable to unpack her wedding gifts.



BRIDE. Kathleen Eslick in her wedding dress. The Eslicks were married two years ago at St. Michael's and St. John's Cathedral, Bathurst. Her dress was made of lace and tulle.



HOUSEWIFE. Mrs. Eslick does the family wash, which after January will be considerably larger. She already has some names chosen, and would name boys after her brothers.

Brian Eslick, "it was more of a permanent camp. Kath had to cook on a primus stove, of course. We lived there until Christine was born. Kath went to Manly Hospital for the birth."

Kathleen's childhood home, a rambling farmhouse, had room for a large family.

Monetarily, times have been lean for the Eslicks. When I happened to ask if they could show me one of their wedding photographs, they admitted that they had not been able to collect them from the photographic studio. Other commitments, such as paying off a washing machine and buying essentials, had come first.

On behalf of The Australian Women's Weekly I went to the studio with Brian Eslick, where we collected some of the pictures. They showed Kathleen in a lace and tulle wedding gown worn over a

hooped skirt, with Brian and the attendants.

One of the bridesmaids was Mary Stapleton, a cousin, who has been staying with Kathleen Eslick for a few days.

"I'm making my debut at Burrage tonight," said 17-year-old Mary. "Some of Kath's family will be there, so I'll be passing on the news about the expected quads."

Because of the bad roads leading to Burrage, Kathleen Eslick is unlikely to visit her parents' home until after the quads are born. Instead, Mary Stapleton will stay with her in Bathurst. Nearer the time of the birth Mrs. Eslick will go to Sydney.

"Afterwards," say Mr. and Mrs. Eslick, "we will have to find somewhere to live. We are hoping for a Housing Commission home in Bathurst, and will have to make inquiries about that."

For generations the Staple-

MOTHER and daughter. Kathleen Eslick has the pretty coloring of an Irish colleen with dark hair and blue eyes.

ton family has lived in the Bathurst district, and Brian's people have been for many years in Orange. His father, Mr. Eric Eslick, runs a business in the town. Brian has one brother, Keith, aged 28.

Before she married, Kathleen worked as a nurse (untrained) at the Macquarie Homes for the Aged, Bathurst, and later at the Forbes Maternity Home.

"No," she said, answering a question, "when I was nursing I don't remember even a case of twins."

Kathleen and Brian were introduced by friends in Bathurst, and were married when she was 19. As for her 21st birthday last December—"We celebrated very quietly at the pictures," she said. "Actually, we get out very little."

Brian and Kathleen, of course, have read about the Sara and Lucke quads.

"But we never thought it would happen to us," they kept saying incredulously.

Kath Eslick seems to be facing her future calmly. For anyone the promise of quads is astounding. For a girl of 21 it could be shattering.

But Kathleen Eslick, a pretty woman, also seems to have unusual poise and courage. Though tired, she kept going, making cups of tea for visitors, and between times picking up the knitting which she had started for a layette.

"Quads," is the most used word in Bathurst just now. And the phrase which comes next to it is one genuinely meant by the townspeople—"Good luck."



for you, all the fragrance of a dewy morn . . .

WITH

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Lily of the Valley

(THE FLOWER OF FORTUNE)



Lily of the Valley Aerosol Spray Perfume

Lightly touch the top, and pouff . . . a fine mist of Lily of the Valley Perfume. No hand can touch you so subtly, so delicately with fragrance as the refreshing caress of an Aerosol Spray. It's new, it's exciting. Brought to you by Potter & Moore in a long-lasting bottle packed in an elegant gift box

16/9



Lily of the Valley Skin Perfume

You'll love this after-shower refresher . . . Lily of the Valley Skin Perfume. You'll revel in its tingling freshness . . . its concentrated fragrance. Just add a drop to your bath or use it as an exhilarating body refresher. In a beautifully embossed floral bottle to compliment your dressing table

10/3



Lily of the Valley Toilet Soap

Exquisite Lily of the Valley Toilet Soap. Cleans and creams your skin with the delicate fragrance of the flower of fortune. Three tablets in a floral box give true bathroom luxury . . . an ideal gift.

9/6

Lily of the Valley Talcum Powder

Lily of the Valley Talcum Powder, bringing you all the fragrance of a Spring day. Fine textured and deodorant, it gives your skin a velvety feel. In flower embossed sprinkler container

4/11



Potter+Moore Lily of the Valley



Potter+Moore

On display at perfumery counters everywhere
Springtime Festival of Fragrance

BRINGS YOU ALL THE ROMANCE OF SPRING!



FAMOUS AMERICAN LIBRETTIST Oscar Hammerstein II and Mrs. Hammerstein, who spent five days in Sydney before flying on to Melbourne, where they will attend the Olympic Games. Mr. Hammerstein wrote the words to Richard Rodgers' music for such famous theatrical productions as "South Pacific," "The King and I," and "Oklahoma!"



MEMBERS OF THE CLASSICAL THEATRE OF CHINA. Ma Shao-po, dramatist and deputy head of the theatre (left), his wife, Chiang Hsin-jung, the leading actress with the company, and Li Ho-seng, the leading actor. There are 87 members in this Chinese Theatrical Company, which has already toured New Zealand and has opened its Australian season at the Tivoli Theatre.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



MR. and Mrs. John Fullard are now voyaging to England by way of the Panama Canal on board Southern Cross.

They plan to live in England for about two years. Mrs. Fullard told me that she is very thrilled at the thought of seeing her daughter Carolyn, who has been in London for about 18 months.

And she will also meet Carolyn's husband, Englishman Geoffrey Ellert... the young couple were married about four months ago, and are busy settling into their new flat in Lexham Gardens, London.

VICTORIA is the name chosen by Deidre and Tom Magney for their first child, who was born recently... Victoria is also the first granddaughter for Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Magney, of Bellevue Hill. Deidre is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Niall, of South Yarra, Melbourne.

PRETTY Genevieve Murphy, of Longueville, wore a string of pearls (a wedding present from the groom) when she married Dr. Ray Asprey at the Riverview College Chapel. Genevieve wore the pearls with a bouffant white-spotted tulle dress and her bridesmaids, Beverley Shaw and Morna Heinrich, wore full-length white dresses spotted in pink. Genevieve is the youngest daughter of Mrs. G. Murphy, of Longueville, and the late Mr. Cecil Murphy.

DATES for your diary... this Friday, November 9, for the "Hayseed Hop" at the Trocadero organised by the combined Legacy younger sets... November 16, for a barbecue to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conolly in Norfolk Road, Epping. Proceeds of the barbecue will go towards the building fund of St. Andrew's Cathedral Choir School... December 1, for the informal dance organised by the Newington College Younger Set. At R.S.L. Hall, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

THEY'RE engaged... Janet Sides, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sides, of "Arcadia," Gunbar, to John Langley, of "Eli Eliwah," Hay. Janet and John plan to marry in the new year.

FAIR - HAired Diana Rhoades received lots of compliments at the party given by Dr. and Madame Daneo for the officers of the visiting Italian cruiser. Diana wore a pretty white dress embroidered with sprigs of cornflowers, and added a dainty white feathered cap. And when I admired her hat, Diana told me that she made *Anne* it herself.



BRITISH AIR ACE. Group-Captain Douglas Bader and Mrs. Bader at a reception given in their honor at the Australia Hotel during their brief visit to Sydney. Group-Captain and Mrs. Bader are now visiting New Zealand.



AT THE RACES at Flemington on Derby Day are (from left), Mrs. Hamilton Sleight, wife of the Honorary Consul for Finland in Melbourne, with the Deputy-Leader of the Liberal Party, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt.



KEEN RACEGOERS at Flemington are Pam Cobcroft and her mother, Mrs. Arthur Cobcroft, of Armidale. Mr. Cobcroft and his brother, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, own Caranna.



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Sue Cameron, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, of Edgecliff, and Brien Cobcroft, elder son of Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parra-weena," Willow Tree, and Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie. Sue and Brien plan to marry next year.

Glamor fashions at Flemington



OUTSIZE ROSE formed the charming hat worn by Mrs. William Spowers during the Cup carnival.



GREEN LAWNS AND GAY GARDENS made a perfect background for smart fashions. Above are Mrs. Tom Carlyon (left), Mr. Tom Carlyon, and Mrs. Graham Nathan. Mrs. Carlyon and Mrs. Nathan both wore trim suits.



NEW SEASON'S HAT in caramel was the choice of Sydney visitor Mrs. Clive Carney at Flemington.



PICNIC LUNCHEON (above) on Derby Day for Mrs. V. Linton (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton, of South Yarra.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER (right) at the races were Mrs. H. Tancred and Mary Tancred, who wore a green "topper" hat.



COLOR CONTRAST chosen by Jill Chapman (left) was a watermelon-pink coat over a white printed linen frock.

VISITORS FROM N.S.W., Kathleen Cobcroft, Gavin Cobcroft, Mrs. Archie Baker, and Mrs. H. W. Fletcher.



CLOSE-FITTING AND FLOWER-COVERED was the attractive mimosa hat worn by Mrs. Noel Dickson with her green tailored suit at Flemington. She is shown talking with Mr. John Galbally.



TWO SMART RACEGOERS wearing tailored suits were Mrs. Sam Wood (left) and Mrs. Sam Hordern. Mrs. Wood's bulky hat was swathed in navy, and Mrs. Hordern's red hat matched her coat.



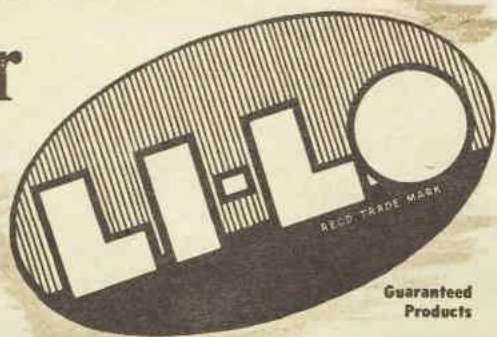
BETWEEN RACES. Lady Brooks, wife of the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, talked with Colonel Alan Spowers, chairman of the Victorian Division of the Red Cross. Lady Brooks' frock of printed silk was covered by a hydrangea-blue coat, worn with a pink hat.



SISTERS AND BROTHER enjoying the racing together were Mrs. Fred Fair (left), who covered her frock with a chartreuse coat, Lady Clarke, in a blue-and-white check suit, and Peter Grant Hay.

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LI-LO PADDLING POOLS

In blue,
green,
orange.

Sizes: (PB95) 4-ft. diam. (50 gals.)
and (PB161) 6-ft. diam. (200 gals.)
Easily inflated. No sharp edges.



LI-LO RINGS and BEACH BALLS

All rubber Rings (PB68) 16"
(PB69) 18" & (PB70) 20"
diam. Beach Balls (PB66) 11"
(PB67) 15" & (PB115) 20" diam.



LI-LO KIDDIES' DINGHY and OVAL BOAT

(PB90) Oval Boat 60" x 45", blue,
green or orange rubberised fabric.
(PB121) Dinghy, double-faced rub-
berised fabric.



LI-LO ANIMAL RINGS

Large & small Fish Rings (PB157 & PB158).
Horse (PB71), Duck (PB72). All Rubber.

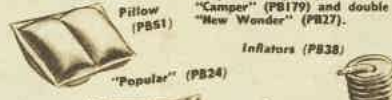


LI-LO INFLATABLE BOAT ROLLERS

Boat rides on "air cushion" over soft
sand, mud, pebbles. Mouth inflated.
Will withstand sand abrasion, sharp
seaweed. One roller takes up to
1-ton weight.

LS2

DOUBLE BEDS: Models available with fasteners down
the side for joining together as double bed. Double
"Popular" (PB91), double
"Camper" (PB179) and double
"New Wonder" (PB27).



Pillow
(PB61)

Inflators (PB38)

"Popular" (PB24)

"Camper" (PB26)

"New
Wonder"
(PB25)



LI-LO AIR BEDS etc.

In blue, green, orange.
(PB24) "Popular" (72"
x 30"), (PB26) "Cam-
per" (84" x 37"), and
(PB25) "New Wonder"
(80" x 30"), also in jazz colours.

LI-LO SURF BOARDS

Heavyweight.
SENIOR (PB175)
34" x 26",
JUNIOR (PB174)
24" x 22".
Solid rubber
handgrips. Blue,
Yellow or Red.



LI-LO KIDDIES CANOES

Small size (PB168), all rubber in
red/white or red/yellow. The
finest of its type. Sturdy and
reliable.



LI-LO SAFETY SEA STOLE

(PB191) Bright yellow, safe-
ty air vest for toddlers.
Keeps head face-up if they
tumble over.



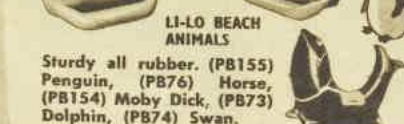
LI-LO WATER WINGS

(PB64) Large, extra strong dependable rubber
in red/yellow, red/white with safety strap.



LI-LO BEACH ANIMALS

Sturdy all rubber. (PB155)
Penguin, (PB76) Horse,
(PB154) Moby Dick, (PB73)
Dolphin, (PB74) Swan.



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BUTCH



"Well! Shame on you!"

MOTHER



"We can't afford to buy one just yet."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

SHOPPING on
Saturday morning at
a chain store, I got lost
among a counter full of
children's favorite books,
price 3/6.

Looking over the titles, I
was interested to see that
"What Katy Did" is still rated
worth republishing for modern
youngsters, and was torn be-
tween a wish to buy a book
and the fear of disappointment.

Only a couple of years ago
I started to re-read "Little
Women," but very soon dis-
carded it in favor of a juicy
best-seller. However, what with the tensions
of the world and the black headlines of the
daily papers, it seemed worth giving a go to
"Coral Island."

It was, too. I had a very pleasant afternoon
with Jack, Ralph, and Peterkin in the South
Seas, neglecting Mr. Ray Bradbury's latest
work in favor of them.

Such delightful boys, even if a little stilted in
conversation. And such a charming island
—just the kind of island that is nowadays so
handy for blowing up with a hydrogen bomb.

THIS is Melbourne's month. The Cup
this year has taken a minor place,
providing a curtain-raiser for the big
show the week after next.

Olympic arrivals are making daily news.
All sorts of celebrities are headed south
—and not only people.

That was brought home to me at a Sydney
fruit shop last week when a customer asked the
price of tomatoes.

"Goodness, they're dear," she said, when
told.

"Yes, Madam, they are a bit dear," said the
fruiterer earnestly, "and it'll be worse.

"You see, they're all going to Melbourne for
the Olympic Games."

GUYS and dolls . . . an item from the
junior branch.

The four-year-old son of my hostess at
dinner the other night asked where I lived. I
told him King's Cross.

"Oh, that's where we went for our Sunday
School picnic," he said.

"I hardly think so," I answered politely;
later I asked his mother where the picnic was
held.

It was at Doll's Point.

OUR old friend Butch appears for a
return season at the top of this page.

The adventures had to be discontinued for a
while because the artist's supplies were irregu-
lar.

Some readers used to be devoted to Butch,
though there were a few who disapproved of a
burglar as a comedy figure.

In this office we felt, however, that most
readers shared our view that Butch was so un-
successful as to be harmless.

Crime, for him, can hardly be said to pay.

LATEST form of auto-
mation is an Ameri-
can thing called a robo-
typer which turns our
letters, personal as well as
business, in a few seconds.

It's a mechanised version of
the field-postcard notion.

Business men at a recent
New York conference were
offered the service for writing
home to wives. Judging by the
nauseatingly cosy specimen I
saw quoted (It began, "Hi,
Honey: Don't feel bad about
not coming along . . ."), robo-
typed letters wouldn't continue
to fool all of the wives all of the time.

The machine produces a letter from a selec-
tion of pre-written paragraphs according to
choice, and addresses and stamps the envelope.

It looks as if handwriting may eventually
become a genteel accomplishment or a quaint
hobby. Even a hand-typed letter will be con-
sidered a politeness merited by formal occasion
only.

Oh, I nearly forgot — these businessmen
signed their robotyped letters.

But I suppose you'll be able to obtain one
with a custom-built signature.

Doubtless it will be advertised as a "person-
alised robotyper."

LAST week for the first time a B.B.C.
television picture carried 3000 miles
across the Atlantic. An excited American
TV executive telephoned the B.B.C. say-
ing, "I am just watching a woman
stirring a pudding on your television."

Across the rolling ocean, the grey Atlantic
swell,

The picture flashed — what a moment —
and the watcher marked it well.

Back went his voice through the ether,
excitement razor-keen,

"There's a woman stirring a pudding on
my television screen!"

It could have been, but it wasn't — a
curvaceous, bosomy blond,

Some telegenic lovely of whom the
viewers are fond,

Or maybe a great occasion, or a formal,
official group —

(I wonder WAS it a pudding or some
thickening for a soup?)

No matter, it isn't important, for truth-
like beauty, must lie

In this case with the beholder; remember
his gladsome cry!

She might have been making a custard,
she could have been stringing a bean,

But no! She was stirring a pudding on
his television screen.

BEAUTIFUL BELINDA

High on the list of pretty faces going places in British films is that of beautiful, 21-year-old Belinda Lee.

AS a contract player of the Rank Organisation, Belinda enjoys a comfortable, if unspectacular, set-up that many of her less fortunately placed contemporaries must envy.

This arrangement has kept Belinda at work in a constant string of movie roles, and that has undoubtedly made the going much easier for her than it would otherwise have been.

In themselves, of course, few of these movie parts have been exactly headliners.

But again an object has been achieved—this time of giving the young star a chance to develop acting talent along the way while keeping her in the public eye.

Belinda, in case you hadn't noticed, is an eye-ful.

Photographically she's any cameraman's dream-girl, which may explain why she is one of the top pin-ups in Britain today.

Belinda's face is large and well boned, as shown in the color shots on this page, and her eyes are big and green.

Her nose fits in well with the general scheme of her face, and the Lee lips are full and generous.

Her mane of shiny golden hair might grow out slightly darker than it is at present if Mother Nature were permitted to have her way. But paler colors photograph extremely well.

Physically Belinda Lee is a dazzler, with the kind of high-voltage glamor that is apt to put most other girls in the shade.

What's more, the young star doesn't merely look like the dream-girl of some cameraman. She is married to ace portrait photographer Cornel Lucas, of Pinewood Studios.

The couple recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

In her current movie, "The Feminine Touch," Belinda plays an 18-year-old nurse in training. Naturally, her wedding ring wasn't appropriate to the role, but she refused to remove it "even for a million pounds."

It was left to the studio make-up department to resolve this slight impasse—encompassed by covering the wedding ring with flesh-colored plaster and a layer of cosmetic.



ABOVE: Glamor studio portrait of Belinda Lee. She co-stars with George Baker in "The Feminine Touch."

BELOW: Belinda enjoys the sunshine on the steps of Guy's Hospital during location work on the new film.



BEACH-BEAUTY publicity shot of Belinda Lee was taken recently at Cannes at Film Festival time. It goes without saying that the English actress attracts a great deal of attention at these affairs.

● EXCITINGLY NEW and choice of 5 lovely interior colours!



Westinghouse Food-File REFRIGERATOR

A SPECIAL PLACE
A SPECIAL COLD...
for each and every
kind of food

FIVE SPARKLING COLOURS

Five beautiful interior "confection" colours... Desert Sand, Sunshine Yellow, Sage Green, Arctic Blue, Shell Pink... white or cream exteriors.

MAIN STORAGE

Correct temperatures for general foods. Ample provision for tall bottles, sundries and leftovers. "Moist" cold in Humidrawer keeps vegetables garden fresh.

DOOR SHELVES

Five temperature zones... one each for eggs, butter, cheese, milk and fruit... everything you need in a hurry... at your finger-tips.

SELF-CLEANING CONDENSER

Automatically air cooled and air cleaned... this assures continuous maximum efficiency and economy without cleaning by the user.

Model 1096

FREEZE CHEST AND TRAY

Stores 37 lb. "Dry" cold for frozen foods, ice cream, ice blocks... Freeze Chest refrigerated on five sides for fast freezing and safe, uniform temperature.



SIX WONDERFUL NEW "FOOD FILE" MODELS

Choose your new Westinghouse modern-styled "Food File" Refrigerator from six popular models... from 7.1 cu. ft. "family size" to de-luxe 9.0 cu. ft. automatic defrost "Frost Free" model.

- ★ Controlled temperature zones.
- ★ All-steel cabinets.
- ★ Big one-sixth h.p. sealed-in-oil Economiser Unit.
- ★ Self-cleaning condenser - no cleaning necessary.
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Behind every "Food File" Refrigerator stands the international reputation of Westinghouse—the world's greatest name in home appliances. Each 1956 model is a new triumph of Westinghouse engineering.

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PRETTY Debra Paget, who co-stars with pop singer Elvis Presley in his debut film, "Love Me Tender," has lunch with him in the studio restaurant. In the film Debra is the girl-friend who later becomes his wife. Richard Egan also has a star role.

First film for Elvis

● Quite the most talked-about fellow around the town these days is controversial entertainer Elvis Presley, newest rave of America's rock-'n-roll set.

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

AS almost everyone who reads newspapers must know, 21-year-old Presley is the hottest thing in show business since Johnnie Ray hit the headlines a few years ago.

Now Presley, who is sometimes described as cat-like because he sneers slightly when he smiles, is making his first motion picture. Indeed, it's his first acting attempt in any medium.

Just outside Hollywood on the Fox lot the cameras are already rolling and the picture, which bears the dubious title of "Love Me Tender," is just about finished.

"Love Me Tender" is an outdoor drama of love and adventure set in post-Civil War days, and two "depend-

ables," Debra Paget and Richard Egan, appear in co-star roles.

It is rather piquant that to launch his new-found career, Elvis, who has been nicknamed "The Pelvis" because he shakes, rattles, and rolls in his musical act, has been put into the role of a simple boy from the backwoods.

It goes without saying that he will pick up his guitar and sing a couple of numbers in "Love Me Tender."

On the stage the Presley voice assaults the ears with a powerful ring that sends teenage audiences into a fever of excitement.

But there is a sad blow in store for anyone who expects to hear in the film what is commonly known as Presley's "riot" music.

To quote a publicity hand-

out, Elvis sings only "a couple of ballads that are indigenous to the story." And "rockin' and rollin' wasn't known in 1865 and Elvis won't fall back on it."

It would be a big joke on somebody if Presley the actor happened to fall flat on his face in his debut film.

But Hollywood usually has a pretty fair idea what it's doing and can safely be left to promote Elvis Presley into a big-time film personality.

Indeed, they've even gone so far as to change the whole closing sequence of "Love Me Tender" in order to give this particular project some help along.

It seems that Presley's character dies a hero's death in the original script. But the studio received so many letters of protest about this from his teenage fans that they are reshooting the scene.

Happy ending

THE new version will have a happy ending in which Elvis survives.

Whatever happens, Elvis won't come out of the deal at all badly.

Fox is contracted to pay him something like £50,000 per picture, and Ed Sullivan, M.C. of "Toast of the Town," the biggest Sunday television show on the West Coast, is giving him £25,000 for three brief appearances.

With a bit of luck the young man this year could beat up nigh on a million dollars from these sources, not counting the royalties on his records (he topped the pops with his record "Heartbreak Hotel").

Elvis Presley is quite a production number to look at. He's 6ft. 2in. tall, husky, has blue eyes and wears his brown hair in a mop over his forehead with a ducktail at the back and deep sideburns.

All over the United States his juvenile fans are growing sideburns.

He likes colorful clothing in combinations of pink and clover and black.

His color sense extends to cars, too. Elvis owns no fewer than four Cadillacs. One is pink and black, another canary yellow; the others are plain black and unadorned white.



WAVING banners that read, "Elvis for President," the Rock-and-Rolocrats (Los Angeles branch of the Elvis Presley Fan Club) turn out in force to meet their hero at the airport.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 14, 1956

Zola drama



1 BETROTHAL of his daughter to an eligible officer delights Earl Muffat (Charles Boyer) centre, and his wife (Elisa Gegari), left.



3 OTHER MEN continue to flock around Nana. When at last Muffat sees the real truth, he still cannot leave her.



4 DESPERATE to find that Nana may leave him, Muffat tells her he now has nothing to offer but love. But she laughs, and he strangles her in a fury.



• **MARTINE CAROL** as Nana, the gay and foolish *femme fatale* of the film.

• The Franco-Italian film "Nana," based on Emile Zola's novel of a *femme fatale*, stars French actress Martine Carol in the title role.

The story, photographed in color, tells how Nana, an enchanting Paris wanton of the mid-nineteenth century, captivates the Earl Muffat, a wealthy aristocrat. A man of mature years, the Earl cannot play Nana's game of love lightly, and their association ends tragically. Charles Boyer makes a rare appearance in his native country as Earl Muffat.



2 LOVE AFFAIR with Nana (Martine Carol), a third-rate actress, becomes an obsession with Earl Muffat. She is lightly attracted by his suavity, but regards him only as another protector.

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- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands
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GREASE and
STAIN
RIGHT DOWN
THE DRAIN**

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end — free from cooking. You can prepare meals in advance — serve them months later. You can increase the variety of the dishes you serve — enjoy seasonal food all year 'round. You can cut your food costs down to rock-bottom... eat food that's always delicious and full of nutrition.

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(Above) Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer, holds 210-lbs. of food. Price £185.
(Left) Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer, 10 cubic foot capacity. Price £199/10/-.
(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)

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HOME FREEZER
for better living

Movie-makers buy a vineyard in Provence

● Hollywood has invaded the glamorous South of France. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has bought a ten-acre vineyard there and the film-makers are busily driving in their trucks and settling down as neighbors of the moustachioed Provencal peasants.

THE vineyard, which flows over the sun-baked, undulating hills behind the prettiest fishing port along the whole Riviera, St. Tropez, is the setting for a romantic drama of the wine harvest called "Harvest Thunder."

All the harvest and wine-making sequences are being filmed on the spot, with the farmhouse converted into a studio, the barns into make-up rooms, offices, and commissary.

Tents—the stars' dressing-rooms—dot the surrounding fields, dazzling white under a blazing sun. And there is the traditionally bizarre touch of Hollywood—property men painting the grapes, because the real bunches aren't the right color. They're too green. In real life, it's a little too early for the harvest.

The cameras are set up between the rows of vines. The brooding, rangy Mel Ferrer stalks between them. With him is winsome Pier Angeli in headscarf and peasant dress, picking grapes and casting filmic sheep's eyes at John Kerr.

And there is the lovely French star Michele Morgan,

whose ultra-short clip—a heritage of her last role, Joan of Arc—has been disguised by a flowing blond wig.

Says she, dewed with perspiration, "It's intolerably hot under this sun with a wig."

To discourage the curious, a rash of signposts emblazoned with DANGER and skull and crossbones warns off trespassers. But the only danger within is from sunstroke or hornet stings. Most of the cast have been bitten in one place or another; the hornets are holding their own harvest time.

In spite of these hazards, vivacious Pier Angeli is like a child on holiday. She danced on tiptoe, bubbled, "This is the life. Just think of those poor people back in the studios!"

For her it is a return to her childhood. "My mother has three vineyards in Italy. Ever since I was a baby I've helped pick the grapes at harvest time."

It's coming in handy now. All the other stars are taking lessons in using vine-clippers. Mel Ferrer, serious as usual, is going further.

He pesters the peasants with all sorts of questions about wine-growing—in ex-



ABOVE: Italian-born Hollywood star Pier Angeli enjoys the warm sunshine with another young member of the "Thunder Harvest" unit on location in Provence.

LEFT: Location still of star Mel Ferrer shows him smiling broadly and with a geniality that is denied him in the new film. In "Thunder Harvest" he's the "heavy."

cellent French, too—because, he says, "I live in hopes of getting my own vineyard one of these days. It's something I've always wanted."

The story of "Harvest Thunder" is no sugar-coated, sentimental saga of love among the grapes, but a tale of high passions and hot blood, aroused when two brothers (Mel Ferrer and John Kerr), sought by the Italian police, cross the frontier and get a job in the vineyard for the harvest.

Their arrival causes a somewhat unseemly flutter among the ladies of the house. Michele Morgan, tanned and ever-youthful, plays the role of the farmer's wife who falls helplessly in love with the sinister stranger, Mel Ferrer, and is ready to abandon her husband and home for him.

The climax of the story is dramatically orchestrated by a

thunderstorm which devastates the vineyard.

The stars and location folk are housed in the waterfront hotels of picturesque St. Tropez, where the fishermen hang their nets to dry and the small harbor is spotted with craft.

Every morning a fleet of cars and buses transports Hollywood and its armament to the vineyard in the hinterland. It's the sort of location most actors dream of.

For Mel Ferrer it comes on top of a long, lazy holiday for himself and Audrey Hepburn farther along the Riviera.

And likewise for Michele Morgan, who says, "I'm not really working, you know. I'm merely prolonging my summer vacation and being paid for it."

By BILL STRUTTON
in France

CHAPLIN ON THE RUN

● Charlie shoots a scene for his new film, "The King in New York," in Berkeley Square and Bruton Street in London's West End. Pictures show him as he runs down the street with a fire hose and jumps into a taxi. These are the only location shots available so far.



Chaplin looks over location.



Typical stance as he grasps hose.



Features tense, he begins the run.



Before a crowd, he jumps into taxi.

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PAN AMERICAN

GREY HAIR (HE STOPPED DYEING IT)



ITALY'S Rossano Brazzi, movie heart-throb with the greying hair, as he appears in "Loser Takes All," a romantic comedy from Lion International Films.

Does a man have to go grey before Italy's romantic Rossano Brazzi, 38,

A VETERAN of some 60-odd swash-buckling films, and 200 plays in his native Italy, Brazzi, now 38, is no longer troubling to hide his grey hairs.

Brazzi was apparently doomed to typecasting as a Latin Errol Flynn when he was suddenly discovered by Britain and Hollywood as the screen's new Casanova.

It was "Three Coins in the Fountain" that first did it. He co-starred with Jean Peters—and in poured 40,000 fan letters.

Ironically, he had till then studiously dyed his hair dark for the screen; it had been grey ever since he was a juvenile.

Now Brazzi personifies all that a romantic Latin should be. He has grace, yet smoulders, is wise, a little weary, and has impec-

cable boudoir manners. In "Summer of '55" (now going the rounds in Australia) Brazzi has a spinsterish Katharine Hepburn dissolving tearfully into his arms while the whole audience sniffles happily.

In "The Barefoot Contessa" Ava Gardner could find nobody to suit her until Brazzi—two parts sex and one part syrup—looked at her with his eyes.

Now, in "Loser Takes All" (from the Graham Greene novel), the romantic Brazzi has an English star Glynis Johns running around in circles in Monte Carlo.

The pictures on these pages suggest that if one has to run around in circles, it is better to do it in Monte Carlo, where, Monte Carlo is probably a better place than most in which to do it.



CAFE setting (above) in Monte Carlo where Rossano Brazzi plays unwilling host to an elderly fustian (Joyce Carey) at right. Tony Britton dines with Glynis Johns (on left).

NEWLYWEDS in Monte Carlo. Bertrand (Brazzi) and Cary (Glynis Johns), an English girl, are supremely happy in spite of their temporary poverty.



YOUNG ACTOR Tony Britton, English television's dashing Scarlet Pimpernel, plays Philip, a charming fortune hunter, in "Loser Takes All." Here he admires the swirling gown of films pink worn by Glynis.

IVES HIM GLAMOR

Can become a great screen lover? Ask
Brazzi, looking puzzled, he'll tell you "Yes."

"Loser Takes All," a gay romantic comedy filmed in color CinemaScope, tells of the escapades in Monte Carlo of an Italian accountant (Brazzi) and an English girl (Johns) who marry and begin their honeymoon in the gambling paradise.

They are penniless but lyrically happy at first.

Then Brazzi perfects a system at roulette, tries to get rich quick at the casino tables, and neglects poor Glynis while he's about it. She turns to Tony Britton, a smooth ne'er-do-well, for consolation.

Naturally, this most un-Brazzi-like behaviour is remedied before the happy ending.

The eyes, Brazzi confessed, are the secret of his heart-throb appeal to women.

Said he, with his deep, fruity accent: "With

me everything is in the eyes. I look into her eyes—and work down. I have been making love to actresses in films for over 16 years. A man must learn a lot about love from that."

Brazzi himself is married these 15 years to a jolly 14-stone Roman matron, Lydia, and says, "I still think my wife is the most interesting woman I have ever known."

Like a good Continental, he showers her with expensive furs and jewellery, and in return she cuddles him domestically down to the last immaculately sewn shirt button.

And she says with a great laugh and a wink, "He tells me when he goes away, 'Don't be a naughty girl.' But I never tell him not to be a naughty boy."

—from Bill Stratton in London.



ENGLISH film star Glynis Johns as the heroine of Graham Greene's light-hearted comedy. Freckle-faced Glynis went straight into this role after making a new film in Hollywood with comedian Danny Kaye.



RIGHT. Monte Carlo is the picturesque background for this film shot of co-stars Brazzi and Johns. Robert Morley, master of poker-face comedy, Felix Aylmer, and veteran A. E. Matthews are in the cast.

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zest to almost every food you serve.

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STAR Burt Lancaster and pretty actress Rhonda Fleming
pause in the day's work on a Hollywood movie set to say
hello to Mrs. Olivia Lewis, Rhonda's attractive mother.

Talking of Films

★★★ *The Solid Gold
Cadillac*

AMERICAN big busi-
ness gets a thorough
roasting in "The Solid
Gold Cadillac," and the
spectacle makes one of the
funniest comedies of the
season.

For the occasion Columbia
has rounded up a first-rate
team of players, and has pro-
vided them with a genuinely
witty script.

They are led by comedienne
Judy Holliday, that clever
dumb blonde, who certainly
hasn't had a funnier film since
"Born Yesterday."

Judy's playing of Laura
Partridge, a dizzy, small-time
actress, who is more often out
of work than in it, is quite
delightful.

The story tells how Judy,
who happens to be a small
stockholder in the mammoth
company of International
Projects, meddles in the com-
pany affairs until she unwittingly
succeeds in routing its
crooked board of directors.

It is Judy's talent for asking
awkward questions at the
right moment that gets results.

The comedy owes much
to the gleefully glum perfor-
mances of Fred Clark, John
Williams, Ralph Dumke, and
Ray Collins as the board
members.

Paul Douglas is right in his
element, too, as the honest,
retiring chairman of the com-
pany who is helped by Judy.

★★★ *Bhowani Junction*

SET in India in 1947
just before the British
withdrawal from the
country, Metro's "Bho-
wani Junction" is an un-
usual, engrossing film.

It has a surging, somewhat
confused, plot, which shoots
off in many directions, and a
melodramatic love story that
winds away into utter sen-
timent.

However, it succeeds in cap-
turing, perhaps more vividly
than any picture has ever
done, something of the texture
of Indian life, with its color,
tumult, and bewildering
tangles of racial, religious, and
political problems.

"Hate the British and get
their troops out of the coun-
try" is the background theme
for the film's romantic story.

This last spotlights the
plight of the Anglo-Indians,
the people of mixed birth and
divided loyalties who are to

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

be left behind when the
British leave.

Belonging to two cultures,
but acceptable to neither, the
lot of the half-caste is indeed
an unhappy one.

One of them is Victoria
Shaw (Ava Gardner), the
daughter of a Welsh engine-
driver and a Hindu lady,
whom we meet at the Junction
when she comes home on leave
after serving in New Delhi
with the W.A.A.C. of the
Indian Army.

Victoria, a beauty who calls
her parents pater and mater,
and who tosses around the
word "ruddy" just like a real
English Miss Sahib, is an emo-
tional mess because she can't
decide whether she is Anglo
or Indian.

There are three gentlemen
around to help Victoria make
up her mind.

They include a brusque,
pro-Indian colonel of the
British Army (Stewart Gran-
ger), directing the evacuation
of troops from Bhowani Jun-
ction, and her hot-headed
Anglo-Indian sweetheart (Bill
Travers).

More believable than either
of them is the gentle, religious
Sikh of Francis Matthews.

Shot in color in Pakistan,
the picture has a cliché end-
ing.

RON RANDELL is in
trouble with the ladies.
When rumors were published
of his romance with Rita Hay-
worth, that lady said with
curl of lip, "The gentleman
seems to have a good publicity
agent." Now Ron confesses his
real romance with Swiss-born
actress Hildegard Christian is
bust. "I bought her a new car,
a new house, and a new nose.
But she decided to marry
somebody else." Now our
Ron is all set to marry Ger-
man-Polynesian dancer-actress
Laya Raki, star of "The
Seekers."

That is when they both
find themselves in the same
city to do a film. Ron Randell
is doing a play in London.
They coo over the continental
phone, because Laya is filming
in Vienna and Rome. So
there's no immediate hope. Or
danger!

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7 pints for approx. 2'4*

* Price varies slightly, according to area.
Also available in 3½-lb. tins. You can keep in as large a stock of Bonlac as you require without fear of spoiling.

Make these delicious dishes with Bonlac — and save money

When the recipe says "milk," use Bonlac. Make all your favourite cakes, scones, and milk desserts with Bonlac. The family will ask for more — and you can forget about high milk prices and shortages forever.



Bonlac Ice Cream

Put in pan 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar and one small teaspoon gelatine, warm until sugar melts, stir well, take off fire, then add ½ cup cold water. Put on top 3 large tablespoons of Bonlac, whisk well, then add ½ cup more cold water with flavouring added. Beat thoroughly, freeze, then beat again, return to freezer and eat when chilled.

Bonlac Junket

2½ large tablespoons Bonlac.
2 junket tablets, 1 pint water, sugar and flavouring to taste, pinch of salt, nutmeg.
1. Add Bonlac to water and whisk well together.
2. Sweeten and flavour to taste.
3. Put in saucepan and heat till lukewarm (about 80 degrees).
4. Dissolve junket tablets in a dessertspoon of cold water.



5. Stir into warm milk quickly, then set in a warm place till firm.
6. Allow to cool, grate nutmeg on top and serve.

Bonlac Spanish Cream

2½ cups of mixed Bonlac, ½ cup sugar, 4 level dessertspoons gelatine, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup hot water, 2 egg whites, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.
1. Beat egg yolks and sugar together.
2. Add to milk and place in saucepan.
3. Heat and stir until mixture boils and coats the spoon. Remove from heat.
4. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to custard mixture.
5. Add vanilla and chopped nuts.
6. Stir stiffly beaten egg whites into custard mixture.
7. Pour into wetted mould and chill.
8. Turn out and serve with chopped jelly or stewed fruits.



Bonlac tastes so good...

Alone, in junkets, ice cream, milk coffee, even in tea, you can't tell the difference from the finest dairy milk. "Not a hint of powdery taste," say housewives by the score. Everyone enjoys the milk-

fresh flavour of Bonlac. Children who often balk at whole milk can drink so much more Bonlac. You'll get plenty of takers for light, fluffy milk shakes made with Bonlac. And remember, you save enough on one tin of Bonlac to buy those extra pieces of fruit, or at least half a dozen more eggs.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND Bonlac



For patients with hepatitis, certain internal ulcerous conditions and other illnesses which require a non-fat diet, Bonlac is best for these health facts:

1. Bonlac contains 11 times more high-grade proteins, minerals, B vitamins and lactose than the same weight of fresh whole milk.
2. Compare the protein in Bonlac with other foods:
2½ oz. of Protein in 1 lb. of steak
2 oz. " " " 1 lb. of eggs (approx. 8)
4 oz. " " " 1 lb. of cheese
5½ oz. " " " 1 lb. of BONLAC
3. Because of the absence of butterfat, Bonlac can be easily digested, even by people who

have difficulty in taking fresh whole milk.
4. All the important milk minerals, as well as the high-grade proteins, are in Bonlac. Calcium and phosphorus make it a wonderful nerve and brain food. Vital B vitamins help you keep the feeling of youth.



Keep Slim and HEALTHY with Bonlac

To keep energy up and weight down, enjoy more drinks made with Bonlac. Two-thirds of a cup of powdered Bonlac contains all the nutriment found in a QUART of fresh skim milk.

Bonlac

Non-fat
POWDERED
MILK

Worth Reporting

THE last girl out of Cairo airport before it closed down was an Australian Maureen Abicair, from Kew, Melbourne, an air hostess with B.O.A.C.

This news was cabled to us from Anne Matheson, of our London staff, who boarded Maureen's plane at Nairobi on her way back to London after covering Princess Margaret's East African tour.

The plane was diverted from its usual route through Cairo for refuelling in Khartoum.

Travelling on the same Constellation was the worried chairman of B.O.A.C., Mr. Gerald D'Eranger, who was trying to make contact with 28 members of B.O.A.C. who were caught in Egypt.

At each stop, as the aircraft was re-routed through Egypt, Maureen and Mr. D'Eranger rushed off the plane and tried to communicate with Cairo, but found all lines cut.

Few passengers slept during the long night, and news of the bombing of more airfields in Egypt came to us in short bulletins from the first officer, Anne Matheson said.

"Towards dawn we flew over the fringe of the Sahara, and saw a camel train passing over the flat, arid desert. Later we saw date palms and an oasis. All the time we tried to contact Cairo.

"We neared Rome after breakfast, and the airport was tense with anticipation, and crowds of anxious travellers sat waiting and hoping for seats on passing aircraft.

"At the Rome airport, Maureen was again a tower of strength. She brought papers to the passengers; found news of the battlefronts; sent telegrams of reassurance for those who knew their relatives were worried; and relieved the general tenseness with stories of less anxious times.

"Maureen's calm and helpfulness did much towards making the tense, long journey less trying for the passengers. She is a cousin of the famous Shirley Abicair, and Maureen is as famous and well loved on the air routes as Shirley is in the world of entertainment."



"This one is a pound more. Her eyes close and in the middle of the night she opens them and yells for a drink of water."

To read or to sit on

IF you've ever been driven frantic wrestling with an unwieldy road map which rips as you unfold it, you will be as pleased as we were to find that a Melbourne firm has issued maps printed on plastic.

These, claim the manufacturers, are practically indestructible.

So far, maps issued are of Victoria, New South Wales, and Western Australia. Special maps of Olympic venues will be issued before the Games.

These, says patentee Mr. Hugh Dunn, will serve a double purpose for athletes. They can use them as a groundsheet when they want to sit on wet grass.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

"A VOYAGE IN LOVE," by Mungo MacCallum (Ure Smith). Sensitive retracing of a love affair between thoughtful girl of conservative family, and a young scientist. Problems of love with a Sydney background.

"THE DARK OF SUMMER," by Eric Linklater (Jonathan Cape). Locale of book ranges from Shetland Islands to Korea, time element varies from 18th century to modern days as hero tries to solve present problems as well as a past intrigue.

She mixes with criminals

AN attractive dark-haired English woman whose acquaintances include some of England's most notorious murderers, confidence men, and habitual criminals — both "inside" and "outside" — flew into Sydney for a brief visit recently.

She is Carol Doncaster, who, at 32, is one of London's executive TV producers.

"I met the criminals while collecting material for a TV play I wrote for the B.B.C.," explained Miss Doncaster.

"I've written 10 plays altogether, but this one, about a prisoner's release, was the one I liked best.

"Most of them I interviewed 'outside' — usually by arrangement in a local pub — the others I interviewed in various prisons. I think I was the first person allowed to take a camera into a prison."

Miss Doncaster, who lives in a comfortable Kensington flat, joined the B.B.C. 10 years ago as a talks assistant.

A year ago she felt she'd written herself dry and joined commercial TV as a producer.

Shades of Lord Nelson

TWO valuable Nelson relics have been presented to the Royal Australian Naval College.

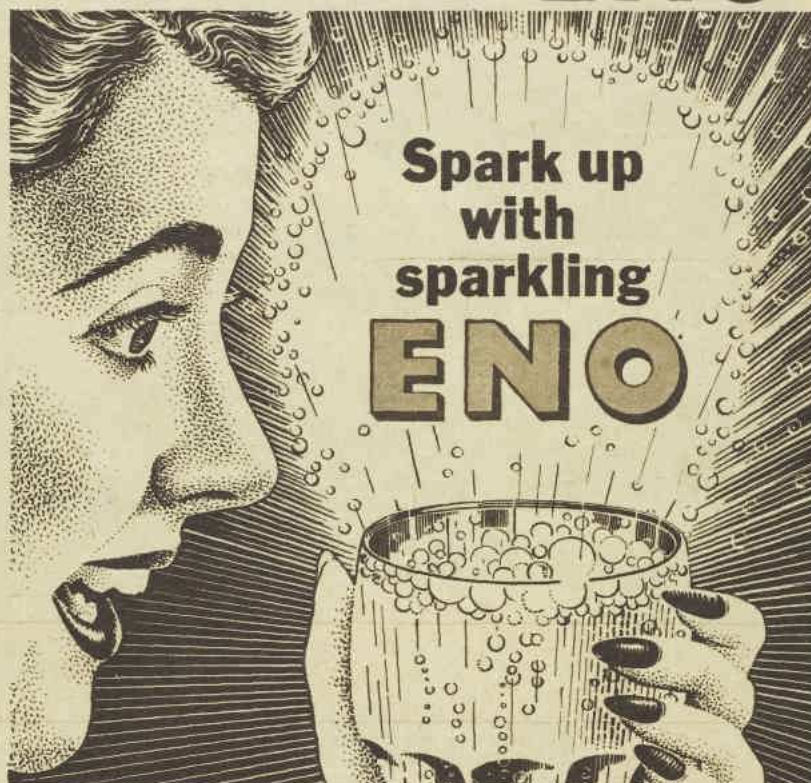
They are being brought to Melbourne in the Royal yacht Britannia, in which the Duke of Edinburgh is travelling part of the way to Australia for the Games.

The relics were given to the college by Mrs. Duncan Grant, widow of Commander Duncan Grant, R.N., and her two sons, who are both officers in the Royal Navy. Commander Grant was the first executive officer of the college, which was founded at Geelong, Victoria, in 1913.

The relics are a pennant board signed by Lord Nelson as "Viscount Nelson and the Duke of Bronte"; and an old Navy list in which his name appears as that of a captain of the Navy and colonel of the Royal Marine.

One single product overcomes these
3 everyday problems

End upset stomach ...
'jaded' feeling ...
sluggish system ...
with sparkling **ENO**



ENO acts in seconds ... it's so refreshing

Is your medicine chest a chemist shop in miniature — stocked full of antacids, laxatives and various tonics? Or, does your home have Eno — the sparkling antacid that actually works more effectively than all those other remedies put together?

Pleasant tasting, refreshing Eno has a world-renowned formula which enables this single product to effectively counter upset stomach, jaded feeling and sluggish system — distressing problems of today's hurried, flurried living.

End stomach upset — eat, drink and be merry. At the first hint of indigestion, heartburn or flatulence, let effervescent Eno go to work in your stomach. It neutralizes excess acid in 8 seconds — yet leaves just the right amount of acid required for normal digestion to take place.

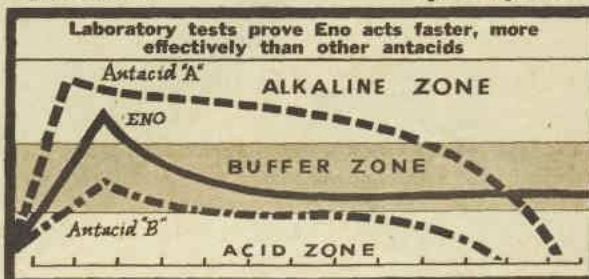
So suitable for children, too — their tender stomachs can be put right by this pure, quick corrective.

End 'jaded' feeling — be alive again. To get the reviving tonic effect of Eno just add one teaspoonful of this economical product to a glass of water. Watch it bubble — cheers you up just to look at it. Enjoy its lively flavour first thing in the morning, last thing at night, during the day, anytime! You'll spark up right away.

End sluggish system — irregularity. Eno is a gentle but quick corrective. The bland salts in Eno — no sulphates or harsh purgatives — absorb water from your digestive system. This keeps food moist and helps ease waste matter gently through your system.

Your chemist and food stores have Eno. Packed in an airtight glass bottle to keep that effectiveness right down to the last sparkling spoonful.

Start today on the way to happy, healthy living — spark up with sparkling Eno.



Graph above illustrates results of actual laboratory tests. It shows how Antacid "A" neutralizes all stomach acid — this stops digestion completely. Antacid "B" gives temporary relief but then rebounds into the "acid danger zone" within one hour — causes more pain. "A" and "B" are typical

of most antacid remedies. But, see how Eno works. It gives quick relief, in 8 seconds, by ridding your stomach of excess acid. Then, Eno keeps stomach acid at correct level for normal digestion to take place. Eno gives lasting relief from upset stomach.



NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ENO

E.AUST.1/56

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NOW AT ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Page 46

Prices may vary slightly outside N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 1964

"What's wrong
with our marriage?"



Jean looked across the room at Roy—buried in a book as usual. "Roy—there's something I must say to you."

"Huh? What's the matter now?" "I'm sick of being nothing but a housekeeper to you! You— you never bother to talk to me now— days. What's wrong with me? With us?"

Roy sighed. What could he say? What he wanted to say was: "If I do start a conversation you'll only nag at me. You're so tired, irritable and nervy these days." But he couldn't say that. Instead he said: "Darling, you're imagining things," and returned to his book. But that wasn't good enough for Jean... and so started another bickering quarrel which finished with Roy saying: "You're always tired and nervy! Why don't you see Doctor Hardy?"

"Mrs. Graham," said Doctor Hardy a few days later, "there is nothing organically wrong, but your symptoms of tiredness, even waking tired, nervousness and irritability all point to 'Night Starvation'. You see, while you sleep your heart and lungs go on exhausting energy from your body. This, in addition to the day's activity can start a chain reaction of being tired, worrying about being tired and waking up tired, nervy and irritable, that's 'Night Starvation'. Try a cup of hot Horlicks before bed every night."

Today, Jean is full of fun and life. "Just like the wonderful girl I married," says Roy.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains: protein—essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate—probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW
IN RE-USABLE
JAR!



only
Horlicks
guards against
"NIGHT STARVATION"

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give you
Indigestion
?**

**YOU NEED
Hardy's**

INDIGESTION POWDER

(Also available in Tablet form)
Proved over years
in thousands of cases
NO DIETING NECESSARY

.....

DRESS SENSE *Betty Keep*

- High fashion for mid-summer is the sleeveless princess-line dress with a bodice cut low for cool comfort.

THIS fashion flash answers a problem for a reader who writes from up north. Here is her letter and my reply:

"IS it possible to combine smartness and comfort in really hot weather? If you can solve this problem for me with a style and paper pattern, I will be grateful."

Certainly comfort and smartness can be combined—my point is proved by the one-piece princess-line dress at right. For the material I suggest cotton—and there is this season a wonderful range of plain and printed weaves from which to choose. Notice the dress has a row of tiny buttons from neck to hemline, and the skirt bells prettily. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"IT is early for me to ask this advice, but I am to be married next March and want to include a tweed suit in my trousseau. Would you suggest a fashionable autumn style? I am an SSW fitting."

An important suit trend for next season is a jacket, clipped to hipbone length, over a straight skirt.

"I AM being matron of honor to my sister and am wearing a pink net ballerina. The problem is what to wear on my hair, which is long, and which I wear in a twisted bun on the back of my head."

A pretty idea would be to dress your hair high in a chignon and circle it with a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds. An alternative idea: Wear a bow (in pink satin ribbon) with long streamer ends pinned flat across your chignon.

"COULD you tell me if crepe material is being worn this season?"

Crepe is new again in late-day fashions. It is a material that lends itself to the deft manipulation of the new bloused back; it is also perfect for the slim sheath or an Empire silhouette.



DS214.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 yards 36in. material. Price 4/-. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WOULD a proper evening coat be necessary for a full-length evening frock? I am attending a large ball and want to be gowned correctly."

Yes, it would. This season the bona fide evening coat has a prominent place in formal fashion. It is made in brocade, satin, velvet, and diaphanous materials. The most popular design, and one already established in Paris, is a floor-length cape. The Paris cape is often finished with a small fur collar or a burnous-inspired hood.

"WHAT kind of foundation garment should I wear under an Empire-line dress?"

The all-in-one corselet with a high, rounded bustline is the ideal foundation to create the long, lithe lines the Empire silhouette demands.

"IS a straight skirt becoming for a woman with a 40in. hipline?"

I consider a six or eight gore flared skirt more flattering to the larger figure than a straight line.

Beauty in brief:

HOW TO SET A WAVE

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Once you learn how to set a wave in your own hair, the home shampoo need trouble you no longer. To do a good job of waving you need only patience, nimble fingers, and a good deal of practice.

FOR an amateur the comb method has much to recommend it.

Comb your hair straight and smooth, then place the comb across the hair at the spot where the wave will begin.

Now (this is the tricky moment), place your first and second fingers on each side of the comb and hold them steady as you draw the comb out at an angle to make a curve.

Repeat this action a bit lower, this

time drawing the comb in the opposite direction while holding the wave firmly in place with the fingers.

The next step is to keep the wave in place. You can use either setting combs or metal grips to induce a soft wave.

To grip the hair properly, combs need to be placed in such a way that the prongs of the first one aim towards the crown, and the prongs of the second point in the opposite direction.



You see her everywhere... on sun-swept beaches, in the office, on dance floors. And everywhere she goes people take a second look at her sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and glowing complexion. Pretty nineteen-year-old Avril Rogers, of Potts Point, Sydney, protects the youthful loveliness of her skin with gentle Rexona Soap.

PUT YOUR SKIN
ON THIS
HEALTH AND BEAUTY DIET

Rexona soap helps skin blemishes disappear

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of rare beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. Just one lather with this mild, pure soap restores skin to radiant, natural loveliness.

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your
natural
loveliness all over



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Enjoy complete eye rest — join the millions who wear only Polaroid Sunglasses. Select the model which suits you best from the wide range of zylor fashion and gold or nickel plated frames.

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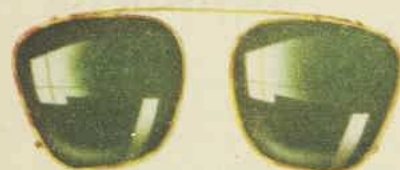
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14, 1955

• Joyce Lawrence.
It is a decorative
dahlia and grows to
a good size.



Dahlias for Display

● Dahlias are so desirable for display in the garden and the home that at this time of the year amateurs and professionals are busy planting them for late summer and autumn.

THE dahlia is really a tuberous root because the growing parts do not come from the actual root but from the elongated "necks" attached to the previous season's stem.

At this time of the year most dahlia tubers which have been stored in cool, dark places are beginning to show signs of life near the stem bases.

Small shoots or nodes appear at the apex of these tubers, often among the old woody stems, and have to be handled carefully. These shoots are very brittle. The slightest fall or touch will often snap them, rendering the tuber "blind."

Sometimes, on clumps of tubers, "blind" tubers outnumber those that produce shoots. In such cases it pays to cut away two or more tubers, leaving one that shows growth signs.

At times "blind" tubers will produce belated shoots, but too much reliance should not be placed upon this, especially if the clumps have been covered over for some weeks with moist soil and still have not shown signs of shoots.

Cut away the tubers from the old stem with secateurs or a panelling saw or fret-work saw. In this way the operation does them little damage. Dust the severed ends with sulphur to check fungi entering the wounds.

If the tubers shrivelled or withered badly during winter storage, plump them up by burying them for a week or two in moist soil.

If the clumps of tubers have not been propagated under moist soil and show no signs of growth, cover them with moist peat moss, sand, sphagnum moss, sawdust, or soil, leaving the crown free and projecting. Keep the cover moist and examine regularly until shoots appear, then cut up or divide.

Shoots about 2in. long that arise from tubers can be severed with a razor blade close up to the base and then raised as green plants by placing them in pots of good fibrous soil under glass.

The lower leaves should be cut off neatly and only the growing point left untouched. The entire clump will start to take up moisture, and the individual tubers will plump out as they were when lifted from the soil some months back.

Any tubers that have become unduly soft and show signs of decay or rotting should be carefully cut away and discarded.

Do not discard small tubers that bear

shoots, for even the smallest will sometimes produce good plants if the soil is rich and fertile.

The plants need the very best conditions—an open, sunny position always, well-drained soil, and plenty of nourishment and moisture throughout their entire growing and flowering season.

Tall varieties need to be buried deep, for they must have good anchorage for their top-heavy growth. Eight to nine inches of soil-cover is not too much for very big tubers of types that grow tall or those that produce heavy blooms, such as decoratives, garden, and hybrid cactus.

Charms and bedding dahlias, which are of medium to dwarf habit, can be planted shallower, although, if the tubers are big, they may require moderately deep coverage.

Put the stakes in position before digging the holes, and there will be fewer accidents to tubers.

GARDENING

Place the tubers on their sides, not upright, at the bottom of each hole, and fill in with good-quality soil. A little bonedust is always helpful in building up their vigor.

If the soil is of doubtful quality, only the very oldest and most decayed manure should be added to it. Fresh manure, which causes rotting or burning, is fatal to tubers.

After sieving old manure well, mix it with the soil, but bear in mind that dahlias can be fed with liquid manure from the surface after planting. This liquid feeding is preferable to adding a lot of fertiliser or manure when setting out tubers.

After the soil has been filled in, water them thoroughly. Unless the weather remains very hot and dry after planting, let the shoots appear above ground before adding much more moisture.

When the plants are about 10in. tall, pinch back the stems to two pairs of leaves only. This strengthens the stems and encourages stooling out of new shoots from leaf axils. This operation can be repeated several times until the middle of January.

Slugs and snails are troublesome when plants are small and should be baited early. Caterpillars and thrips can be controlled by DDT spray.

Diseases are numerous, the most prevalent being mildew, and three incurable virus diseases—mosaic, stunt, and spotted wilt. Blight also occurs at times, but can be checked by spraying with Bordeaux mixture. Lime sulphur will check mildew.

Seals
flavour **IN**
...seals
grease **OUT**



That's why Deep Frying with the

Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
COOKER & DEEP FRYER

Just imagine it! Perfect fried food, always full of natural juices and flavour, never spoiled by that greasy soginess that so often ruins fried dishes.

Thanks to its automatic thermostatic heat control, the Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer seals-in the natural food flavours with a crisp, brown outer covering and then cooks the food from within—at just the right temperature to make it perfect.

If you like fish and chips, you'll like them better than ever deep-fried in the Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer. If you like fried chicken, rabbit, cutlets, sausages, fritters, rissoles, shell foods, croquettes, doughnuts, you'll find that deep-frying the Sunbeam way gives them all a more delicious flavour than you have ever imagined.

AND IT COOKS, TOO! IT'S AN AUTOMATIC SAUCEPAN

You get the same benefits, when you use this amazing appliance as an automatic saucepan to prepare wonderfully tasty pot roasts, corned beef, meat stews, baked beans, spaghetti and stewed fruit. In fact, anything you cook in a saucepan is cooked very much better this automatic Sunbeam way.

With the Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer in your kitchen, you will amaze your family and friends with the wonderful variety of new dishes you will be able to serve—all cooked to perfection every time. Don't wait any longer—see it straight away at your nearest Sunbeam Dealer's.



Wonderful, too, in the small kitchens of WEEKENDERS, of CAREER GIRLS, of BACHELORS...

effects, after the successful assault on Minitayo in December, 1944."

Albert Bede replaced the card and came down the ladder cautiously. "A little thing like that, now," he said when he reached safety. "With all the rally of the junk around here, seems to me it wouldn't be missed."

"That's what I thought, too," Cecil Inch said.

"Well, now, let's look at the situation," Albert Bede said. "Until four o'clock, everything in this house still belongs to Mrs. Headland. For another five hours or so, the Department of the Interior, Mr. Aden, his assistant Miss Gendron, all of us, we're all just Mrs. Headland's guests in this house."

"After four o'clock this afternoon, everything in this house will belong to the United States."

"At four o'clock sharp, though," Albert Bede said, "while everybody is out there on the lawn, listening to the Secretary make his acceptance speech, a little thing like a cigar humidor would be in a sort of no man's land, you might say."

"You might," Cecil said.

"For two hundred bucks, at four o'clock sharp, the word maybe might become yes," Albert Bede said. "Unofficially speaking, of course."

"Mr. Bede, you mind if I make a sort of personal remark?"

"Be a lot more sensible if you made a down payment."

Cecil Inch pulled three bills from his wallet. "Would fifty

dollars hold the option until four o'clock?"

"A hundred would hold it tighter."

Cecil Inch pulled three more bills from his wallet.

"Karl?"

"What do you want?"

"Some heat!" Mrs. Kingsley's voice came down the stairs from the master bedroom. "It's freezing up here!"

"You're crazy!" Karl Kingsley shouted. "I turned up the thermostat after breakfast!"

"Well, turn it up again!"

Karl Kingsley muttered and waddled out into the foyer.

Before he reached the thermostat, Karl Kingsley sneezed twice. When he did reach it, he knew something was wrong: the little bronze wheel stood at seventy-five, his hands felt cold, and there was no sound from the basement. Karl looked at the sliver of mercury, and swore.

No wonder his wife was yelling, and no wonder his fingers were frozen. The thermometer indicated that the temperature of the foyer was fifty-four degrees.

Karl Kingsley tipped his head to one side, so he could hear the furnace kick over in the basement, and he moved the little bronze wheel up to ninety.

The furnace did not kick over. Anyway, Karl Kingsley didn't hear it. He uttered some terse words very rapidly.

His wife shouted again, "Get some heat up here!"

"We're freezing, Annabelle," Karl said.

"How about your fuel tank, Mr. Kingsley?"

"Annabelle, I got a thousand-gallon tank sunk out there under the rosebushes, and my own trucks just filled it last—"

Karl Kingsley's voice stopped dead. He dropped the phone and lumbered down the cellar steps and ran to the fuel-gauge. The floating needle rested, with

The Third Angel

from page 5

Karl walked out to the kitchen, tapping his swollen lip delicately, and pulled open the cellar door.

He went down the cellar steps. At the foot of the stairs he sneezed again. He touched the green-and-chromium sheath of the furnace, and ripped off a string of curses. The furnace was icy to the touch.

KARL climbed back up the stairs to the kitchen phone and called Cedric Moses, the plumber. Cedric's youngest daughter answered.

"Our furnace is dead, Annabelle. You mind telling your father to get up here and take a look?"

"Daddy isn't here right now, Mr. Kingsley, but I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

"How long will he be?"

"I don't know, Mr. Kingsley. It's some furnace trouble down at Kirkbean."

"We're freezing, Annabelle," Karl said.

"How about your fuel tank, Mr. Kingsley?"

"Annabelle, I got a thousand-gallon tank sunk out there under the rosebushes, and my own trucks just filled it last—"

Karl Kingsley's voice stopped dead. He dropped the phone and lumbered down the cellar steps and ran to the fuel-gauge. The floating needle rested, with

crooked finality, a quarter of an inch below the red zero.

"Suffering cats!" Karl Kingsley said.

"I'm the one who's suffering," his wife said behind him.

"What are you trying to do? Kill me and the kids? This house is so cold—"

Karl thrust her aside. He grabbed the phone and called his garage. Harry Honor answered.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Kingsley. I was just going to call you."

"Never mind. Listen. We're all out of fuel oil up here. Get a truck up here right away, Harry, and fill our tank."

"All right, Mr. Kingsley, the first chance I get, I'll—"

"Listen, stupid. I said now. This minute. Understand?"

"Mr. Kingsley, I'm trying to tell you—"

"Don't tell me nothing. Just get up here with that fuel oil."

"I can't, Mr. Kingsley. The drain cocks on all our tanks are under water."

"What?"

"I said the—"

"The river," Harry Honor said. "It's gone up two feet since this wind started, and it's still rising!"

John Aden knew it was urgent before A. L. Krug used the word.

"It's urgent, John. She started to haemorrhage on the way to the hospital. Dr. Reimer is sure the baby is dead, but he thinks he can save Mary Louise. If she wants to be

saved. She's asking for you, John."

Curse them, John Aden thought. They never let you alone. Even when you were going under, they still clutched at you to save themselves.

"I can't come," he said.

"Listen!" A. L. Krug said in a low, hard, flat voice. "You were no good when Mary Louise picked you out of your Greenwich Village gutter, and you've been no good for fifteen years, and you're no good now. But she's my daughter, and you're her husband, and if anything happens to her I'll kill you."

John Aden glanced across his shoulder, towards the door of the gun-room. It was closed, of course. He took a better grip on the phone and turned back to the window. He could scarcely see the Sound. The glass seemed to be fogged.

"Listen," he said.

"Not any more," A. L. Krug said. "You do the listening. Why she wants you, I don't know, any more than I ever knew why she wanted you in the first place, but she wants you. Dr. Reimer says if you get here he might be able to save her. You're getting here."

"I can't. This is the day Admiral Headland's home is being accepted officially by the Government. The ceremonies are scheduled to take place in four hours."

"Admiral Headland and the ceremonies can go to the devil. They don't mean anything to me, John. If you don't get to this hospital—"

"Take a look out of the hos-

pital window at the weather. Can't you see what's happen-

ing?"

"All I'm interested in is what's happening to my daughter."

"I can't get to her. The trains aren't running. This tide is up over the roadbeds."

"You've got the car. The Merritt Parkway is open. I just checked. You get into that car and come on."

"I'm not coming, A. L."

There was a pause.

"All right," A. J. Krug said softly. "All right, John," he said. "We'll just have to see about that."

Susan stood at the long table with carved legs and stared out at Long Island Sound. Or rather, she stared at where the Sound had been. You wouldn't have known it now. The Sound was no more than a guess. You knew it was there, beyond the lawn, because things like Long Island Sound did not disappear overnight.

Susan shivered, and then she remembered why she had come. She opened the drawer in the side of the table near her typewriter. At the same time, the door opened behind her.

"What are you doing?" John Aden said.

She could feel her face flush, but it did not disturb her, because now she was no longer confused about her feelings.

"I'm picking up my things," Susan said.

If there was any contempt in her voice she regretted it, but

To page 53

Brain, Nerves & Blood

Need certain vital substances...

Vitamins are among the vital needs of Brain, Nerves, and Blood—and Yeast is famous for Vitamins. But the foundations of life—of Health—of Strength, and of Happiness—require even more than vitamins. A vitamin may not stop a headache, or a rheumatic pain. It may not put swift new life into a jaded businessman, or put a quick-stop to a harassed house-

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Tired Feeling	Vim and Zest	15 mins.
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Head, Neck and Shoulder Pains	Grateful Relief	4-10 mins.
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Nervous Tension	Calm	10 mins.
Skin Troubles (nervous type).	Often eased or cleared up	2 days

The SUPER-PLUS kind of yeast in treating everyday ills and below-par conditions is made much more positive by the Cream of Yeast technique. This adds to a special MEDICINAL yeast, the virtues of several other valuable pharmaceutical agents. Effective agents—combined effectively. Thus, when you take Cream of Yeast, you soon feel better. Your nerves become steadier, Aches and Pains come under control. Instead of being always weak, dispirited and tired-out, you rapidly regain (and retain) splendid zest, vim, and youthful good looks.



Microscope Slide by Fordham University, U.S.A. The amazing activity of the Yeast and its famed Vitamin B1 content are here strikingly shown.

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Go to the chemist and get a package of Cream of Yeast. Refuse substitutes. They are in no real way like Cream of Yeast. Four sizes, at 1/11, 3/8, 6/6 and 10/6, the larger packages being more economical. If, after taking the contents of the first bottle, you are not completely satisfied—money back!



SCIENCE and the value of Yeast Concentrates

Scientific experiments have proven that active yeast contains a "substance" of remarkable restorative power. It is claimed that by means of a tiny proportion of this yeast-concentrate (1/15-thousandths of an ounce), paralysed pigeons have been put to rights in a few hours. 200 lbs. of active yeast produce less than an ounce of the super-active substance. When combined with the Chlorophyllins of Chlorophyll and other medicinal, the Home-Therapy Value of Yeast as a medicine is notably widened—especially where stress and other types of nervous trouble occur.

Be sure you get genuine Cream of Yeast if you want the benefits we promise. Remember—Cream of Yeast contains the BEST yeast and is much MORE than yeast.

CREAM of YEAST





Bruck

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Now! Two brilliant new Bruck Fabrics
join the already popular **MIRACORD** ...

Bruck **"MIRACROSS"**

Bruck **"MIRACHECK"**

in the Pelaco 'Sportmaster' range

MIRACORD

Popular cord effect in a
variety of tonings



MIRACROSS

Featuring the latest tiny checks in this popular corded-effect leisure shirt for all occasions. See the full range of new muted tonings at your favourite store!



MIRACHECK

Another corded texture shirt with lots of eye-appeal. Wide range of popular tonings. The cord effect is obtained by use of a deeper chromespun contrasting thread.

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"It is indeed a lovely shirt, Sir!"



Pelaco's T.V. Shows — "I've got a Secret", Sundays, 8 to 8.30, HSV Channel 7, Melbourne. "What's My Line", TCN Channel 9, Sydney.

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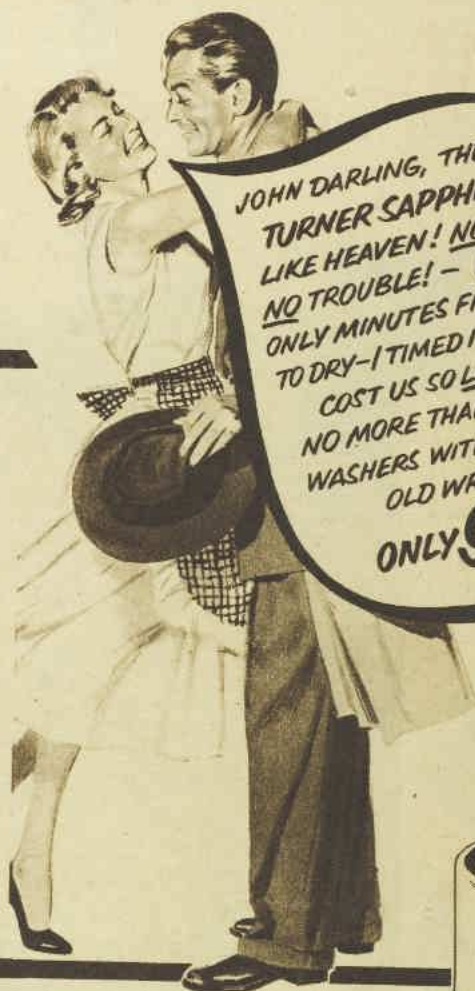
Be fresh as a daisy after the biggest family wash

★ NO HEAVY WRINGING! ★ NO WET HANDS!
★ NO BACK-BREAKING LIFTING IN AND OUT
OF HOT, WET WASHING!

Turner Sapphire Washer
Spin-Dryer does EVERY
washday job for you... no more
hard washing ever again.

Fills, heats, washes, rinses, blues,
empties and spin-dries! Only minutes
from soiled to spun dry!

Say goodbye to backache... farewell
to red, sore hands! Your hands never
touch water. Turner's labour-saving
combination of agitator-action and
spin-drying will leave you fresh and
cheerful, even after you've
completed the biggest wash.



JOHN DARLING, THE
TURNER SAPPHIRE IS
LIKE HEAVEN! NO WORK!
NO TROUBLE! - IT TAKES
ONLY MINUTES FROM SOILED
TO DRY - I TIMED IT - AND IT
COST US SO LITTLE -
NO MORE THAN A LOT OF
WASHERS WITH DREADFUL
OLD WRINGERS!
ONLY 98 GNS

No other washing machine,
irrespective of price, can compare in value with your Turner Sapphire

Your Turner saves you hours of time and hard work,
and does everything that more expensive machines do.
Yet it costs only 98 guineas or 102 guineas with built-
in heater. You can do a complete wash in minutes—
put your washing in at the top—no bending, no
backache... flick a lever and the 2-way pump fills
for you! Turn a switch and the water heats! A flick

of your wrist and the gentle "cradle" agitator action—
proved the most effective way to get clothes really
clean—chases the dirt right out of your washing—out
and away through holes in the vitreous enamel, snag-
proof basket. Only the Turner Sapphire can give you
agitator action, plus an amazing exclusive patent
which prevents wear to clothes—a cushion of water
that gives double protection for delicate fabrics.

A whole load washes clean as new while you're off
doing your housework. Then just touch a lever and
the 2-way pump immediately empties out the water...
pours in the cold! Rinsing, blueing, spin-drying
take just a few seconds and your spotlessly clean
washing is ready to hang on the line, a great deal
drier than wringer-dry.

ONLY 98 GUINEAS

102 gns. with built-in heater. Prices
slightly higher in country areas.
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Available on low deposit
and only shillings weekly



'Craftsman-built'
is why Turner Sapphire
gives you an easier wash
—no trouble!

Lid hooks on side of machine—
out of the way. Load machine
at top—no tiring bending!
Special clutch makes it impos-
sible to burn out the motor!
Patented gearless free-running
mechanism, permanently self-
lubricated to minimise wear,
and a vitreous enamel, snag-free

clothes bin for easier cleaning
It requires only 2ft. x 2ft.
floor space—34" high—the ideal
non-stoop height. Guaranteed
Free service for 12 months
Lifetime service plan keeps
machine in perfect order for
the rest of your life!

Made by Turner Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 400 Whitehorse Rd., Nunawading
Melbourne, Victoria... makers of famous lifetime-guaranteed
Screwdrivers; Cabinet and Builders' Hardware.

Turner Sapphire

THE WONDERFUL, LABOUR-SAVING WASHER SPIN-DRYER.

it was not surprised. That was the way she felt about him. "You mean you're not coming back?" "No." He came towards her, and his hand came out of his pocket, it stopped moving abruptly, though he had heard some inner warning. "Why are you quitting?" She hesitated. It didn't seem to tell him the truth. And it didn't seem fair to tell him nothing. "I'm going to college." "Now?" John Aden said. "In the middle of December?" "No, of course not. When the second semester begins. But I want to get ready." "Get ready?" "I'm going to college," Susan said. "I can't stay here any longer." "Not even long enough to help me finish the task for which I succeeded, at your urgent request, I might remind you, in getting you hired as my assistant?" Susan didn't answer. "What am I going to tell Mr. Adelin?" John Aden said. "I convinced him that it was a matter of urgent necessity to let you on the payroll if we were to find the missing pages of Admiral Headland's journal." "Why don't you tell him the truth?" Susan said. "Why don't you tell him that you never needed me in the first place, and now you'll be able to get along fine without me?" "I couldn't tell that to Mr. Adelin or to anybody else," John Aden said quietly. "Because it would be a lie." "I'm sorry," Susan said, and she was. "So am I," John Aden said, and then, after a pause during which he seemed to be catching his breath, "I hope you never know how much. I can't induce you to change your mind?" "No." "Not even until the Secretary of the Interior has come and gone and this afternoon's remonies are over?" "No." "In that case," said John

Continuing . . .

Aden, and because he was so obviously defeated, he almost won her, "I'll drive you home." Almost, but not quite. "That won't be necessary," Susan said in a low, and kind but firm voice, "I have mother's car."

"Remember what?" Barney Stamm said.

"The hurricane of '38," Salvatore Crudini said.

"Who doesn't?" Barney Stamm said.

"Well, that's what this is like."

"You're not kidding."

The proprietor of the bar and grill flicked his cigarette towards the spittoon in the corner of the barber-shop. Sal Crudini knelt the chair around several inches. This gave them both a better view of the window that faced the Swindon railroad station.

"Who's that?" Barney said.

Sal paused with the scissors poised over Barney's head.

"Where?"

"Over by the freight door, talking to Earl Cullinan."

Sal peered across Barney's head. Clark Tegher looked up from his magazine.

"It's Kate Headland," he said.

"How can you tell?" said Sal Crudini. "I can't hardly see across the street."

"I got good eyes," said Clark Tegher.

"What's she doing down at the railroad station on a day like this?" Barney Stamm said.

"Probably meeting the Secretary of the Interior," said Nino, known as the Post Office, Crudini. "He ought to be getting here pretty soon, if he's gonna make that speech this afternoon."

"The way this weather looks, nobody's gonna make no speeches this afternoon," Barney Stamm said.

Sal Crudini said. "Gee, listen to that wind."

"The same like in '38," Barney Stamm said. "The wind going crazy."

"Yeah, and everything cloudy

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all over," Sal Crudini said.

"Not like there was a storm coming, or anything like that. Just the sky kind of dirty, and all the windows—every place you looked at glass, say a window or a windshield—every time you looked at glass, it was like the glass was dirty."

He pointed to his own window with the scissors. "Just like that."

"That Headland dame up there on that platform must be crazy," said Barney Stamm, "if she expects any trains to come in today."

"You know what I heard about her the other day?" Sal Crudini said.

"Now we get the bit about she's Cecil Inch's daughter," Barney Stamm said. "For Pete's sake, Sal, come up with something new, will you?"

"This is new, boy," Sal Crudini said. "I heard she went to Chicago. Some people she

knows out there with a lot of dough, see? Really loaded. I'll guarantee—What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" Barney Stamm bellowed. "You nearly took my ear off."

Sal Crudini staggered again. He groped wildly for a steady grip. His free hand fastened on the bar and grill proprietor's lower jaw. Barney Stamm made a strangled sound. Sal Crudini recaptured his balance and dropped his hand. Before the two astonished men could find words to express themselves, the door opened and Lena Ligner was staring at them from the threshold.

Her hands kept opening and closing, as though they were trying to restore circulation, and her mouth worked up and down. It was as though she was rehearsing a speech that she did not want to utter until Clark Tegher and Nino Crudini, who had been flung to the

floor, found their feet again. When they did, Lena Ligner's voice came back to her.

"My window!" she said in a strangled tone of awe. "It just—!"

At that moment Sal Crudini's window did the same thing.

"How did he get into the house?" Mrs. Headland said.

Lester Sparrow coughed delicately.

"Why, I'm afraid he just opened the door and walked in."

"What does he want?"

"He said he would like to see you," Sparrow leaned forward slightly, as though he were shielding a candleflame from the wind. "Of course, if you don't want to see him, I can tell him to go," he said.

"After all, Mrs. Headland, until four o'clock this house is still your home."

Mrs. Headland put down the ladle. She untied her apron.

"Thank you, no," she said.

"I rather think I would like to see him, too."

She tossed the apron on the

kitchen table and walked out. Sparrow had to stretch his legs to keep up with her. Under the bend of the stairway near the portrait of John Paul Jones, she stopped. Sparrow stopped beside her. The man near the library ladder stopped poking at the suitcase with his toe. He smiled and came forward across the entrance hall.

"Mrs. Headland?"

She neither replied nor moved. He continued to come forward with his hand outstretched.

"This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Headland. I've wanted to meet you for a long time."

"It's hardly that for me, Mr. Osler," she said. "But I've wanted to meet you, too."

Patterson Osler stopped in front of her. She disregarded his hand. He stared at it as though he had just become aware of its existence, shrugged, and thrust it into his pocket. Mrs. Headland stared at him. Osler stared back at her.

"Well?" Osler said finally.

"Why don't you say it, Mrs. Headland?"

"I was thinking that you don't look like the sort of person who would write all those unbelievable things about a man who gave his life for his country."

Osler's smile changed slightly.

"What do you want in this house?" said Mrs. Headland.

"I heard that quite a lot of loot was being moved out of here fast, before the four o'clock deadline this afternoon."

He waved toward the suitcases clustered near the ladder. "As a member of the Press, a guardian of the public weal, it seemed only right to come and check."

Lester stepped forward.

"Those suitcases contain Mrs. Headland's personal possessions."

"Would Mrs. Headland want me to say in print that I had to take her word for that?"

Lester Sparrow flushed and turned to Mrs. Headland. She touched his elbow with her right hand, gently and very



● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

I HAVE just received a letter from a woman friend returning to Melbourne from America. She wrote just after crossing the International Dateline:

"Last night it was Thursday when we went to bed," she said, "and this morning when we woke up it was Saturday, so that's one day less we'll be on board ship."

£2/2/- awarded to "Another Woman," Strathmore, Vic.

Send your entries to "Just like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

I'M convinced that men only ask their wives for articles out of habit, not because they don't know where things are. The other day my husband walked in and asked: "Where's the hammer?"

I replied: "On the what's-his-name."

He went and got it.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. Maher, Herberton Road, Atherton, Nth. Qld.

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Just like the Lucke Quads...

MORE little Australians

RIDE

Cyclops

than any other

BABY CARRIAGES

WHEEL TOYS



The Lucke Quads "life on wheels" started when they were given a Cyclops "de luxe" pram—a special four-passenger model. Now they ride in the two twin Cyclops Nibs Chariots shown above. Soon, like thousands of other little Australians they will be having fun in the sun on Cyclops wheel toys. Just like the Lucke Quads, only the best is good enough for your youngsters, too. That's why—from babyhood right through to early school days—wise parents insist on Cyclops when buying prams, strollers and wheel toys.



Cyclops new lift-out folder No. 370—use it as an ordinary pram, a bassinet and a carrying cot for the car, with the undercarriage in the boot. Nylon bearings never need oiling. Cushion tyres. Non-inflammable baby-view storm cover.

Use lift-out body as bassinet or cot. Undercarriage folds away neatly in boot of car.

Remember! With Christmas just around the corner—it's time to lay by Cyclops Toys!

To prove that RINSO and a washing machine make the perfect washday team

Rinso OFFERS YOU THE WASHER OF YOUR CHOICE

Where's the woman who doesn't long to put a spanking new washing machine in her laundry? Or the man who doesn't dream of giving his wife such a wonderful work-saver? Well, here's the chance of a lifetime to own the washer you've always wanted—FREE!—all set to take the work out of washday. And with Rinso's richer, thicker suds in it to give you a dazzling wash, you've got a wonderful washday pair. Pay a visit to your nearest electrical store to-day, read the latest advertisements for washers and enter this great Rinso Choose-A-Washer Contest right away!

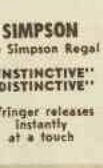
16 WASHERS GIVEN AWAY OVER 4 WEEKS

It's so easy to win! You simply cross out the wrong word in each sentence. See below the pictures for contest rules. Two of each of the eight illustrated washers will be given away.

The Makers of all these leading washing machines recommend Rinso and only Rinso for the best results

Pope Westinghouse Malley's Simpson Hoover Turner Wilkins-Servis Hotpoint Lightburn Easy Colda Bendix B.G.E. Thor	President Noco Electric Snow Queen Regina Servex Arcus Don Timesaver Easyway Stampco Savage Viking Ritemp	Washrite Beatty Emmold Parnall Breville A.W.A. Werner Troyway Goblin Commodore Rowen Moffat-Virtue Nevertire Big Chief
---	--	---

(CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

 HOTPOINT The Hotpoint has a TRIPLE SINGLE washing action	 B.G.E. The "Magic" Roll Winger of the B.G.E. automatically STOPS SEPARATES if the clothes jam	 HOOVER The new Hoover with power rise also has the HAND ELECTRIC wringer
 TURNER There is NO IS Individual handling of hot wet washing with a Turner "Sapphire" spin-dryer	 WILKINS-SERVIS The high speed Wilkins-Servis gets clothes on the line in only 12 MINUTES 30 MINUTES	 SIMPSON The Simpson Regal "INSTINCTIVE" "DISTINCTIVE" Wringer releases instantly at a touch
 WESTINGHOUSE If a jam starts the Westinghouse "Wonder" Winger stops and gives a warning CLICK BUZZ	 POPE The Pope "Fill 'n' Empty" pump automatically fills and empties the 6 GALLON tub 12 GALLON tub	 RINSO Rinso is the only washing product recommended by the makers of all 40 of all 42 leading washing machines

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Pay a visit to your nearest electrical store, have a look at all the washers pictured above, and select the washer you would like to own. This will also help you to get the correct information for your entry. Now study the sentences alongside the pictures of the washing machines and the packet of Rinso above. Choose which of the alternative words is the correct one. Cross out the word which seems to you to be wrong. Complete the entry form with the name of the washer you would choose if you were buying one and the reason why you would like it. The washing machines will be awarded to competitors who correctly complete the list of nine sentences and give the best reasons for choosing the washing machine they would like to own.

RULES:

- Contest closes midnight, 24th November, and entries must be received by midnight of this date.
- The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries, contents and ideas become the property of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, and may be used as the Company sees fit.
- Any resident of Australia may compete except employees of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, its associated companies, its advertising agencies and their families.
- The prizewinners' names will be announced on "Australia's Amateur Hour," commencing from 8th November.



CUT OUT all around the dotted line

(Note: Contestants may send entries on a plain sheet of paper. Contestants should copy out all the wording enclosed by the dotted lines.) You may send as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by the opening flap (marked "Press Tab Here") of the Rinso packet.

ENTRY FORM

Post your entries to:
RINSO "CHOOSE-A-WASHER" CONTEST
Box 7060, G.P.O., SYDNEY
(Use block letters in ink)

Complete this sentence:
"I would like to own a

(Fill in name of washer)

Washing Machine because

(Not more than 15 words, please!)

NAME

ADDRESS

Closing date, 24th Nov. ACT NOW!

*End flaps not required from residents of any State where inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

Z415.WW.144g

Continuing

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briefly, but it was as though she had hurled him to one side.

"You said you wanted to see me," she said to Patterson Osler. "You've seen me. What else do you want?"

"I want to take a look around this house."

"If the Government has no objection," she said, "I assure you I have none."

"This room, now," Cecil Inch said. "You could call it our parlor."

He held aside the strands of beaded portiere. Margaret Gendron stepped in from the kitchen.

"How nice," she said.

Cecil Inch came in after her.

"Ben does a little reading in here," he said. "I do my bills, take care of business matters, things like that. Sort of my office."

"How nice," Margaret Gendron said.

Cecil Inch gave her a sharp glance, then dropped his black leather cap on the roll-top desk. "Nice," he said. "That's the word, all right. That's the way I think of what I've got. What other people think, that never bothers me none."

His glance met Margaret's. She turned away, towards the window. Through it, and across the milky haze that filled the air between the octagon-shaped Inch Building and the railroad station, she could make out the figure of Kate Headland on the platform. Even in that curious haze, the late admiral's daughter was wearing her harlequin-shaped sunglasses. Margaret wondered who the girl could be waiting for. Surely not the Secretary of the Interior. Arthur had said on the phone from Washington that the Secretary was coming up by plane, and that he and Eloise had managed to hitch a ride.

"Why don't you get to the point, Mrs. Gendron?"

"What makes you think there's a point to come to?"

"You didn't ask me to stop the car on the way over to Kirkbean and take you up here so you could admire my desk or those bead curtains. You had a reason. Any other day, someone I'm dealing with, they want to take their time getting to a point, okay. But not to-day, Mrs. Gendron. Not in this weather. I want to get down to Kirkbean to have a look at that stand I built. You got something on your mind, let's have it."

"I have a question."

"I'm listening."

"What's in those missing pages, Mr. Inch?"

"What missing pages?"

"You know what missing pages — from Admiral Headland's diary. You heard what Saul Slough said about them."

"You heard my answer."

"It doesn't satisfy me," Margaret said. "I want to know what's in those missing pages."

"Why?"

Margaret Gendron turned again to look out of the window. The curious, yellowish fog seemed to be growing thicker. Kate Headland was pacing up and down on the station platform. Watching her nervous movements, Margaret wondered how to answer Cecil Inch's simple question. Could she say in so many words that, since Thursday night, for the first time since she had received news of her husband's death in 1944, she had been unable to talk with Roger?

How could she say those words to anybody and expect to be considered sane? How could she explain to a third person what being able to talk with Roger had meant to her

during the years since the end of the war? How could she make Cecil Inch understand the importance of re-establishing communications with something that, to the rest of the world, was no more than a handful of bones resting in a mixture of coral and sand somewhere in the far Pacific?

"My husband was killed," Minitayo," she said slowly. "It's true, the things that Saul Slough said Admiral Headland wrote in those missing pages if that's true, then my husband died for nothing."

"Oh," Cecil Inch said.

He walked slowly to the window. Margaret could guess what he was peering at, towards the window faced south. From it, on a clear day, you could probably get an excellent view of Kirkbean. It was far from a clear day. Cecil Inch turned away from the window.

"Thursday night," he said, "at that meeting, I told everybody there that nobody, not Saul Slough from that form, nobody, I said, could say what was in the missing pages because nobody had proved that any pages were missing. You heard me say that, Mrs. Gendron?"

"Yes."

"But you don't believe it."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Everybody in this world knows you know things about the Headlands that the rest of us have only been able to guess at."

Cecil Inch uttered a little laugh.

"I've heard some of those guesses."

"How close are they?"

Cecil Inch stroked his hair with the back of his hand. "We got a business partnership, Mrs. Gendron," he said. "There's some questions don't come under the head of business."

"Mr. Inch," Margaret said carefully. "A couple of months ago I started something in town. All I was interested in all I was thinking about was I agreed to help my husband get it started, all I wanted some money with which to send my daughter to college. That's all. It was strictly business proposition."

"Thursday night, the meeting. Finding out maybe my husband's life was wasted, thrown away, learning that maybe everything I'd believed about his death for years was a lie, I can't go back on that, Mr. Inch. I'm not going to let you down. You know the Headland family the way I like Patterson Osler and Slough will never know. I don't want to pry into store of knowledge. It's my Keep it. Except for one thing I want that. Tell me what those missing pages."

Cecil Inch turned back to the window.

"I have a pretty good what people in this town of me," he said. "So there's no reason why shouldn't think the same. That's why there's a chance you won't believe I'm going to say next. Sorry if you don't. It's going to be the truth."

"I'll believe it," Margaret said.

"I was born about a hundred yards from this room," Inch said. "Fulton Headland was born the same night, twenty yards farther down street. Except that, in

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"Finding out is worth all that much to you?"

"More," Margaret said. "If I had it to give."

Cecil Inch walked over to the desk and picked up his black leather hat.

"Don't believe everything you hear about people," he said. "Even mean old buzzards like me." He clapped the hat on his head. "I don't know that I can get Mrs. Headland to tell us what's in those missing pages, but I do know this: you don't have to give me nothing for trying to find out."

"Thanks," she said. "Thank you very much, Mr. Inch."

"Thanks ain't necessary," he said. "I haven't done anything yet. But I'll tell you this, Mrs. Gendron." He gave her a long glance. "If your daughter is half the woman her mother is, then the worst business deal Cecil Inch ever pulled was taking half the Furthgast property to break it up between your Susan and my nephew Ben."

He pulled open the door. "Let's go," Cecil Inch said. "If we get to Kirkbean before those ceremonies start, maybe we can get Mrs. Headland to talk."

The closest that Ezio Crudini, owner of the Cherry Stone, had ever come to stating his philosophy of life was in a conversation with his brother Nino, the Crudini who worked in the post office. Nino had objected to one of Ezio's employee choices.

"Just because of what happened during a high school dance," the owner of the Cherry Stone had said, "I can't see how that makes May Cullinan a bad waitress."

This, as a matter of fact, was precisely what he was saying a few minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon of the Saturday on which the home of Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland was scheduled to be accepted officially by the Sec-

retary of the Interior as a national historic site.

"What the blazes," Ezio Crudini said.

He would have said more, but he didn't like to swear in front of women. May Cullinan had just brought him news of the latest of the morning's disasters.

First, there had been the rolls. In preparation for the heavy lunch trade that he had expected as a result of the Kirkbean ceremonies, Ezio had ordered Cruze's Bakery to deliver twice his normal order of hard rolls that day. Cruze

had delivered them, all right. When Ezio arrived at ten-thirty to open the restaurant, there they were, on the back step, where the Cruze delivery man always left them.

Unfortunately, somebody had also left a faucet or something open somewhere in the building. A steady drip of water from the caves over the back step had reduced the basket of rolls to a soggy pulp. And even though he had been hunting all morning he couldn't find the source of the leak.

At eleven o'clock the main range in the kitchen had blown

Moses on the kitchen phone. "I'll try my brother."

May Cullinan hurried out to the kitchen. Ezio Crudini hurried back to the bar and squeezed himself into the phone booth. There was no answer at Nino's house or at the post office. Ezio called his cousin's barber-shop. Sal answered.

"Listen," Ezio said. "Nino there?"

"Outside," Salvatore Crudini said. "Listen, Ezio. The darndest thing just—"

"Get Nino, will you? I'm in a jam."

"Wait a second. I want to tell you—"

"Later, for heaven's sake," Ezio Crudini said. "My restaurant is floating away."

"Hold it a second."

Ezio held it.

"Hey, Ezio," Nino said when he came on the phone. "Sal tell you what just happened?"

"The devil with that," Ezio Crudini said. "I need a plumber fast, but I can't get one. Any chance you grab some tools and get up here see what you can do?"

"I don't know," Nino Crudini said. "The way things are going down here—"

"What things?"

"Didn't Sal tell you? His front window just fell in. Lena Ligner's, too. And then upstairs, where Cecil Inch lives, those windows just went."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Inch Building," Nino Crudini said. "Like it's settling or something. Sinking in the ground. No kidding."

"You all gone crazy down there?" Ezio said.

"No kidding, it's true," Nino said.

Ezio Crudini slammed down the receiver. May Cullinan came hurrying across the bar as he came out of the phone booth.

"Annabelle Moses says her father went down to Kirkbean," May said. "They have a leak, too."

"I don't get it," Ezio Crudini said. There was no longer any rage in his voice. He felt strangely helpless.

"Mr. Crudini."

"What?"

"I could take your car and drive down to Shore Road, the Headland place. I could drive down and bring Mr. Moses back."

Ezio Crudini looked at May Cullinan as though he had never seen her before.

"You?" he said.

"Yeah," she said. "I could get him and—"

"If anybody goes to get him, it'll be me," Ezio Crudini said. "You stay here and wait on the customers."

"There's no customers, Mr. Crudini."

"How do you know?"

"The weather. Look. Nobody's gonna stop for lunch on a day like this. Please let me go, Mr. Crudini."

"What is so special about driving down to Kirkbean to pick up a plumber?" Ezio Crudini said.

May Cullinan's face flooded red.

"Nothing," she said. "I—I . . ."

She swallowed hard, and for the first time in almost a year Ezio Crudini had a glimmering of what it was about this skinny little girl that made all the boys go for her like she was dipped in sugar. "I'd just like to go," May Cullinan said in a low voice.

"No, not as bad as this," Eva Gormley said. "But I could see something was blowing up before I left New York."

"We've had this—" Kate Headland nodded toward the windshield, "since daybreak."

She swung the station waggon off the causeway. "How was the trip out?"

"Not bad, really, until we got to Norwalk."

"How do you mean?"

"All the way out from Grand Central it was blustery and sort of grey. Then, when the train pulled out of Westport, shortly before we reached Swindon, it got worse. It was as though we'd run into a tunnel, except that it was a tunnel of fog."

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had delivered them, all right. When Ezio arrived at ten-thirty to open the restaurant, there they were, on the back step, where the Cruze delivery man always left them.

Unfortunately, somebody had also left a faucet or something open somewhere in the building. A steady drip of water from the caves over the back step had reduced the basket of rolls to a soggy pulp. And even though he had been hunting all morning he couldn't find the source of the leak.

At eleven o'clock the main range in the kitchen had blown

sure enough, there it was: a trickle of water, not very wide, but getting slowly wider, coming in from under the moulding below the centre windows in the north wall.

"Whew!" Ezio Crudini said. "We don't do something fast, every one of these maple rowboats will float right out of here."

"I called the plumber again," May said. "Mr. Moses is out."

"Plumbers always out," Ezio Crudini said. "Tell you what," he said. "Keep trying

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream

**CLEANS
YOUR BREATH**

**while it CLEANS
YOUR TEETH**

Your very first brushing with Colgate's each morning removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath! Yes, scientific tests prove that Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually feel how smooth and clean they are.

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

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**stops TOOTH
DECAY BEST**

KEEPS CHILDREN'S TEETH HEALTHY

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM IS AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST — AMERICA'S LARGEST — THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14, 1956

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Edunley
means lasting
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active feet.



These healthy longer wearing shoes... are built on scientifically designed lasts with wide toes which allow for growing feet. Moulded heel stiffeners and linings of soft leather throughout make Edunley shoes fit so snugly.



INCREASED SIZE RANGE
Edunley shoes are available in 3 to 1½ and 2 to 5. Ask for Edunley shoes in the Candy striped box.



1. 617 T-bar Sandal.
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You can choose leather, crepe or long-wearing "Wearite" or "Aircelite" soles and heels.

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*Two
Forty Five*

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Continuing ...

The Third Angel

[from page 55]

and very peculiar fog at that. Sort of yellow, I'd say."

Kate Headland swung the car past the reviewing stand and pulled up in front of the heavy oak door. "Listen, there's one thing."

"Yes?" Eva Gormley said.

"Mother," Kate Headland said. "She's taken this Patterson Osler stuff a lot harder than she lets on, or even thinks herself."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"On the surface she's very cool and calm about the whole thing. Above the battle stuff, Osler is vermin and nothing he prints can affect father's reputation or the Government's determination to turn him into a saint or whatever at four o'clock this afternoon. That's on the surface. Underneath, though, she's a little rocky, I think."

"I see."

"She hasn't been helped much by the crew that's been surrounding her, either."

Kate Headland got out of the car, then slammed the door. "Now, what else?"

"She paused on the stone steps and tapped her forehead with a forefinger. Eva Gormley paused beside her."

"Oh, yes," Kate said. "There's a rumor around town that Patterson Osler has been in the area for over a week, snooping around, and that he may even try to get into the house, but personally I think that's a lot of cup custard. Osler may try to attend the ceremonies," Kate looked up towards the sky. "That is, if the plan to hold them outdoors isn't changed. But I doubt that even a thing like Mr. Patterson Osler would have the crust to try to get into this house." She flung open the heavy oak door and said, "Mother, here's Miss Gormley."

Mrs. Headland was arranging a nest of snuff-boxes around Lester Sparrow's neatly lettered card on a shelf in one of the curio cabinets. She came forward, smiling pleasantly.

"My dear, how nice it is to see you again."

"Thank you, Mrs. Headland. You were very kind to ask me to come."

"You haven't changed at all since Alexandria," she said. "And that's how many years?"

"Maybe we'd better not count," Eva Gormley said.

"Maybe we'd better not do anything but get down to brass tacks," Kate said. "Any minute now we'll be invaded by the Secretary of the Interior and his staff, plus the Press."

"Yes, that's true," Mrs. Headland said. "I'm afraid we haven't chosen the perfect time to ask you here, Miss Gormley."

"Any time would be perfect. It looks—it's all so exactly—it's as though I were hearing his own voice describing it again. He never tired of talking about it, Mrs. Headland. He loved this place."

"I know, my dear."

"I wish he'd loved it enough to put a shower-recess in that upstairs bathroom," Kate Headland said.

"Kate," Mrs. Headland said.

"It wasn't until I got to Bennington that I realised it was possible to take a bath without feeling you'd been dropped naked in the middle of Lake Erie with a bar of soap."

"You mustn't mind my daughter," said Mrs. Headland. "She's been reading a lot of war memoirs. They've made some curious additions to her thinking and vocabulary."

"I know," Eva Gormley said. "I've been reading them myself." She smiled and began to quote:

"The relationship of the artist to the soldier proceeds in recognised cycles. Between wars the artist portrays the

soldier as the enemy of civilisation. During wars the soldier becomes the saviour of that civilisation. The only time when the soldier is free from the dubious attentions of the artist is immediately following the cessation of hostilities. During this welcome interlude the artist is completely absorbed in setting down his own impressions—not to mention his own role—in the recent conflict."

"Heavens," Kate Headland said.

"From your father's journal," Eva Gormley said.

"Yes," Mrs. Headland said. "I know the passage."

"But she quoted it," Kate said. She looked at Eva Gormley with interest. "You seem to know the 'Kirkbean Papers' better than this Aden."

"I should," Eva Gormley said. "I typed them for five years."

"Maybe you can tell us what's in the pages that cover



"I think I'm coming down with a cold."

the last three days of father's life."

"Nobody can do that," Eva Gormley said.

"Patterson Osler thinks he can."

"He's wrong."

"How do you know?" Kate said.

"There are no pages for the last three days of Admiral Headland's life."

"You see?" Mrs. Headland said triumphantly to her daughter.

"That's exactly what I've been saying." She turned back to Eva Gormley. "If there had been any pages for those days," Mrs. Headland said, "I was certain I would have known about them. Were those pages destroyed?"

"No," Eva Gormley said.

"They were never written."

"You're sure," Kate said.

"Positive," Eva Gormley said.

"The opposition from Washington and London to the assault on Minutayo continued up to the very end. There were staff conferences right down to the very moment Admiral Headland left the office to board his flagship. There was no time in those last days to bring the journal up to date."

Kate started to laugh. "Kate!" Mrs. Headland said sharply.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry. It's just that this—I mean, after all the fuss and fury. After all the people who were worried about what might be in those pages. It's like—"

She started to laugh again, but stopped abruptly. "I'm sorry," she said again. "I couldn't help thinking of all the people this is a joke on."

"Don't mind my daughter," Mrs. Headland said. She took Eva's arm. "Would you care to look upstairs first, Miss Gormley? There are some things in the Admiral's room that might interest you as a souvenir."

"It doesn't matter," Eva Gormley said. "Anything at all will do."

"Perhaps Miss Gormley has something special in mind?" Kate said.

"No, not really," Eva Gormley said. "I hadn't even thought about it until I received your letter."

"Well, now, let's think," Mrs. Headland said, and she put her forefinger to her forehead as though that would help. "Perhaps Kate or I can make a suggestion?"

Eva Gormley began to walk slowly around the room, glancing at the shelves.

"There was a silver inkstand and a quill pen in the gunroom," Kate said. "Father used them to write the early parts of his journal."

"Would you like that inkstand?" Mrs. Headland said. "And the pen?"

"You're terribly sweet, but I couldn't take anything like that," Eva Gormley said as she continued to move around the room. "There's one thing I would like, if it's here."

"What is it, my dear?"

"An old humidor. I don't know if you remember it, but Admiral Headland always kept it on his desk. Not for cigars, because he didn't smoke, as you know. But he would drop notes and memoranda into it. Into this humidor. Most of the pages for the journal, too. It was Japanese, I think. About this big, as I recall." Eva Gormley gestured with her hands.

"There was no lock. It opened by sliding one of the carved cherry blossoms back and forth. The Admiral showed me how to work it very soon after I was assigned to him."

Mrs. Headland said with a smile. "I know the box you're referring to. It was given to the Admiral by his father. Unfortunately, it seems to have disappeared. I've looked for it many times myself. I thought it might be among the Admiral's personal effects that were sent back from the Pacific, but it wasn't. I'm—"

"Look!" Eva Gormley said, her voice rising with sudden excitement. "There it is!" she said as she ran towards the library ladder. "It looks exactly like—"

"Be careful!" Kate called.

"That ladder isn't—"

"Yes! Yes, look!" From the top of the ladder Eva Gormley held out the humidor that Albert Bede had agreed to steal for Cecil Inch. "This is it!"

"Why," Mrs. Headland said slowly, "I didn't know it was in the house. Where could it be?"

"Your friend Mr. Sparrow, I'll bet," Kate said. "He's always chirping away about how many things he and his men always uncover in cellars and attics when they come into a house. It looks as though he was telling the truth for once. Miss Gormley, would you like to have that box?"

"Oh yes! Please! May I?"

"Yes, of course," Kate said.

"But for heaven's sake, come down off that death-trap!"

"Perhaps she would prefer something else?" Mrs. Headland said quickly, and she came towards the ladder. "After all, it's just an old box, my dear."

"No, please!" Eva Gormley said. "This is just what I would like to have. You see? This carved cherry blossom here? That's how it works. The third blossom in the cluster. You slide it over. Like this. Just a tiny bit. Then you press the—"

The words stopped in her throat. Patterson Osler had come in with Lester Sparrow, through the arch under the bend of the stairs. John Aden

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November

Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant

**SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION
1 TO 3 DAYS**

Indoors or out, there's always danger of offending—unless stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid INSTANTLY STOPS Perspiration and keeps armpits dry safely, proved by leading doctors.

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning November 12

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in finding a lost article.	★ Honor your obligations promptly. It is much easier to accomplish things on time than to deal with them hastily when they are long overdue. Keep up to date.	★ Do not let people discourage you, as there is no need for pessimism at this time. It may be necessary to be strict with younger members of the family.	★ An understanding reached between you and the person you love may not be announced to your little world at present. There are excellent reasons for this.	★ There is little to be gained by protesting against social responsibility which you undertook voluntarily. Show your sunny side and cheer your associates.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in love.	★ Bemoaning the "good old days" will merely make you unpopular. Have no qualms about changing your views and adapting yourself to different situations or demands.	★ Don't pass up opportunities to meet people and entertain them informally should you feel so inclined. Stock up your pantry with quickly prepared food.	★ Your beloved may come to you demanding sympathy and possibly practical assistance in problems of a mutual friend. Help if possible, but decline involvement.	★ Continue to have fun and share it with your favorite friends. Pursuits connected with the arts, drama, and children are recommended, but keep emotions steady.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in continued effort.	★ Gradual developments and the workings of fate appear to be cooking up something of present and future value to you. Do not attempt to force issues.	★ Try out new and appetizing dishes with the family before attempting them for special occasions. Experiments with menu relieve monotony of domestic routine.	★ Much of your relationship with the beloved may turn upon a question connected with money. Avoid at all costs impatience, sharp arguments. Try to compromise.	★ Donate time or personal service to charitable causes. At present you can find the greatest satisfaction in these, but talk over any new project with experienced advisors.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in either love or money.	★ Pay particular attention to duties for security and financial reasons. You are on the list for promotion, a modest increase in pay, or a coveted assignment.	★ Should Lady Luck knock on your door, be ready to welcome her. Her benefits may bring happiness either to the family or to one member of it.	★ Your best beloved is going to take you out on a glamorous date. On this occasion he might declare his love and future matrimonial intentions.	★ You have openings to enhance your popularity and attract new and affectionate friends. There will be a romantic touch to at least one social affair.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in stretching resources.	★ Be subtle if you want to achieve your goal. Check impulsive remarks, criticism of domestic or business projects, whether at home or abroad. Be careful not to offend.	★ One of the big thrills may come to you in the form of a new pet. This will provide endless amusement and may grow into the object of much affection.	★ "Making up" after a quarrel is one of the happiest moments. Emotions will be the real factor and a kiss much more effective than the most brilliant logic.	★ Wind up all affairs that have been held in abeyance or neglected in order to free yourself for a new and active cycle which lies just ahead. Build up energy.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a letter or phone call.	★ You may expect to reap the consequences if you have given cause for gossip. Try to avert a showdown, whether connected with money or with principles.	★ The printed word is going to have an impact on your home. Whether in connection with home hints, or health and beauty aids, you will set up new standards.	★ If you listen to gossip, unkind rumors, it could make you unhappy. Do whisperings come from a discarded friend or someone else with an axe to grind?	★ Keep a firm hand on the social tiller. You tend to become confused or listen to prejudiced opinions and act upon them after insufficient investigation.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in the marketplace.	★ Don't overlook the needs of loved ones when drawing up a budget, but distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. Things will be looking up shortly.	★ Only if finances are running smoothly can you hope to enjoy peace of mind. Plans may be subject to upsets you cannot control. Leave a margin for emergencies.	★ If either you or your beloved is facing examinations important in your education career, better call off dates and concentrate on your work. Celebrate later.	★ Take advantage of present trends to clamp down on borrowing friends or neighbors who take your good nature for granted. A polite refusal need not hurt feelings.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a quick decision.	★ You need this week for catching up with odds and ends. Solve any problem if you can; or dismiss it from your mind before nervous tension brings physical discomfort.	★ This is the moment to consider a keep-fit programme. Are you careful about what you eat? If you live up to a schedule you will blossom out.	★ That new love may be blossoming into an engagement or marriage. Whichever it is, in spite of any ups and downs, many hours of happiness await you.	★ There is likely to be a loyal second at your elbow ready to support your ideas. Continued teamwork will get things done much faster.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in sympathy for others.	★ People in your base of operations, or at home, are likely to be unusually touchy. Too much emotionalism could have regrettable results. Be cheerful.	★ Residential and family questions are slated to work out happily very soon. If you apply your mind to deciding which is the best possible solution for everyone.	★ Working out for yourself where you stand, you may decide on a considerable sacrifice of personal wishes in order to please the beloved. This will bring harmony.	★ If you are on the outer with a clique that formerly made a fuss over you, don't be surprised. You have not lost anything that really matters. You will find new friends.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in action.	★ Friends could play too large a part in your private and financial affairs. Don't be persuaded against your better judgment to endorse a wildcat scheme.	★ Your artistic urges and patient skills can be turned to good account on behalf of your loved ones, probably in an unforeseen direction. Proceed slowly.	★ Because most of you are the reserved type, others imagine that you are cold-hearted. You surprise them by a series of emotional storms with a joyous outcome.	★ Those who are closest to you can be a source of comfort. This week you are at your best in a small group of friends rather than with the crowd.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.	★ Wishing alone will not get you very far. Don't be afraid to take a chance and make things happen; you may succeed in more ways than one. Prepare for the unexpected.	★ Be ready to change your plans at the last moment, as the tempo is due to speed up. The advice offered by elders or professional people appears sound.	★ It is very easy to be a show-off and it could cost you plenty. Being the life of the party is not always the quickest way to win hearts. Retain your dignity.	★ Continue to make the best of opportunities to increase your prestige. Ambition gives you a boost. Instead of being content with earlier objectives, seek a wider field.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in holiday plans.	★ Find out all you can through every channel before entering a new enterprise. Armed with the facts, you will be in a position to make a go of it. Determination pays.	★ Depend on your own judgment if the decision is up to you. A very pleasant event may happen around the home base, but family teamwork will be essential.	★ One of the finest ways of rededicating love lies in planning for a joint project. You may find yourself doing what you never dreamed of doing.	★ A lucky break should be accepted as such; don't try to improve on it or you may wreck the works. Clever solutions for problems may be required of you.

Nothing else gives you the same concentrated Washing Energy as **TriX!**



CONCENTRATED ENERGY FOR WASHING-UP

Until you wash-up with TriX, you'd never believe that washing-up could be so quick, so thorough, so utterly efficient. With ordinary soaps and powders, you have a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But TriX is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy! It instantly dissolves grease, then absorbs the greasy particles. It leaves the dishes so very clean, with no streaking, no greasy film—and no germs! Better still, when you use TriX you can throw away that tea towel (it's another germ-carrier). Just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling-clean, hygienically-clean, TriX-clean. See for yourself!

NO DRYING-UP!

Concentrated Energy for WASHING MACHINES

Concentrated Energy for NYLON, SILKS, WOOLLENS

The concentrated washing energy of TriX stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With TriX there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.



Nylon, silks and woollens never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for TriX just soaks them clean. In other words, TriX absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! Again—TriX makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum, no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look.

Insist on **TriX** the non-foaming detergent with Concentrated Washing Energy

TriX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

was right behind them. Osler stopped as though he had been hit.

"Holy cookie!" he said. "Who the blazes are you?" Kate Headland said. "Oh, dear," Mrs. Headland said. "Kate, I forgot—"

Osler disregarded them both. He turned to Aden and Sparrow.

"It's Eva Gormley!" the columnist said. "Little Eva herself!"

"In my house, Mr. Osler," Mrs. Headland said sharply. "I must ask you to refrain—"

Her words were drowned in Kate's warning shout. The ladder swayed. Eva Gormley, clutching at the bookshelves, released the humidifier. It crashed to the floor, bounced once, and split open. A white envelope spilled out. Everybody stared. Patterson Osler recovered first. He ran forward, snatched the envelope, looked at it quickly.

"Now we can all stop guessing about what's in those missing pages of Admiral Headland's diary," he held the envelope up, over his head, as though it were a torch. "Here they are!"

"Put that down!" Osler looked at Eva Gormley, who had climbed down the ladder.

"What did you say?" he said. "Put that down!" she repeated in a tight, choked, but surprisingly controlled voice. "It's mine!"

"Since when?" Patterson Osler said. He shoved his forefinger under the sealed flap. "Don't!" Eva Gormley

screamed. "Don't you dare read—"

Her voice broke. "Please!" She turned to the others. "Somebody! Please stop him!"

Mrs. Headland gave a troubled glance, then came forward. She held out her hand. "That envelope belongs to me."

"I don't think so. This envelope is not addressed to you, Mrs. Headland."

John Aden came forward. "Miss Gormley, then," he said. "Let her have it."

Osler shook his head. "This envelope is not addressed to anybody." He brought it down from the torch position and read aloud: "December 2, 1944. Final entry for my journal. Type and send to Kirkbean."

Patterson Osler looked up. "And it's initialed 'F.S.H.'"

The columnist grinned again. "These papers, ladies and gentlemen, are the property of the United States Government."

"In that case," said Lester Sparrow, and there was a flashing, whirling noise, almost as though a bird had started beating its wings in flight. "I'll take them, thank you!"

Moving swiftly and pouncing deftly, the GS-12 snatched the envelope from the columnist's hand. The same quick flurry of movement carried Lester Sparrow across the large room, to the John Paul Jones portrait in the bend of the stairway. He pulled aside the painting, twirled the knobs of the safe,

The Third Angel

(from page 56)

and hauled open the door. Again Patterson Osler recovered first.

"Damn you!" he snarled as he started across the room. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"My job," said the GS-12. He thrust the envelope into the safe. The people of this country pay me to be the custodian of their property." He slammed the door shut, twirled the knobs, and thrust the portrait of John Paul Jones back into place. "Until the Secretary of the Interior arrives and takes over," Lester Sparrow said, "I'll keep right on doing it."

Albert Bede's feet hurt. He would have liked to blame it on the crazy weather that had closed down on Swindon like a box-top early in the morning. But Albert Bede

The hardest hearted people for dealing with men are women.
—Mrs. Jean Mann, M.P.

knew he couldn't blame it on the weather. Because Albert Bede knew, even though he couldn't explain it, that his feet were the barometer of his conscience.

When there was nothing on his conscience, Albert Bede's feet were comfortable. When he felt guilty about something, his feet were like somebody was sticking red-hot needles in them. And Albert Bede was suddenly feeling guilty about plenty, even though he couldn't explain what it was.

After all, what had he done? He had tagged old Sparrow in a small piece of graft and he'd nicked him for half the take. On top of that he'd made a deal with that old Cecil Inch to cop a cigar humidifier for him for two hundred bucks. That was all. And yet there was this new way his feet hurt.

As he stood in the deserted entrance hall of Kirkbean, opening and closing the cigar humidifier that Cecil Inch wanted so badly he was willing to pay two hundred bucks for it and that this fool woman named Gormley had dropped from the ladder before she fainted, Albert Bede found himself wondering all of a sudden if there could be any connection between this piece of junk and the special new kind of pain in his feet.

"Nah!" he said in disgust. "That's crazy."

"What is?"

Albert swung around. John Aden had come in through the arch under the stairs.

"This humidifier," Albert Bede said casually. He didn't trust this Aden character. He held up the box. "I was just saying too bad it got banged up like this. How's that Gormley dame?"

"She's suffering from shock," replied Aden briefly.

"Aren't we all?" Albert Bede said.

John Aden glanced up the stairs. Then he turned back to Albert Bede.

"That thing," he said. Bede held up the humidifier.

"Not the box," Aden said impatiently. "What was in it?"

"Oh," Bede turned to look at the portrait of John Paul Jones. At the same moment a twinge of pain shot through his feet. "Funny," he said in a guarded voice. "I thought all these weeks you've been trying to get your hands on those missing pages?"

"I haven't got my hands on them."

"Oh," Bede said again. "Bede," Aden said.

"Look, son. Don't ask me. You're the only one I can ask."

"Do me a favor," Albert Bede said. "Try to think of somebody else."

"Everybody else is busy. You're the only one who knows the combination of that safe and is free to listen to me."

Albert Bede shifted his weight. Boy, how those feet hurt! "I'm not listening," he said.

"Bede, I've got to see what's in those pages before the Secretary of the Interior gets here."

"Why?"

Suppose he wanted to answer that question, John Aden thought. How could he make this illiterate oaf understand? How could he explain that only a few short weeks ago Swindon had offered him everything he needed to wipe out the memory of the past two decades: a free year in which to start his career all over again, and the kind of girl he should have married long ago.

How could he explain that now Susan was gone, and if the pages in that safe blew up this Headland assignment in his face, the free year would be gone, too? How could John Aden explain to a slow-witted government clerk what it meant to lose a second chance?

"I want the contents of those pages to have their proper historical weight in the over-all picture of a great man's life," John Aden said. "I don't want them to break on the world through the distorted lens of Mr. Patterson Osler's unpleasant mind."

The pain in Albert Bede's feet eased slightly.

"Boloney," he said. John Aden blinked.

"What you mean," Bede added, "you mean you want to cop these pages and destroy them before the Secretary gets here."

"That's not true."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to read those pages before Osler does."

"How's that gonna change what's in them?"

"We don't know what's in them."

"I do," Albert Bede said.

The simple statement astonished him as much as it astonished John Aden. A moment later, when the words he had uttered came echoing back to him, Albert Bede wasn't astonished at all. He did know! He could tell by the pains in his feet. They were easing away rapidly.

"You've read them?" John Aden said.

"I don't have to read them."

"Listen, Bede. This is no time for jokes. Every minute counts."

"To a guy like Osler, maybe. He's got a deadline. To a guy like you, why should minutes count? You're a historian."

"I'm a human being first."

"So was Admiral Headland."

Aden's mouth opened. No words came out. Albert was glad. He could feel his own words coming. He didn't know from where. He knew only that it was important to get them said without interruption.

"You know this big British hero?" he said. "This Admiral Nelson?"

"Yes, of course. What about him?"

"Once, when I was on a field trip, over at Gettysburg, we had a guy come visit us. An Englishman. He was in the same racket we're in. National shrines, patriotic legends, historic sites, that stuff. He was over here studying our methods. While I was showing

him around Gettysburg, we got to talking. He told me this Nelson, this great big hero, he had himself a little blonde named Lady Hamilton."

"Lady Hamilton was a brunette."

"Light or dark, the way I got the picture, she and this Nelson were going around together all over Europe. Today, over in London, they got a statue for this Nelson."

"The British public did not build Nelson's Column to commemorate his relationship with Lady Hamilton."

"You think the American public is gonna tear this house down because of Admiral Headland's relationship with Eva Gormley?"

"I see you've swallowed Patterson Osler's poison. There never was any relationship between Admiral Headland and Eva Gormley."

"How do you know there wasn't?"

"How do you know there was?"

"He was a man before he became a hero."

"Spare me your condensations of Mr. Osler's nasty speculations."

"Nasty!" Albert Bede said. "What kind of a way is that to talk? A man like that. A man in his position. Cut off there all by himself. Sitting on a hunk of coral in the Pacific for months at a time. His wife back here in Connecticut. Surrounded by nothing but brass. Nobody to talk to with his hair down. Nobody to relax with in a pair of slippers. Hammered night and day by

decisions that would drive the average guy nuts. Running a war, planning a show that he knew, no matter how good he did it, it was gonna cost thousands of lives. Washington and London screaming it's the big risk. Nobody to guide him except his own feeling he's doing right. A man like that, he's human, too. Think of the responsibility. Think of the tension."

"And remember," Albert Bede said, jerking his thumb toward the top of the stairs. "She's quite a looker. There she was, right under his nose. In his own office. What do you think he was? A machine? I take my hat off to him. And to that Gormley dame, too. She did more for her country than a flat-footed dope like me!"

He paused, and once again Albert Bede looked astonished, as though he found his own eloquence unbelievable. This time, however, his astonishment was mixed with a sense of comprehension, and the comprehension was followed by a feeling of gratitude.

He had been talking about Admiral Headland, a man he had never seen and knew little about. In actual fact, however, Albert Bede saw that he had been pleading for himself. With whom? He did not know. But somehow that particular gap in his knowledge didn't seem to matter.

"Everything you say is just theory," John Aden said. "You don't actually know what's in those pages. Let's open the

To page 61



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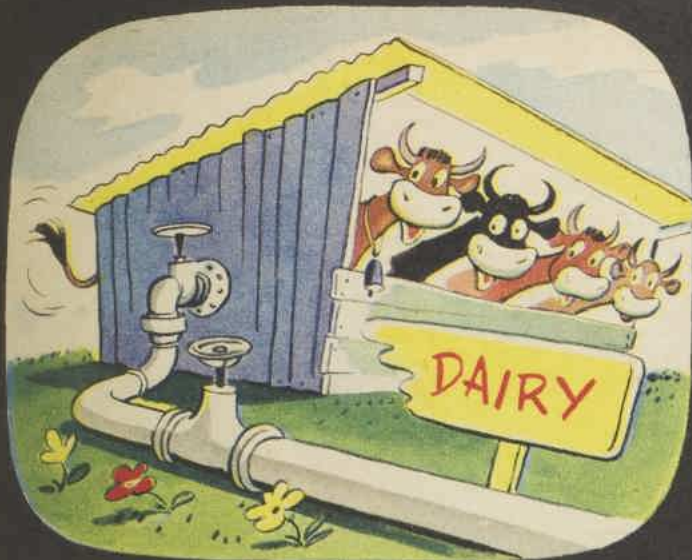


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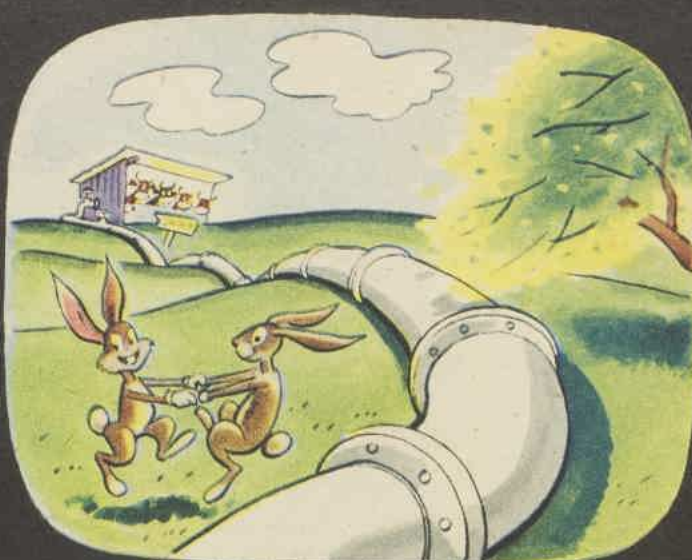
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AT CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14, 1956



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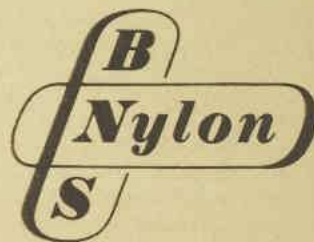
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while we've still got time
see what they do say."

What else can they say, Mr.
I don't know. That's

"I do," Albert Bede said.
ne way I figure it, I figure

at men are like all other
of men in two things:

they get lonely, just like
a, they get lonely, just like

and me. And, second, they
ak they can square them-

s with God and the world
admitting it, just like you

I do."

"Is that all you think of the
n whose shrine you're paid

guard?"

"Admiral Headland isn't
ring me."

"The citizens of Admiral
adland's country are paying

"I'll tell you something about
citizens of Admiral Head-

d's country," Albert Bede
d. He was no longer aston-

ed by his own eloquence. It
imed only right that he

would be talking clearly, with-
hesitation, making his

ns directly. "The citizens
Admiral Headland's country

not historians. They're like
So, relax, Mr. Aden,

ere's nothing in those papers
a few words addressed to

Admiral's wife. Saying he's
y. He lost his head. No

iter what she hears, she
uldn't listen. Because she's

only one he ever really
ed. In his position," Albert

le said. "I know I would
e written the same thing."

"It's no use, Kate."

Her fingers dropped from
dials of the safe.

One of the very first things
Sparrow did, soon after

came up from Washington,
mother said quietly, "was

age the combination."

What are you doing down
e?" Kate snapped. "I

ught you were upstairs
h Miss Gormley?"

"She's resting quietly."

"So you thought you'd come
vn and spy on me."

Mrs. Headland said:

Continuing

The Third Angel

from page 58

"No. I wanted to talk to
you."

"About what?"

"The papers in the envelope
in that safe."

"There's nothing to talk
about. The only thing that

can still save us is action."

"Save us?" Mrs. Headland
said.

"Don't stand there repeating
what I say. We don't have

much time. The house is crawling
with people. The Secretary

of the Interior and his
gang will arrive any minute.

If you've got any influence
with that worm Lester Spar-

row, use it now."

"To do what?"

"For the love of God, Kate,
Mother, don't be dumb. I want

the pages in that safe before
the Secretary of the Interior

gets here and puts his hands
on them."

"Why do you want those
pages, Kate?"

"So that they won't be made
public."

"You mean you're afraid of
what's in them?"

Kate Headland opened her
mouth, closed it, swallowed

hard, made an obvious effort to
hold on to her temper.

"Aren't you?" she said.

"No," Mrs. Headland said.

"Then you're even further re-
moved from the world of reality

than I thought," Kate said. "If
you had any sense, mother,

you'd be scared stiff of that
envelope. Why do you suppose

Eva Gormley screamed when
Osler was about to open it?"

Why do you think she fainted?"

"She was in love with father,
and he was in love with her.

What's in that envelope is a
confession of their relationship.

Maybe even more. God knows
what he may have written about

you and me, knowing that
there was a good chance he

was about to die. When you
stop and think about it for a

moment, you can go crazy. We
don't know what he might have

written on those last pages of
his diary."

"But I do."

"For God's sake, what?"

"A message for me," Mrs.
Headland said.

"How can you tell?"

"A week after the assault on
Minitayo began, I received a

letter from your father. It was
dated December 2, 1944. The

same day he wrote the final
entry for his journal now locked

in that safe. Your father knew,
when he boarded his flagship,

that he was going to his death."

"He said that in his letter?"

"Among other things, yes."

"What other things, mother?"

"He spoke of our life to-
gether. He said . . ." Mrs.

Headland paused, and she
reached down to touch the

near the end, the things he had
neglected to tell me when there
had still been time."

"And you think, mother, that
he said those things in the pages

locked in that safe?"

"Yes," Mrs. Headland said.

"I hope you're right."

"But you don't think I am?"

"Not on your life, Mother."

"Why not, Kate?"

"Things like that, things as
personal and intimate as all

that, even if father was capable
of writing anything as human

as that, I think he would have
said them in the letter. It's not

in keeping with his character
to write things like that in a

journal."

"It is perfectly in keeping
with the character of a man

who kept a journal."



"The boss sure doesn't want us to forget that business
is bad."

broken humor Albert Bede
had left on the coffee table.

"He said he was aware that it
had not been all he could have

wished. Part of that, he said,
was due to the kind of career

he had chosen. Part to the kind
of man he was. It was impos-

sible to relive the past, he
wrote. And too late to make

amends or even apologies.

"There was still time, how-
ever, just enough time, he said,

to tell me how much he owed
me. He wrote that he wanted

me to know, now that it was so

Kate Headland gave her
mother a sharp glance.

"What does that remark
mean?"

"All diaries, Kate, all jour-
nals are written for ultimate

publication, and I am not
afraid of what's written on the

pages in the envelope."

"Well, I am."

"Because of the financial ar-
rangements you went to

Chicago to make? Because of
the money you've been plotting

to earn out of your father's
good name?"

"Frankly, yes. And it's just
because I want to make sure
his name remains good that I

want to get my hands on those
pages."

"Haven't I convinced you
that there cannot be a word of

truth in Patterson Osler's lies
about your father and Miss

Gormley?"

"I'm not thinking about
father and Miss Gormley. I

covered that angle when I told
you on the phone from Chicago

to write to her and invite her
to come out here and choose a

souvenir. Our having her here
in the house, at our invitation,

on the day of the ceremonies,
that would be enough to cover

all the dirt Osler could throw.
That's the way I figured, any-

way.

"What I didn't figure was
that dear little Miss Gormley

would mess things up by choos-
ing the one thing that hap-

pened to contain the pages
missing from father's journal.

But even that won't matter if
the pages contain what you

think they contain. The trouble
is, Mother, I don't think any-

thing of the sort."

"What do you think, Kate?"

"I think what's in those pages."

Kate Headland paused.

"I think those pages are about
me," she said. "About you and

Cecil Inch and how I became
me."

"Kate, Kate, you don't be-
lieve that."

"You keep saying that. But
you've never told me what I

should believe."

There were several moments
of silence. Kate Headland

turned to see her mother start-
ing down at the broken humi-

dor.

"You're quite right," Mrs.
Headland said. "I should have

told you long ago. I was very
young when your father and I

were married. I knew very
little about anything, including

love and ambition. I was a
girl in love, and your father was

an ambitious man. Because
he was absorbed in his work, I

thought he was cold.

"There were people who said
he had married me for my

money, for the position that

came to him with this house and
the Granmer fortune, such as
it was. I had nothing to do
during those first years of our

marriage. So I listened to the
gossip. If you listen to gossip

long enough, sooner or later
you end up believing at least

some of it. I didn't know how
much I had begun to believe

until one day—"

Mrs. Headland paused. "I
met Cecil Inch," she said. "I

had known of his existence for
a long time, of course. He was

an up-and-coming businessman.
Everybody in Swindon knew

about him and talked about
him. Not very flatteringly.

They said he was not very
honest in his business dealings.

I mentioned this to your father
once or twice. He said it

wouldn't surprise him at all. He
had grown up with Cecil Inch,

he said. He had always been
a sharp customer, your father

said. Well . . ."

Mrs. Headland paused again.

"It's funny," she said. "The
things people say about other

people. Even when they're not
malicious, they're not really

true. The way I met Cecil
Inch was quite accidental. In

those days the street in front
of the railway station was not

paved. After a rainstorm it
used to get muddy. One day,

when I was trying to cross from
the platform to our car, and I

was carrying some packages, a
man came up and put down a

newspaper for me to step on.
It was so much like the story

about Walter Raleigh and
Queen Elizabeth that it made

me laugh. And it was so unlike
all the stories about Cecil Inch

that it made me think. I—"

Mrs. Headland hesitated.

"I found myself thinking
about him quite a lot," she said.

"I ran into him more often,
Always on the street. He never

came to this house. I never
went to his house. We never

exchanged more than a few
words. But it's odd. When

you're in love. Or think you're
in love. You don't need many

words. Everybody said he was
a greedy, nasty man who would

do anything for money. I

To page 63



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 14, 1947

couldn't believe they were talking about the same person.

"He wasn't very polished in his manners or his clothes; but I thought he was kind and sweet."

"I can't explain how, out of those brief and casual meetings on the street an understanding came about. But it did. Then one day, one day when your father was away, he was away a good deal at that time, one day, I came out of the post office, and there he was, Cecil Inch. Waiting for me. We walked down the street together. Except that it wasn't a street then. It was just a big open place, where Mr. Kingsley's garage now is, a sort of meadow. We walked along through the grass, not talking, and then he—"

Mrs. Headland drew a deep breath.

"He said it couldn't go on like this much longer," she said. "He said your father didn't love me, and everybody knew it. He said he couldn't live without me. He said—oh," Mrs. Headland made a helpless little gesture, "he said so many things, and they all seemed true, and I, well, when he asked me to run away with him, I said I would give him my answer in the morning."

"He was supposed to deliver a cord of firewood to the house, and we agreed that when he brought it the next day if he would step into the kitchen from the side entrance he would find my answer waiting for him. I said I would leave it in a box on the shelf over the stove. I described the box and told him how he would be able to open it." Mrs. Headland touched the humidifier Eva Gormley had dropped from the library ladder. "This," she said, "this was the box."

"I spent a sleepless night," Mrs. Headland said. "Your father was in Washington. I wanted to leave a sensible explanation for him, but no words that came into my head made sense. I sat there—she nodded towards the archway under the stairs that led to the gun-room, "at his desk for hours, tearing up page after page of paper, and then, quite by accident, while I was hunting for some fresh paper, I made my discovery."

KATE said sharply, "What discovery?" "That your father was keeping a journal," Mrs. Headland said. "I came across an entry he had made the day before he had left for Washington. We had been married a little over three years at the time. I've never forgotten a word of that first entry I ever read in the 'Kirkbean Papers.'"

Mrs. Headland closed her eyes. Very softly she quoted: "In my youth, like so many young men of my day, I was much taken with the witty aphorisms about marriage that were then so popular. The sounds those words made were so intoxicating that I accepted them as wisdom. I was wrong. Marriage has taken me by surprise. It has changed a great many things for me, including my attitude towards the capsule form of acquiring wisdom. The witty lines, and the haunting refrains, and the well-turned cynical phrases all begin to ring false in my ears. The man who wrote that some women should be struck regularly, like ponies, has made a great many people laugh, but he has not known Mary. I cannot help feeling that I have had the better end of the bargain."

Mrs. Headland opened her eyes. "I've never forgotten a word of it," she said. "Nor have I ever forgotten what I learned that night: that I was loved by a great man."

Mrs. Headland picked up the broken humidifier.

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

(from page 61)

"This was all years before you were born, of course. That's one reason why I never told you."

She opened the humidifier and stared into it thoughtfully.

"I kept my promise to Cecil Inch," she said. "I left a message for him in this box." The lid came down with a small, sharp snap. "We have never spoken to each other since."

"If you want to waste your time, go ahead," Lester Sparrow spoke across his shoulder as he hurried down the hall. "I can't afford to waste mine."

He stopped and hauled open the door of his bedroom.

"Save that for your assistant," Patterson Osler said. He caught the door with one hand, shoved Sparrow into the room with his other, stepped in quickly, and pulled the door shut. "Your act as a wise guy ended when you locked that envelope in the safe downstairs," Osler said. "Now listen to me."

Lester Sparrow, the real Lester Sparrow, felt his resistance going fast. The GS-12, the public servant who had risen to a moment of triumph in the entrance hall, held on.

"The Secretary of the Interior will be here within the hour," he said icily. "If you will excuse me, I must change my clothes."

"Go ahead," Osler said.

"It won't do you any good, Mr. Osler. What I said downstairs still goes. As long as I'm in charge of this house, nobody touches that safe until the Secretary of the Interior orders me to open it."

He pulled off his coat and sat on the bed.

"You knuckle-headed small-time jerk," Patterson Osler said. "You're so scared of your own shadow you don't even know when you're cutting your own throat."

"When I start to bleed, Mr. Osler, I'll send for a doctor."

Sparrow kicked off his shoes.

"By that time some other guy will get upped to a GS-13 rating," the columnist said. "Not you."

Lester Sparrow stopped pulling off his right sock.

"What was that?"

"I was talking about your upgrade in the new budget."

Sparrow finished removing the sock.

"I am content, Mr. Osler, to allow my chances for an upgrade to rest on my record."

"An hour from now that record is going to look like it was hit by a hand-grenade. Put yourself in your chief's shoes," Osler said. "He's flying up here from Washington. What does he have on his mind? What are the things he's been led to believe he has to look forward to? One, a spot of lunch. Two, a neatly phrased acceptance speech to which the New York 'Times' will devote at least half a column on its front page, and maybe even use his picture. Instead of that, what's going to happen?" Patterson Osler smirked his fist into his palm and pointed an accusing finger at the half-dressed GS-12 on the bed. "He steps out of the plane, and he finds a juicy little trap waiting for him. Prepared by you."

Lester Sparrow's eyes blinked.

"Me?"

"Look, muttonhead!" Osler said. "That library ladder downstairs. That's Department of the Interior property. It's your responsibility. If you'd been discharging your responsibilities properly these last few weeks, since you came up here from Washington, that ladder would have been fixed and in good shape."

"If that ladder had been in good shape, Eva Gormley would never have lost her balance. That humidifier would never

have crashed to the floor. Those papers would never have been discovered. I wouldn't be standing by, breathing hard. And the Secretary of the Interior who happens to be your boss and has the power to pass on your upgrade to GS-13, he wouldn't be faced with the problem of looking like a guy who poses as a fearless public servant but is actually scared stiff of the Press. Got it all clear now?"

LESTER SPARROW shook his head.

"No, not all of it. What I still don't have clear is why you want those papers before the Secretary gets here. You say you know what's in them. Mr. Saul Slough, the editor of 'The Swindon Star,' told everybody at the meeting on Thursday night what you thought was in them. If you're so sure you're right, Mr. Osler, why can't you



wait another hour, until the Secretary gets here, to have yourself proved right?"

"Now look, Sparrow."

The GS-12 stood up. In his bare feet he looked more like a bird than ever. "Could it be that you're not certain?"

Osler's eyes narrowed.

"What's got into you?" he said.

Lester Sparrow didn't know. But he could feel. He couldn't imagine where the feeling came from. But he could describe it accurately. It was like one of those moments in a movie when one scene fades smoothly into another.

For the first time in his life Lester Sparrow could feel the man he knew, the real Lester Sparrow, and the GS-12, the man known to the world as Lester Sparrow, fusing into one person. Like the moment of transition on film, the result was neither one nor the other. It was merely different.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, Mr. Osler. You're quite wrong about the contents of the pages in that safe."

Osler looked at him sharply. "You've opened the envelope?"

Lester Sparrow looked at him contemptuously.

"No, of course not."

"Then how do you know what's inside?"

"I know what Admiral Headland wrote before he sealed that envelope."

"You're crazy," Patterson Osler said. "You never even saw Headland."

"Physical contact was unnecessary," Lester Sparrow said. "Admiral Headland and I had too much in common."

"You know," Osler said slowly, "I think you are crazy."

"Admiral Headland and I were in different businesses," Lester Sparrow said. "But we had the same problems. He ran a war. I'm running a national historic site. I don't think Admiral Headland found his

job an easy one. But he did it. I don't have a snap, either. But I get my work done. He was Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland, conqueror of Minitayo. I'm Lester Sparrow, GS-12. We're both administrators."

"What's that got to do with your being so sure I'm wrong about what's in the envelope?"

"Everything," Lester Sparrow said. "As an administrator, Admiral Headland was responsible for thousands of items. From battleships and cruisers and heavy guns down to doughnut machines. It must have been an incredible inventory, and every single item in it was his responsibility. Just as every item on these premises is my responsibility. Some people take responsibility lightly. A good administrator doesn't."

"Men like Admiral Headland and myself, we look the problem squarely in the face. And then we take steps to cover ourselves. Every assignment I've ever been on, from Fort McHenry to the Statue of Liberty, on every one of them, before I

straightforward, businesslike account of Admiral Headland's stewardship."

"The Secretary of the Interior will find something else," Patterson Osler said. "He'll find me waiting with a first draft of a column about your stewardship." The columnist walked towards the door. "The lead paragraph will cover your little turnstile deal with the selectmen of the town of Swindon."

"You might as well take along your closing paragraph," Lester Sparrow called. Osler paused with his hand on the doorknob. "My resignation from Government service."

Osler's face broke in a smile.

"After thirty years?" he said. "With a pension practically in your back pocket?" The columnist chuckled. "Who you trying to kid?" He came back into the bedroom. "Now that the fancy talk is out of the way, how about it?" Patterson Osler glanced at his watch.

"We've got at least a half hour, maybe more," he said. "Now here's a sweet little deal for you. I keep my face closed about that turnstile racket. You keep your job and your pension. I write you a nice little cheque for any sum you think large enough to make a down payment on that dream cottage to which you're planning to retire when the pension comes through. You go downstairs and bring me that envelope. What do you say?"

Lester Sparrow had no way of knowing he was saying something Patterson Osler had heard in his own New York apartment a week earlier. Lester Sparrow could not help knowing that by saying it he had finally earned his own self-respect.

"You can go to hell," he said.

Eva Gormley opened her eyes. "What time is it?"

"A few minutes after two," Kate Headland spoke from the chair beside the bed. "You can go back to sleep if you like. I'll wake you when the Secretary arrives."

"No, I'm all right," Eva Gormley sat up. She put her hands to her head, and then, as though she had suddenly remembered what had happened, her face flushed. "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"The trouble I've caused."

"I'm the one who caused the trouble," Kate smiled grimly. "It was my bright suggestion that mother write and ask you to come out to choose a souvenir."

"In that case," Eva Gormley said, "I must thank you."

"For what?" Kate said. "You didn't get the souvenir you want."

"I've got all I ever want."

Kate looked curiously at her.

"If you don't mind my saying so, you don't look it."

Eva Gormley smiled.

"It's downstairs," she said quietly. "In that safe."

"The envelope?"

Eva Gormley nodded.

"But you don't know what's in it!"

"Oh, yes, I do."

"How can you possibly?"

"It's simple enough," Eva Gormley said. "I loved him, and he loved me."

Kate stood up and went to the window. The fog seemed to be blowing apart. She spoke without turning, but the bitterness was in her voice.

"Then Patterson Osler is right."

"You speak like that because you had his love and you don't want to share it," Eva Gormley said. "But I don't care what Patterson Osler or you or anybody else says, because what I had I'll never have to share."

Kate turned away from the window.

"What you had?" she said

To page 66



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The tonic that makes you fit and keeps you fit

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Page 63

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ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM at Mr. and Mrs. Blake Eilbeck's home in Killara, N.S.W. The room opens on to a wide verandah. Deep-seated chairs, some covered in flowered linen and others in Regency stripes, harmonise with the beautiful mahogany coffee table and side table. The corner cupboard contains early brown Derby china. The Regency-striped wallpaper matches that of the entrance hall and dining-room.

PERIOD CHARM OF OLD HOUSE

● It has taken Mr. and Mrs. Blake Eilbeck more than twelve months to renovate and redecorate the old home they bought at Killara, N.S.W. A feature of the home is the period furniture collected by Mrs. Eilbeck during the past seventeen years. The spacious rooms and high ceilings of the house make a perfect background for these lovely pieces.



ENTRANCE HALL (left). The family's pet bulldog insisted on taking the limelight in this picture. Mrs. Eilbeck is very proud of her early Victorian mahogany table that was acquired in Tasmania. The walls are covered in a lovely Regency-striped paper.



ABOVE. View of Mr. and Mrs. Blake Eilbeck's home in Powell Street, Killara, N.S.W. An old-fashioned street lamp now wired for electricity lights the drive.

BELOW. Dining-room features a mahogany suite, chiffonier, and desk. The tapestry covers on the chairs represent four years' work by Mrs. Eilbeck.



MASTER BEDROOM (above). A lovely restful room, its charm enhanced by the soft blue Roman satin covers on the Queen Anne beds and the matching padded pelmets above the filmy white voile curtains. The stepped pictures of wildflowers link the beds.

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in a puzzled voice. "What did you have?"

"A chance at love," Eva Gormley said. "But I never took it. Neither did he. I never spoke a word. He never spoke, either. But we both knew. I could tell. So could he. We also knew it was too late. He could no longer belong to anybody. Only to his work. That's why I never asked him to. And that's why I know, when he was going to his death, he wrote for me on those pages in that safe downstairs what he could never say to me when he was alive."

There were several moments of silence. Then Kate Headland shook her head.

"That's too bad," she said, without bitterness, only with regret. "It means I'll have to hate you, and I've been doing that so long, hating people ever since I was a little girl, I'm tired of the game."

"You don't sound as though you hate anybody," Eva Gormley said. "You sound afraid."

"I guess I am."

"Of what?"

"That the envelope, whatever it is in, won't say what I want it to say."

"What do you want it to say?"

"That he loved me."

"But he did," Eva Gormley said. "You know that."

Kate shook her head again.

"He never said it. Not even in his journal, where he said everything else. He never had time. He was too busy. They wouldn't let him alone. They were always using him. Wherever the boys in striped pants failed, whenever the missions bogged down. They sent him everywhere. They fed on him. They sucked him dry. They left him nothing he could give to his own daughter. She loved him, but he—he never gave me a chance to tell him." Kate Headland paused, and then she made a helpless little gesture. "And he never had the time to tell me."

Joe Crudini felt foolish.

"You sure about this?" he said.

That State trooper at the wheel nodded.

"Positive," he said, peering ahead. The yellowish fog kept splashing noiselessly against the windshield. The State trooper said, "We getting close?"

"Pretty close," Joe Crudini said. "That was Julie Bierwirth's restaurant we just passed. The causeway over to Kirkbean, that's about another half mile. Better slow down."

The State trooper slowed the car to a crawl. The erratic wind lifted a layer of fog and tore it away from Shore Road as though it were the page of a calendar. In the gap, marching along briskly, appeared a troop of uniformed boys.

"Geel!" the State trooper said. "Where they going?"

"Same place we are," Joe Crudini said.

Denham Pusey, striding along at the head of Swindon's Boy Scout Troop No. 1, waved to the passing car.

"What for?" said the State trooper.

"Them ceremonies this afternoon," Joe Crudini said. "Mr. Pusey and his Scouts, they always help out when we got a public thing like this, with crowds."

"Crowds?" the State trooper said. "In this stuff?"

Joe Crudini looked out at the yellowish fog.

"Yeah," he said doubtfully. "I guess maybe they'll have to move it inside." He turned to give the State trooper an uneasy glance. "Listen."

"What?"

Joe Crudini didn't quite know how to say it. The State cops were a pain in the neck, anyway. You didn't want to go around telling them you felt foolish. Even when you did.

Continuing . . .

But the fact was that Joe Crudini had never arrested anybody. Not once in all the sixteen years he'd been on the Swindon force. And it felt damn funny to be on the way to do it now. At a place like Kirkbean. In this weather. At a time like this, when all them big shots from Washington were about to start making speeches.

"Was just thinking," Joe said. "If you're sure you're sure. I mean, if you're positive we're supposed to pick this guy up."

"I am," the State trooper said. "I got my orders."

"Then how come you got no warrant?"

The State trooper looked pityingly at the fat figure on the seat beside him.

"If there was time to swear out a warrant they wouldn't bring the State cops into it," he said. "They'd just hand the warrant to you and say go get this guy. But there wasn't any time for warrants."

JOE CRUDINI

asked, "How come?"

"The way I get the picture, this guy's wife is in a hospital in New York. She just had a baby, or she lost the baby, something like that. Anyway, she wants to see this guy, but he won't come. So the girl's father—he's some kind of big shot there in New York. Real estate, I think. You maybe heard of him. Krug. A. L. Krug. Really loaded. He don't take no guff from this punk. He just calls the Governor, who happens to be a pal of his, and the Governor, he calls our Governor, and our Governor, he calls the chief of the State police in Hartford, and the chief makes a call to our headquarters in Bridgeport, and next thing you know, here I am, driving through this stuff with you. Think we'll have any trouble with the guy?"

"I don't know," Joe Crudini said. "I never talked to him. He's been around town only a few weeks."

"What's he do over there?"

"Dunno. Something about Admiral Headland's diary."

"Oh, yeah," the State trooper said. "I been reading about that in Osler. Them missing pages and all."

"Yeah," Joe Crudini said. "That's it. Here we are," he added.

The State trooper swung the police car from Shore Road on to the Kirkbean causeway. After a few yards he wound down the window and stuck his head out.

"Cripes! Look at that water!"

Joe Crudini wound down the window on his side.

"Yeah," he said uneasily.

"But it don't matter."

"The hell it don't!"

"This thing been here a long time."

"I'm not sticking around to see it hang up a record," the State trooper said. He stepped on the gas. "Let's grab this guy and blow."

Mr. Pusey held up his hand.

"All right, men."

Thirty-two boys came to an uneven halt. The Scoutmaster turned to face his troop.

"The instructions from Mr. Sparrow were to report to the side entrance of the main house at two o'clock sharp."

Denham Pusey looked at his wrist-watch. The radium dial glowed in the wispy yellow fog as though it were night. "It's ten minutes to, so we're in plenty of time," the Scoutmaster said. "It's possible, however, that, because of the weather, it may be decided not to hold the ceremonies outdoors."

Denham Pusey glanced at the causeway. He tried to do it

The Third Angel

(from page 63)

casually, but the boys must have sensed his uneasiness. They moved restlessly, in a body, shifting their weight from foot to foot. Mr. Pusey didn't blame them. There was almost no surf, but the water looked like a mass of dirty soapuds. It seemed to be boiling up around the cement pilings, as though it were being heated on a stove.

He lifted his glance from the causeway to the island itself. The fog seemed to be shredding. He could see clearly the large stone house and, silhouetted against its bulk, the reviewing stand Cecil Inch had built on the lawn. Several men with microphones and cables were crawling across and through the structure. Quite a few cars were parked on the gravel driveway. The Scoutmaster recognised some of them: Margaret Gendron's, and Cecil Inch's, and Kate Headland's battered old station-waggon, and the yellow English car that belonged to the historian from New York, and the State police car from which Joe Crudini had waved to him a few minutes ago a short distance up the road.

Denham Pusey could also see a couple of trucks at the side entrance. One of them belonged to Mr. Moses, the plumber, so the Scoutmaster assumed the strange weather had done something to Kirkbean's pipes. The other truck belonged to Cecil Inch, and for

a fleeting moment the master wondered about it. Since Cecil's car was out in front, the truck have been driven over by nephew, Ben, and Denham Pusey couldn't imagine someone like Ben Inch be doing at a ceremony of kind.

"Mr. Pusey?"

The Scoutmaster turned to his troop.

"Yes, Charles?"

"Look!"

The eyes of the entire troop followed Chuck Steer's pointing finger. As they watched the boiling water sent out other darting finger of steam. It snaked up under the crosspieces, through the created by the crosspieces, had just been carried away, snatched another one. The whistled and nudged one other excitedly. So far as Denham Pusey was concerned, settled that.

"I was going to ask you wait here while I went to talk with Mr. Sparrow see if there are any changes in his plan," the Scoutmaster said. "But that won't be necessary now."

"You mean we're not over?"

"Not unless something about that causeway."

"It's only a couple of Mr. Pusey. We can get on."

"Yes, but the traffic be able to," the Scoutmaster said. "The people who

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"All in together"



Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean. Little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

[from page 66]

Everybody, including a radio reporter and his crew, kept worrying and talking about it. They were so worried about it they didn't have time to notice one more guy. Especially a guy who didn't stand still.

Ben Inch couldn't. Not only because he didn't want to run into his Uncle Cecil. Ben Inch couldn't stand still because he was restless. He had come here to do something, but he couldn't figure what.

First he had thought it was something to do with Susan. Naturally he would have thought that. Considering the way he had been feeling since they busted up, what else would a guy think it was?

But Ben Inch had seen Susan arrive. And he had watched through the window of the gun-room while she talked to this Aden and cleaned out her desk. And Ben Inch had watched Susan leave. And it had done nothing to him. He hadn't even tried to see her. Which was how he knew it wasn't on account of Susan he had come here today. It was something else.

Something like, well, something like a debt. That was the closest he could get to the feeling. The word debt. Except that it wasn't a debt somebody owed him. Ben Inch hadn't come here to collect anything. It was a debt he owed somebody else. He had come here to square it.

That was all he knew. But knowing it didn't help much. For hours, as he prowled around, watching the fog and the cars arriving and the radio reporter interviewing people, Ben Inch kicked the thing around in his mind, worrying it from side to side like a kitten with a ball, but it didn't help. It didn't help at all.

Not with that sick feeling deep down inside him. The feeling that was like a stain on a blackboard. It had to be wiped away. The debt had to be squared.

But how? And to whom did he owe it?

The questions were still punching their way through his mind when the rain came and drove him to the shelter of the side entrance. The questions were still there when the thunder shook him out of it a little and caused him to come around the house, hugging the wall for protection, to take a look at the reviewing stand and the parked cars and the people sitting in them.

But it was the lightning that brought Ben out into the open. In the first flash, which seemed to light up the small

Cecil Inch would come back. She felt uncomfortable, standing here all alone in this enormous room.

She had not expected to be comfortable. Even during her first visit, two days after Halloween, when Mrs. Headland had poured coffee for her at the table in front of the fireplace, Margaret had been uncomfortable in this room.

But that first discomfort had been different. Then, a mere handful of weeks ago, all she had been interested in was a commission, and in the presence of Mrs. Headland that interest had made Margaret feel cheap. Now that she had more than the commission, now that she

was almost two-thirds. The Secretary of the Interior would be here any minute. Once he arrived, the chance of having a private talk with Mrs. Headland and getting her to tell Margaret what was in those final pages of the Admiral's diary would be gone.

Margaret wondered suddenly why the house seemed so quiet. The silence had not struck her until the rain started. Now that she was aware of it, Margaret wondered where everybody was. The cars parked on the driveway indicated that there were quite a few people in the house. Almost as many as were gathered out there on the lawn. Why weren't they down here, in this—?

The roll of thunder brought Margaret's head, as well as her thoughts, around. Peering out through the rain-smear window, she saw the radio reporter streaking across the sopping grass towards the equipment truck in which his crew was sitting huddled together, smoking and staring out at the empty reviewing stand. Then the foggy sky split open in a blaze of light.

It lasted no more than a moment, no longer than any lightning Margaret had ever seen, but it was long enough to show her two sights, both astonishing: first, her son David, head down against the rain, racing in from Shore Road across the causeway; and, second, Ben Inch, running in the opposite direction, towards May Cullinan on the front seat of Ezio Crudini's car.

The moment of light ended with a roaring crash. Margaret saw the reviewing stand begin to go. Slowly at first, somewhat like a rowboat tugging itself gently loose from its moorings. Then it crumpled abruptly, sending up a tangled shower of flying splinters. At the same moment the house shook around her, and Margaret turned, and she had another shock.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



Jerry Marcus

island as though it were a stage, Ben Inch saw Ezio Crudini's car coming across the causeway, and he saw who was at the wheel.

And in that same shocked moment of comprehension, Ben Inch knew the meaning of the sick feeling deep inside him, and he understood the nature of his debt, and to whom he owed it.

He started to run towards her.

Margaret Gendron wished

At the far side of the room, where moments before she had seen the portrait of John Paul Jones, there was now a gaping hole in the plaster. Even as she stared, and began slowly to understand that the painting had apparently concealed a wall safe and that both had been somehow shattered by the lightning, Margaret became aware that she was no longer alone.

People were coming in, slowly at first and then more quickly, through the front door, down the stairway, out from under the arch, filling the large room as though it were a boat that had sprung a leak.

Some she knew, and some were strangers, and all seemed a little dazed. All except John Aden. He came in between Joe Crudini and a State trooper.

They stopped and stared, but Aden did neither. He moved forward quickly, towards the hole in the wall.

"Oh, no you don't!" The shrill words dragged Margaret's glance back. She saw the man with the wild, watery eyes start to run. Margaret's glance moved with him. There was a moment of stunned confusion. Then Margaret remembered the photograph that appeared at the top of his newspaper column, and she saw Patterson Osler grab John Aden just as the historian thrust his hand into the hole in the wall.

Aden turned, clutching what looked like an envelope, and then the two men melted into a tangle of arms and legs and savage grunts. Margaret was just beginning to wonder why nobody in the room did anything about it, when Osler rolled free. He came to his knees in front of the fireplace and, as he seized the poker, Margaret saw that somehow in the scuffle the envelope had changed hands. Aden came forward, screaming.

"Don't you dare!" Osler swung the poker like a whip.

"Keep away from me!" he panted. "Keep away!"

The poker swung again. Aden

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jumped back. With his teeth Oster tore the envelope open. Keeping the poker up as a guard, he tugged a couple of folded pages from the envelope. Pawing them fiercely against his body, he succeeded in smoothing the pages flat with one hand.

"All right," he said, holding the room at bay with the poker. "Now we'll see who's right," Patterson Oster said triumphantly. "Stand back and listen, all of you!"

He began to read aloud: "These may well be the last words I will ever write. Therefore I write them here, for those eyes alone that have access to my private journals."

"I have tried to do what is right and just. There are those who think otherwise. They have minced no words in making those thoughts clear to me. I am grateful to them for that. If all those who struggle and scheme for power and authority could foresee the size and weight of the burden that comes with both, I wonder if the world would ever find enough men willing to fill its posts of leadership."

"Luckily for the world, and happily for the men who press forward to assume its burdens, the future is unforeseeable."

"Today marks the end of a long period of intensive planning and arduous preparation. There are men of honor and ability who disagree with those plans and consider these preparations inadequate. There are enough of these men at hand to provide me with an honorable excuse for stopping, even at this last moment, what I have set in motion."

"Unfortunately, power and authority impose one obligation from which there is no escape: all excuses, no matter how honorable or ably supported, are ultimately dishonorable. I assumed the power, and I accepted the authority. I cannot evade the responsibility. The decision must be mine alone. Men will die because I make it."

"I make it none the less: because I know in my heart that more men, many more,

will face death later if I prolong the struggle by refusing to face this decision now. That there may be no doubts, in the minds of those whose loved ones will go forth at my order to die today, I have decided to go with them."

"Leaders, as a rule, do not die as readily as the men they lead. This is not always due to the circumstances of rank. It is frequently due to an understandable lack of inclination."

"I am no exception. I do not want to die. I want to live. Not for myself. Not for honor. Not for glory. Not even for that perhaps frivolous but greatly underrated sustainer of life: the desire to see how the tossed coin will fall."

"I want to live for those I love, but have never been able to tell how much."

"If I live through this day, I will have done enough. Others will have to take up the burden. I want no more power, no more burdens, no more responsibility for the lives of others. If I live, I want only to be free at last."

"If I do not live, history will decide the right and the wrong of what I do today. And God will, of course, know."

"But only you, who love me, will not care how the verdict goes in the eyes of a merciless historian or the judgment of a merciful God. I ask nothing of either one."

"And I ask only this of you: love me, not as I have been forced, by the kind of man I am and the kind of life I have led, to love you; inadequately, within the harsh, confining walls imposed by my character, such as it is, and by my power, such as it was. Love me as I have wanted to but never could love you: with all my heart, completely, without fear or criticism, without caution or hesitation, blindly and forever."

"In the end, as in the beginning, it is the only thing that matters."

Oster's voice stopped. He looked like a man in whose face

The Third Angel

from page 67

a trick cigar had exploded. He didn't seem to know whether to laugh or get sore, whether he was hurt or uninjured. He looked dazedly around the room, as though for guidance. Margaret straightened up, almost as though she were shaking herself awake, and she looked around the room, too.

But not for guidance. Margaret looked around the room to see if anybody else felt the way she did, and she saw that there was something strange about all the faces. The strangeness seemed in some way connected with her.

Holding tight to the feeling inside her, the feeling she did not want to lose, Margaret stared at the faces she knew or recognised: at Mrs. Headland, her daughter Kate, and Cecil Inch; at the two men from Washington, the fat one and the one that looked like a bird, and at her own son David.

Then Margaret stared at the faces she was seeing for the first time: the trim, attractive young woman in the dark suit who had come down from somewhere above, and the man with the wild, watery eyes who had just read aloud to all of them.

After another puzzled moment, Margaret understood what it was that made them look strange, why their strangeness seemed in some way connected with her.

The faces were all different. In shape. In coloration. In age. But they were all alike, too. And what made them alike was that each one reflected certainty.

Margaret could see that every person in the room believed, beyond any doubt, that the words they had just heard were addressed to him or to her alone. Margaret wasn't surprised. Listening to the words Admiral Headland had written as he went to his death, Margaret had found herself believing they were meant for nobody but her.

Staring harder, examining the people around her with renewed interest, Margaret saw something else: each one was completely unaware that anybody else in the room thought any such thing.

"Well, that settles that," John Aden said quietly. He took the pages from the stunned columnist and carried them across the room to Lester Sparrow. "You'd better hold on to these," the historian said. "Until a new annotator is appointed for the Kirkbean Papers." He turned. "Let's go," John Aden said, even more quietly. "I want to get to New York as quickly as possible."

For a moment Margaret didn't understand to whom he had been speaking. Then she saw Joe Crudini and the State trooper fall in behind him. They walked out in a group, turning up their collars as they went. Watching through the window as Aden climbed into the police car with his escort, Margaret saw Ben Inch helping May Cullinan up into the front seat of his uncle's truck.

There was something about the way the boy did it, as though he were trying with his body to shield the girl from the rain, that sent a startling thought flashing across Margaret Gendron's mind: maybe she had been wrong about Ben Inch? Maybe her feelings about him had been no more than her fears about Susan? Now that Susan was all right, maybe these two, Ben Inch and May Cullinan, maybe they would somehow work out their — Her thoughts were interrupted by a cheery "Hi, Ma!" and she saw David coming towards her.

He looked and sounded so much like Roger that, for a moment, she couldn't catch her breath.

"If you wait for me a minute in the car," she said unsteadily, "I'll give you a lift home."

"Okay, Ma."

He went out into the rain,

moving with a bouncy, slightly exaggerated stride.

"Margaret."

She turned and found herself facing Annie Vroom.

"Oh!" Margaret said uncomfortably. "Hello."

They had not spoken to each other for weeks.

"There's something I want to say to you," Annie said.

"Right now?"

"Yeah, right now," Annie said. "While I have the courage."

Margaret's astonishment must have been reflected in her face, and the sight was obviously making Annie mad. "You don't have to look at me like that," she snapped. "All you have to do is listen."

"All right," Margaret said.

"I'm listening."

"I'm sorry about what I did back in November," Annie said angrily. "It was the act of a jerk, and I've done a lot of things in my day, but I never acted like a jerk before, and I don't like it, and in case you don't know what's happening, I'm apologising to you, damn it."

She stopped, and her huge body seemed to creak with the effort as she drew a deep breath, and all of Margaret's discomfort fell away.

"All right, Annie," she said quietly. "As from now, I've forgotten all about it."

Annie Vroom smiled quickly, and she gave her former employee a gentle pat on the forearm that Margaret was certain would leave a bruise for weeks.

"Margaret my girl," she said, "the dumbest thing I ever did was let you get out of my office and go into business for yourself, but that doesn't mean you know it all. Not yet, anyway, and not by a long shot. This Furthgast property you and Cecil Inch have latched on to is a bigger deal than either one of you knows, so if you've got any brains, Margaret my girl, you'll cut me in on it and let me show you how to grow rich without even raising a sweat. How about lunch tomorrow?"

Margaret waited, but the anger necessary to the statement of revenge didn't come. In its place came something infinitely better: the capacity to

accept, and act on, a hard fact without being deflected by childish or wasteful resentment. Much had happened since Hallow-e'en, but this particular hard fact had not changed. Annie Vroom was a better businesswoman than she was.

"Sure," Margaret said, "on one condition."

"What's that?" Annie said.

"We make it at the Club Stone, and you come as a guest."

Annie Vroom's great, booming laugh exploded before Margaret nodded, and Margaret realised that. It showed that Annie understood.

"You've got a date," she said, and then, turning towards the sudden uproar on the lawn, "What the hell is that?"

"Hey, Ma!" David shouted from outside. "It's the Secretary of the Interior! He just arrived! Come on out!"

"In a second!" Margaret called. "You go ahead," she said to Annie. "I won't be long."

Annie nodded and went. Margaret looked around. The great entrance hall of Kirkbean was empty. But Margaret crossed quickly to the archway under the bend of the staircase where she felt less exposed.

"Roger," she said in a low voice. "Roger, can you hear me?"

She waited tensely, and just as she could feel it beginning, David's voice came again from the lawn.

"Hey, Ma, hurry up!" he shouted. "The rain's stopping, and, cripes, they're about to start!"

"Coming!" Margaret called back, and she started across the room towards the door. "Wait," she said in a low voice, speaking with quiet confidence because her lines of communication with the dead had been re-established. "Just wait tonight, Roger," his wife said. "And I wouldn't blame you a bit if you didn't believe half what I've got to tell you!"

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How should you greet your date?

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SUMMER NECK CARE

By MARGARET MERRIL

With summer at its height, the problem for the average woman is her neck, for this needs extra care to prevent gathering and ageing. Here are some suggestions which may help you to have a lovely neck. Take as much trouble over cleansing of your neck as you do your face. Once a week wash your neck with a bleaching solution of 2 lemons, and a drop of glycerine. Apply your neck several times on day of your choice; let it remain for a few minutes, and then wipe it off.

Light exercise helps the neck to a lovely neck. Circle your head right round to the ten times, and then repeat the right. Then throw your head forward and raise it with your hands pressing the nape of your neck.

At the way, whenever you wash your neck, complete with treatment. Slap your jaw neck with a face cloth hanging out with cold water, dry quickly, and then smooth in cream.

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Smart Set

Oh, couldn't you manage?" she asked desperately.

Charlie shook his head slowly.

"Oh, durn't . . . not with

the Australian Women's Weekly - November 14, 1956

Continuing . . . Echo From The Past

[from page 9]

a great deal of work to be done on the farm, for otherwise the days until Stephen's arrival with Kay at the weekend would have dragged unbearably. Tracy was busy from dawn until dusk.

The hop harvest was important, vital to her—at least half of her income depended upon it. The picking of the hops had begun, and lorryloads of pickers had to be fetched daily from the market town nearby and taken home in the evenings.

Someone had to be in the hop gardens all day long, supervising the work, weighing the baskets and emptying them into green bags, and settling any disputes between the pickers.

Then there was the drying of the hops in the oast. The hops had to be levelled on to the slatted floor, through which the heat from the fire below rose to dry them.

Tracy's was an old-fashioned fire which had to be fed by coal and kept glowing at the right heat all night and all day. This meant someone had to sleep in the oast-house at night, to tend the fire and to be ready to shovel off the hops when they reached the exact stage of dryness, then to put on a fresh load.

Tracy had arranged that old Ogden and Charlie should do the night work at the oast on the Friday and Saturday, in order to leave her free to spend the evenings at the farmhouse with Stephen and Kay.

She would have to be out with the hop-pickers in the daytime, but then Stephen would be busy, too, working on the play with Kay. It was the evenings which Tracy looked forward to, longingly.

On the Friday she prepared a farmhouse dinner for her guests—a ham cooked in cider, with potatoes in their jackets, and wedges of home-made butter; quince and apple pie with bowls of whipped cream, and a home-made cheese.

She laid the table, drew the cork from a bottle of burgundy, stood it near the fire to take off the chill, and put the potatoes to roast on a low shelf in the oven. Everything was ready for the visitors.

But Tracy herself was tired after a long day; her nerves were taut, her heart was beating too wildly at the thought of seeing Stephen again.

She lay in a big armchair by the fire. She must be more calm and collected, she told herself firmly, and after a while, in the warmth and peace, she began to relax, even to reach the borderline of sleep.

Suddenly she was jerked wide awake by a loud knock on the kitchen door. She leapt to her feet. They must have arrived! Kay always used the kitchen door, but why didn't she walk straight in? Tracy's heart started its wild beating again. All the past week had been leading up to this moment . . .

She pulled open the door. Charlie stood outside, a frightened look on his face.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

"It's . . . it's old Ogden," he said. "He's been took bad . . . a terrible pain in 'is side."

"But where is he?" she asked. "Gone 'ome," said Charlie. "An' Oi'm all alone," he added plaintively. "Oi can't 'andle foire an' all."

Tracy's disappointment was so great that, for a moment, she had no thought for anything else.

"Oh, couldn't you manage?" she asked desperately.

Charlie shook his head slowly.

"Oi durn't . . . not with

droiving 'ops an' all," he said stolidly.

It was perfectly true. Even old Ogden could hardly have managed the night work alone—certainly Charlie could not. More than a hundred pounds worth of hops might be spoiled. She would have to go.

"I'll come," Tracy said. Then, ashamed of her thoughtlessness, she added: "What about Ogden? Won't he need a doctor?"

"Telephoned 'im from 'pub on 'is way 'ome; 'e were worried about 'isself," Charlie said.

That was one relief, anyway. Tracy ran upstairs, took off her dress and pulled on old working slacks and sweater. Then she wrote a brief note to Kay, telling her what had happened, and left it on the kitchen table.

Bitterly disappointed but steeling herself to what lay ahead, Tracy set off across the fields.

She and Charlie worked silently, some of her turmoil subsiding as her mind became focused upon the job. The atmosphere inside the oast-house grew hotter and the hops began to give out a sweetish, heady aroma.

"You'd better have a sleep now," she told Charlie around midnight. "I'll carry on watching until two o'clock or so,

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.

—J. Petit-Senn

then we'll put on a fresh load and you can take over until dawn."

Tracy settled down and munched the cheese and apples she had brought for a frugal supper. Earlier she had had a faint hope that Stephen and Kay might have come to find her.

They wouldn't know the way, and, in any case, they would be tired after motoring and too comfortable by the fireside to wish to leave it. Kay would be enjoying the evening which she, Tracy, had so carefully planned.

Tracy felt that she was indulging in a big wallow of self-pity, but she didn't care. For the first time she fully realised how much she had built upon so little.

Why should she have thought that Stephen loved her, she asked despondently, just because of what he had said and the way he had behaved at Kay's party? Perhaps he always behaved that way with women; perhaps that was the way theatre people did behave.

I've been making a fool of myself, she told herself in the chill small hours. She felt hopelessly discouraged.

Over on his pile of sacks, Charlie began to snore. She longed to shake him, but instead she rose and kept her patience by stoking the fire and testing the hops. Then she began her vigil again, and started to worry about old Ogden.

He was her mainstay, but if he was really ill she would have to pension him off and find someone else. But someone new would cost more than she could afford.

As never before, the future looked bleak and filled with worries. Tracy had been alone for so long, and now she longed for someone with whom to dis-

cuss her difficulties, someone to lean on . . .

The heat and the fragrance of the hops were making her drowsy. She closed her eyes, meaning to take only a few minutes' doze. Then she drifted off into a dream, a dream in which she saw Kay being married to Stephen; she felt so miserable that it seemed quite natural, in her sleep, to lay her head upon a strange man's shoulder and begin to weep.

She woke with a start. Her head was on a man's shoulder. He was sitting on the ground beside her and had drawn her to him in the shelter of his arm.

"Hush, darling," Stephen said quietly as she sat up, startled.

"But . . . but how did you find me?" she asked in amazement. "And where's Kay?"

He smiled. "I was so afraid she might want to come, too, that I waited until she'd gone to bed."

"But how did you find your way?" Tracy asked again.

"Kay pointed out the hop garden on our way down," Stephen said. "I knew the oast must be somewhere near it. I'm not quite witless, my love. And I was determined to see you tonight, and to find you alone. The week without you has been so long, and now I don't want to share you with anyone."

She sighed, utterly content. "I don't want to share you, either," she said.

"Tracy," Stephen murmured her name. His arms were around her, and she felt wonderfully safe as if she had reached a haven; and she knew that, at last, her long loneliness was ending.

Later they were startled by a snort from Charlie, who was waking and thrashing restlessly about.

"Look, my darling," Stephen said, "I'm going to take over here now with this chap." He nodded in Charlie's direction. "You must go home and get some sleep, some proper sleep."

"But I couldn't leave you. You wouldn't know what to do," Tracy protested.

"I might know what to do even better than you would," Stephen said, smiling. "I'd be crazy if I didn't, by now!"

"I don't understand," Tracy looked at him, bewildered.

"We haven't had much time to find out about each other's lives, have we? There's been no time for me to tell you, for instance, that I live, and always have lived, on a farm—as a boy, on my father's farm, and now on my brother's." He sounded quite matter-of-fact.

"But why didn't Kay tell me?" Tracy asked. "I thought you were always in London."

"Only for something special, like this play of mine. Kay wouldn't think to mention my farming—her only interest in me is as an author who can write good parts for her. Normally, when I'm writing, I need the quiet and serenity of the country. If you've been born and brought up on a farm, I think you always go back. So don't you dare, ever again, to treat me as a sort of city slicker!"

"Never again," she promised. "Tracy," he said, and kissed her. "There's something else I didn't tell you. My brother is getting married, so naturally I shall have to clear out and find a home of my own. Do you think there's a chance . . . perhaps . . . that I might count on getting married too?"

It was the first time she had known him hesitant and unsure of himself. Her eyes were bright with amusement and her heart was filled with tenderness as she answered him. "Do you know," she said slowly. "I really think you might!"

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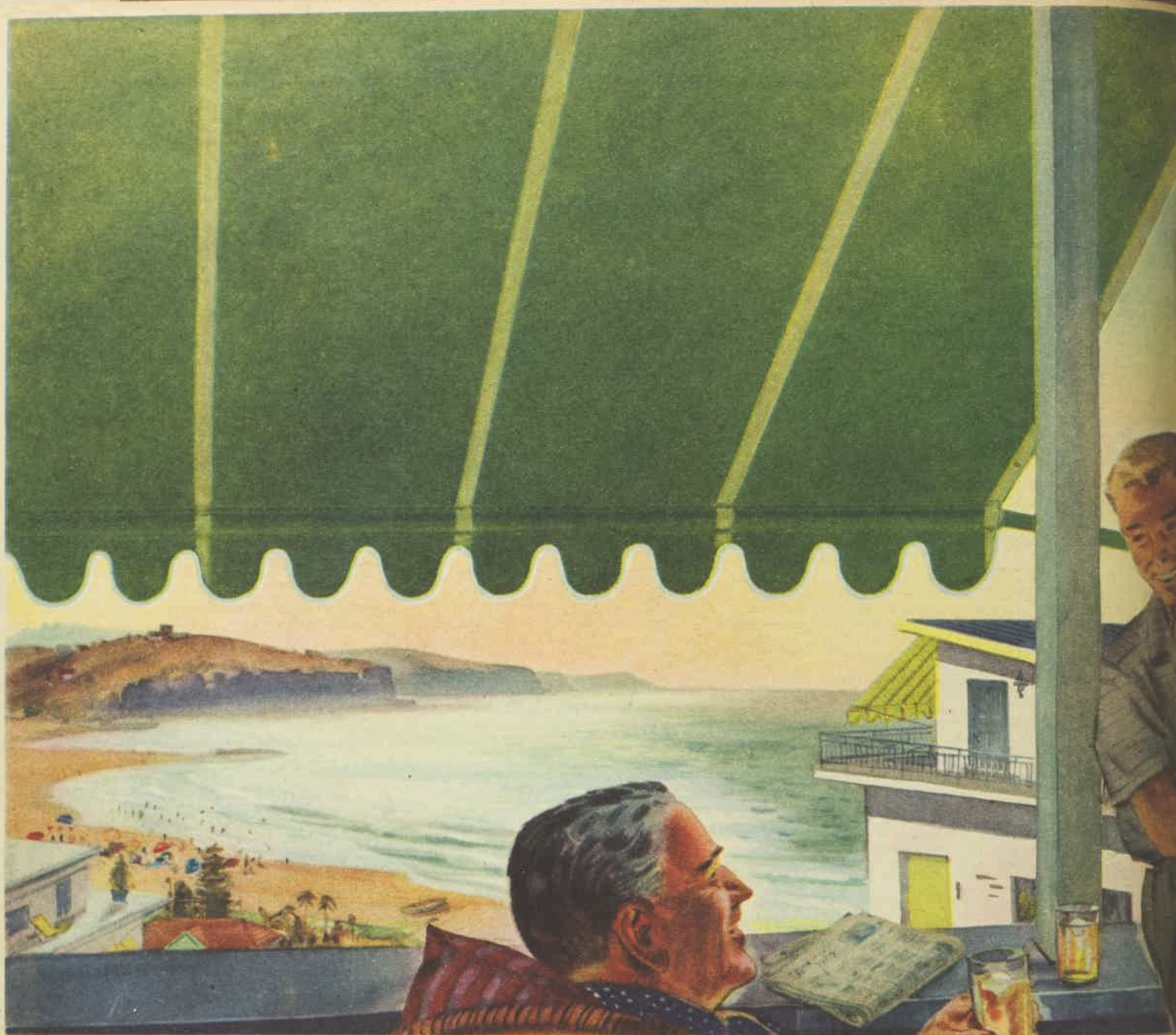
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 14, 1934

GOT THOSE

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the docks, and so brought him into contact with his first love—silk. In his life there had been only one other.

He loved its rustling sound as it flowed out of a torn bale, the caress of it on his skin as he coaxed it back again. Even then he began to tell the different sheens, with depths as variable as water in moonlight. He handled each silken bale with care. For him it was a fragment of beauty so far removed from the primitive life of a sampan.

The next step was work in a silk merchant's warehouse, sorting and rolling the shimmering stuff into bales. Then came work in a silk shop, and customers, recognising that his judgment was excellent, wanted no one else to serve them, and because of him brought other customers. The owner, a shrewd businessman, suggested a lasting partnership by his marrying the owner's daughter.

There followed other shops, and his fame was established as a connoisseur of silk. He was still a comparatively young man when, with four strong sons, he started his own silk shop in the middle of a city which, like him, was growing in wealth and importance. Here the very pick of his trade was sold and travellers from many countries, hearing of his reputation, came to him for their purchases.

Silks flowered on either hand as in a garden. He never believed in stacking them on shelves, but arranged them to display their beauty; the heavy ones flowing silkily downwards over the backs of carved chairs, those stiff with embroideries and gold and silver threads—the brocades—standing upright in dignity against a table or footstool; then the shimmering ones and the gossamer ones in foamy heaps on divans; and others, like rainbows, spilling on to his thick carpet.

His daughter was born when he was wealthy and renowned. She was his second and only other love. From a child she was trained in the arts of a Chinese lady. No fetid breath of the sampan days touched her rich and sheltered life. She learnt to blend teas with rose petals and jasmine flowers, lily-pods and herbs, to paint on china, silk, and wood, and to play the c'hen and sing. Her beauty was exquisite and fragile, with long, almond-shaped eyes, hair with a blue sheen in its black, and a skin that was as silk itself.

He had never known gaiety, but her lightheartedness caught at his heart as she tripped about the garden, feeding her goldfish or the swans in the lake, or seated under a flowering cherry tree singing to the birds while the music of the c'hen went rippling over the garden.

Only with her was he weak, though at other times strong; and both his weakness and his strength were not of the usual, everyday things.

Now young girls strode with the bold stride of men, aping their ways, with skirts slit on one side, brazenly to the knee. They conversed on equal terms with men, looking into the faces of those other than husbands and relatives. Whereas before they had been, as it were, the handmaidens to men, hobbling on their small feet.

In the matter of the feet-binding he was weak. Perhaps because the women of his childhood had been on their feet all the time that they were not sleeping and eating, or because he was not used to the rigid ways of the wealthy, but he could not bear the wailing of his infant daughter after her first feet-binding. Angrily, and to the consternation of the others, he had ordered that the bandages be removed. They

Continuing

told him that his daughter would be left in his home and never married, that with ungainly feet beauty and money would be as naught.

He compromised: at some later date, when the babe was stronger, when he—credible fact—could accustom himself to it. Familiar with all kinds of brutality, he yet recoiled from this time-honored custom being imposed on his daughter.

There were more attempts at feet-binding, but he frustrated them all, so that his daughter attained womanhood with feet smaller than the normal, but not incapacitated. In other ways she was correct: with her own serving-woman, long, pointed fingernails worn with nail-protectors, and she was dressed in his finest silks.

He indulged her every wish and, because she understood silk as he did and begged to be allowed to help him, he permitted her to come into his shop when she pleased and to sort his new silks.

The captain of a trader from far-away northern Europe came to him to purchase silk. He was a blond giant with laughing blue eyes and a ready purse, a man virile and handsome, as Westerners judge these. He paid for his silks and ordered them to be

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



delivered to his ship, lying at anchor in the river. A few days later he made another purchase with one man when I have given my heart to another...

At the same time the mother of a rich widower of the class for which his daughter had been reared though not born, hearing of her beauty, asked him on behalf of her son for his daughter's hand in marriage.

It was the kind of marriage he had dreamed of for her, though not the special kind. A young unmarried man of the same class would have pleased him better. But such an offer might not be forthcoming—there were his daughter's feet to be taken into consideration (due to his own weakness) and her humble birth. He arranged a handsome dowry with the mother and told his daughter that she was to be married into a noble family at the second moon.

His daughter made no comment. Wrapped around in her music and the serenity of her garden she smiled, half sadly, and said not a word. And as the days passed she appeared more and more withdrawn, he thought she day-dreamed, in the way of maidens, of her own home and the wedding palanquin and the red wedding-petticoat.

It was her future mother-in-law who sent him word through a serving-woman to keep a closer watch on his daughter,

The Silk Merchant

(from page 3)

for she had no intention that her son should link his noble name with a girl whose honor was in doubt.

Blind with rage, he could have strangled the serving-woman who confessed that she had heard through servants' gossip and informed her mistress that his daughter had secret meetings with a foreign man.

"You shall not leave this house," he told her, "until you have begged for my daughter's pardon on your knees. Then you shall return to your mistress to be whipped for your lies."

The woman stood her ground. "Honorable sir, I shall deserve this and more if I have spoken in error or in haste. But it was my duty to inform my mistress of what all your household, except you, know. Your daughter is so loved that they have hidden their knowledge, whereas I love only the honor of the noble house in which I serve. Keep me a prisoner here and tell none of my errand, then watch, concealed in your garden, at moonrise. Afterwards do with me what you will..."

His daughter said the same thing, staring at him, moon-

they stood, pinning them together in a death-embrace.

Like the feet-binding, it was what tradition and the honor of one's forefathers demanded. But his forefathers were sampan dwellers, and even had they not been so he felt that still his hand would have been stayed. He was weak in this, as in the feet-binding, for he understood love and could not wantonly have destroyed his silks, much less his daughter.

So when she turned with a cry and faced him, blanched with moonlight and fear (for, unlike the man, she knew what her fate should be), his hand came away from the dagger in his robe and he said: "I cannot kill you, my daughter."

She fell at his feet and told him brokenly of her love, while the man stood by and caressed her head.

His ancestors would have cursed him for what he did. But, perchance, after their own hard lives of toil and deprivation they were too tired, as ghosts, to care; or else the situation was one which sampan dwellers had never been called to face. No feelings of wrath and smirched honor came to him, only gentleness and the determination to help.

If he was weak in this, in the renunciation of his daughter he was strong. For he knew that if he should give her to this outsider it must be forever.

Therefore, all must be secret and quick, so that the truth should never be known and it might be thought that he had slain his daughter with the foreigner who had dared to show her love. But first he must make sure on one point.

The man spoke halting English, matching his, and he made him swear that he would never forsake the girl and would marry her honorably, according to the custom of his country, before his ship sailed from the port.

This the man did.

At some time all have to trust either utterly or not at all. With silk his instinct had never failed him. He let it lead him now, blindly perhaps, for he knew little of foreigners. But his daughter had chosen, and the sailor's eyes were true.

He sent the man back to his ship, and later himself rowed out a consignment of silken bales, among which lay a warm, living bale concealed in wrappings like the others, but with long slits for breathing space. This he delivered with care and tenderness into the hands of the trader's captain, while the other bales were lowered into the hold.

They thought he had disposed of his daughter in the muddy waters of the Wangpoo. He let the rumor circulate that the river had taken her; and all approved and none questioned, thinking he had done the honorable thing.

The river did take her, bearing her away with the man of her choice, and through the years it brought back not a whisper.

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1083W, G.P.O., Sydney.



IN ITS IODISED FORM

it guards health, assists to prevent and guard against goitre.

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOLIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOLIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/-.

Curlypet

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

KRAFT GUIDE to sandwiches for all occasions

—for parties . . . for school or work . . . for supper



from Elizabeth Cooke,

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

"All kinds of sandwiches are easy to make when you have Kraft Cheddar Cheese handy — it slices easily and blends so smoothly with such a variety of foods . . . and it grills to golden perfection."

Nourishment for school and work lunches —

Delicious Kraft Cheddar Sandwich Recipes

Here are 6 ideas for sandwiches the family will enjoy . . . all nutritious because they're based on Kraft Cheddar Cheese . . .

- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, carrot and lettuce.
- Peanut butter, sliced Kraft Cheddar and chopped parsley.
- Scrambled egg, sliced Kraft Cheddar, lettuce and grilled bacon.
- Vegemite, sliced Kraft Cheddar and chopped celery.
- Vegemite, sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced tomato.
- Chopped raisins and nuts moistened with lemon juice and slices of Kraft Cheddar and celery.



For hearty snacks and suppers —

The "King-Size" Toasted Sandwich Special

Fun to eat, fun to prepare. For each sandwich simply . . . Butter 2 slices of bread on both sides and toast on one side. Place a slice of cold meat on toasted side of one slice. Spread with mustard or relish, cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar. Top with sliced tomato and onion. Season with salt and pepper. Place the second slice of bread, toasted side down, on top. Toast or grill sandwich on both sides until golden brown. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot.

TEST KITCHEN NOTE: Buttering the bread on both sides gives that crisp, crunchy texture.



Kraft Cheddar Cheese

AUSTRALIA'S FAMILY FAVOURITE

Kraft Cheddar gives your family essential nourishment — Vitamins A, B₂ and D, body-building protein, and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. It takes one gallon of milk to make one pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese — a bargain in nutrition.



Available everywhere in the familiar blue 8-oz. packet, the family size economy 2-lb. pack, sliced from the 5-lb. loaf, and in popular 1-oz. portions.

The new party sandwich favourite —

The American "Open-Face" Style

Here's all you need to do for each sandwich — Butter a slice of bread. Cover with a lettuce leaf, slices of Kraft Cheddar, tomato and hard-boiled egg. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

— and, for those who prefer a stronger flavour cheese, try Kraft "Old English"

Kraft now offers you "Old English", a delicious packaged cheese just as nourishing as Kraft Cheddar, but with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and handy 1-oz. portions.



Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheese

Cool as a Cucumber

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

It is the season for cool, crisp salads and dishes made with vegetables.

CUCUMBER is one of the most refreshing of all salad ingredients. It was once an erroneous belief that cucumber contained poison which must be removed by peeling the cucumber, but it is now known that rubbing it with a fork, and then rubbing the ends with the cut-off pieces.

Ill-effects will follow if this old procedure is omitted. In fact, unpeeled cucumber slices look much more attractive in a salad and have a crisp quality very appetising.

Cucumbers cut into pieces about 2 in. or 3 in. long and hollowed out in the centre make effective nests for other salad ingredients for creamed foods.

The following recipes are planned to give you a few ideas for using cucumber this summer.

Measurements in our recipes are

CREAMED SEAFOOD IN CUCUMBER TUBS

1 lb. cucumbers (long green variety), 1 lb. prawns, 1 pint white sauce, 1 teaspoon juice, salad vegetables.

Cut cucumbers into approximately 2-inch and scoop out centres, leaving walls 1/2 in. thick. Stand upright. Peel away in strips to within 1/2 in. of the base of each section back, taking care not to break the skin. Fill the cucumber cups with white sauce, prawns, and lemon juice together. Chill thoroughly and serve on a bed of lettuce with salad accompani-

CUCUMBER BOATS

1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 table-spoon onion or finely chopped shallot, 1 table-spoon diced parboiled red or pepper, 2 table-spoons finely chopped cup mayonnaise, medium-sized green beans, thin slices processed cheese, wedges, celery curls, radish roses.

Wash and dry cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out centre pulp, leaving about 1/2 in. thick. Edges may be cut into a V-shape if desired. Combine potato, onion, red or green pepper, chopped mint, mayonnaise. Toss lightly together and fill. Pile into cucumber-cases, top with small pieces of cheese to represent sails. Garnish with tomato wedges, celery radish roses.

CUCUMBER CREAM MOULDS

1 packet lime or lemon flavored jelly, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 spoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon 1 onion, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, salt and 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup finely d unpeeled cucumber, salad vegetables.

Boil jelly and gelatine in hot water, add juice, onion, and mayonnaise. Season with pepper and salt, add evaporated milk and cucumber. Set in lightly greased or oiled moulds (individual size) and chill. Unmould and serve with crisp salad vegetables.

CUCUMBER POTATO SALAD

1 cup diced cooked potato, 1/2 cup finely d onion, 1 cup diced unpeeled cucumber, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt and cayenne, d parsley, chopped red pepper.

Place potatoes and cucumber in a large bowl, add onion, mayonnaise, and seasonings, and toss lightly, taking care not to break the potatoes. Turn into a serving-dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and chopped red pepper.

CUCUMBER RINGS

Choose even-sized green cucumbers. Cut off one end and remove all centre pulp and seeds with a small, sharp knife. Fill the cavity with cream cheese mixed with finely chopped walnuts, parsley, and chives. Season with paprika and salt. Chill until firm, then slice thinly. Arrange on a bed of finely shredded lettuce. Tint thick mayonnaise with a little red or green food coloring and place a dab on top of each cucumber slice.

SPICED CUCUMBER AND TOMATO

One large cucumber, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup vinegar, 3 cloves, 3 peppercorns, 1 dessert-spoon brown sugar.

Mix vinegar, cloves, peppercorns, and brown sugar in an enamel-lined saucepan, bring to the boil, and cool. Slice tomatoes and cucumbers into a dish, add the spiced vinegar, and allow to stand 1 to 2 hours. Drain off liquid and serve with salad greens.

CUCUMBER CREAM MOULDS are delicious with salad snippets. Radish roses and celery tops, nestling in a bowl of crushed ice, lend extra color and coolness to this summer salad platter.

SLICES of spiced cucumber and tomato, and cucumber potato salad, illustrated above, are fine accompaniments for cold meat or fish dishes. Preserved cumquats add a touch of color and sweetness, but are not essential.

CREAMED PRAWNS are delicious served in attractive cucumber tubs. Crab, tuna, or salmon may be used instead of prawns if liked.





Interior decoration
by Margaret Jave.

Two Kirsch Gold Seal rods hold
these delicately draped curtains.

Spring

at your windows all year round...

when your curtains are on Kirsch rods. The beauty of fixed curtains is the illusion they give of having been freshly placed at the window two seconds before you came in. Their headings are crisply upstanding, their folds are richly ruffled. Only Kirsch Gold Seal oval rods can keep your curtains looking this way week after week. They hold the dancing folds so easily and securely. They stay die-straight, never sag. They slide in and out for washings without the smallest snag.

So easy to fit — Kirsch rods are adjustable. No need to be accurate when you measure your windows for Kirsch Gold Seal rods. They are adjustable in sizes 18"-28", 28"-48", 48"-86". Just screw up the Gold Seal brackets in position and tilt the ivory coloured rod over them. Kirsch Gold Seal tilts off

easily to take curtains down for washing, but holds them secure when in position.

So easy to buy — Kirsch rods are packaged. No waiting when you buy Gold Seal. It's ready for you in its neat red package. Easy to carry and protected

against damage. The Kirsch oval shape is your assurance that the rod will never sag or twist. Curtains may come, and curtains may go, but Gold Seal rods are at your windows forever.

Insist on

Kirsch

CURTAIN RODDING

a product of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES SINCE 1899



A BOOKSHELF similar to the
above can be made by the hand.
The cost of materials would be about

Economical furniture

● A reader who recently moved to a new home at East Hills, N.S.W., has asked me for ideas on furnishing her living-room economically. The furniture must last until she is able to afford good, contemporary pieces.

SHE wants suggestions for furniture that will help to eliminate the bare, unfurnished appearance from the living-room and make it a little more attractive.

The room is short of seats now. It has only a settee, piano, and radio placed against three walls, and a fireplace occupying the centre of the fourth wall.

I suggest a group of three cane-backed chairs, which are quite cheap, comfortable, and attractive to look at.

They could be used later in a sunroom.

A couple of occasional tables can be made very economically, using short lengths of solid-core wood 13-16ths of an inch thick for the top. Turned or tapered legs can be bought ready to fix into place.

The table tops can be covered with laminated plastic available in small sizes or,



ATTRACTIVE lamp can be made from a weighted vase with a hole drilled to take the flex, a rattan lampshade, and a lamp fitting.

MODERN cane chairs that sketched above, comfortable, attractive, and very inexpensive.

if that is too expensive, a piece of ordinary cane can be cut to fit the supplier.

A set of unpainted shelves would add the appearance of a home. They are cheap to make and can be made at home if handy.

The sketch above is about £5.

Arranged near the bookshelf would be a place for a few books and perhaps a table lamp.

By using a little ingenuity, a table lamp can be made almost at no cost. A piece of a pleasing shape could be bought at a sale or a second-hand shop, and makes a good base.

A glass supplier can supply the base of the vase, the electrical flex, the light socket, and holder can be bought at most hardware stores for a few shillings.

An effective lamp can be made by covering the frame with rattan. The bottom of the vase can be weighted with sand to make it more stable.

Pictures are a great help in giving a room a homely appearance. A good place to hang pictures is with frames that are unduly ornamental. Pictures with frames that look most attractive are the old pictures with good prints.



OCCASIONAL TABLE with displayed edges is quite easy to make. The tapered legs can be bought ready to fix. Paint or varnish the

Clever housewives make their own ice cream with Carnation

Carnation 'One-Whip' Ice Cream

So easy, quick . . . so creamy rich . . .

Turn out the smoothest, creamiest, easiest ice cream you've ever made—the kind you thought you could never make at home!

Take the few simple ingredients, whip once only—and there you have it—picture-book ice cream!

It's convenient, easy, economical . . .

one 14½-oz. can makes two refrigerator trays!



TAKE CARNATION CAMPING OR PICNICKING — You'll always have pure fresh milk on hand, if you take along a few cans of Carnation. It's milk in its most convenient form. Unopened, it keeps indefinitely. Dilute Carnation with 1½ parts of water and get country-fresh milk for drinking or cooking. And for a real treat, punch and pour Carnation straight from the can over cereals or fruit.

What makes Carnation so creamy? Carnation is top quality country-fresh milk, condensed to double-richness and homogenised to stay creamy to the last rich drop. No wonder it's so good!

Carnation MILK

'from Contented Cows'

In two sizes: handy 6-oz. cans
and extra large 14½-oz. cans.



RECIPES

CARNATION "ONE WHIP" VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk;
3 tablespoons castor sugar;
1 teaspoon vanilla;
1 teaspoon gelatine;
1 tablespoon boiling water.

Set refrigerator at coldest point one hour before mixing ice cream. Pour Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and, while still hot, stir into milk mixture. Place ice cream tray in refrigerator and chill for fifteen minutes. Pour into mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

FRUIT SALAD ICE CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk;
1 cup sugar;
1 small lemon;
1 small orange;
1 banana;
1 passionfruit.

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice cream. Pour undiluted Carnation into ice cream tray and chill until ice crystals form. Transfer to chilled bowl and whip until it begins to thicken. Add sugar. Whip until dissolved and then add juice of the orange and lemon. Continue heating until thick. Stir in mashed banana and passionfruit pulp. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

RICH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

3 rounded tablespoons sugar;
1 rounded tablespoon cocoa;
¼ cup water;
½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted;
½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place all ingredients, except vanilla, in a saucepan, and heat gently until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boil and simmer for ten minutes or until mixture is thick and syrupy, stirring frequently. Flavour with vanilla and serve hot or cold over ice cream, puddings, etc.

ICE CREAM VARIATIONS. Invent your own delicious variations. Here's a guide: 1. Add fruit, well drained and finely chopped. 2. Add mashed bananas with lemon juice. 3. Add drinking chocolate. 4. Or fold in pulp of six passionfruit — just before freezing.

AC 9/56

½ THE WINDING TIME
½ THE WAVING WORK
for fashion's favourite softer waves



RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK HOME PERMANENT

HAS THE FIRST *Crystal-Pure* WAVE LOTION
 The first wave lotion you can re-cap! Use ½ . . . save ½ for another wave



2 NEW-STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX

EXTRA-PENETRATING . . . because the new Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion has no opacifiers, thickeners, oils or gums like ordinary cloudy lotions, which deposit a film or residue on the surface of the hair and retard the penetration of the waving lotion.

EXTRA-FAST. Just imagine, only 20 curlers for a perm . . . half the winding time, half the arm work! Remember, it's lanolised and there's only 10 minutes waving time! Richard Hudnut has surely made it easy to get a perfect stylish home perm.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER- LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER

It is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary wave lotions, the unused half can be re-capped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave, you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

**ONLY 10 MINUTES WAVING TIME . . . AND THE CURLERS ARE REMOVED
 IMMEDIATELY AFTER NEUTRALISING — your hair is not on curlers for hours and hours**

Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.



New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR
 and for soft, natural curls in *Normal Hair*—Red Box.

FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR
 and for tighter, firmer curls in *Normal Hair*—Green Box.

For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave" Hair Kit.

At chemists and stores everywhere. **13/-**



HERE'S A WAY to vary the flavor of a butter cake. Bake one half of bottom layer with orange filling, the other half with lemon filling. Cover half of the assembled cake with orange butter cream and the other with lemon butter cream.

Prize recipe

● An appetising dinner dish flavored with pickled walnuts wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for walnut crisps which have a delicious nutty flavor.

When quite cold the walnut crisps can be topped with a dab of chocolate icing and half a walnut for those with a sweet tooth.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

STEAK LEROY

One pound skirt steak, 1 onion, ½ clove garlic, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon claret, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 2 pickled walnuts, 2 tablespoons good shortening.

Place chopped onion and garlic in heavy pan; brown in shortening. Trim meat, cut into oblong pieces 2in. x 1in., coat with flour, add to pan, brown on all sides. Remove meat-and-onion mixture, place in a large saucepan. Add remaining flour and water to pan, stir over low heat for a

few minutes, then add mixture. Lastly stir in claret, salt and pepper, with a tightly fitting lid simmer 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Add halved walnuts to mixture for the last 15 minutes of cooking. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to G. L. Ferguson, 20 Bedford Terrace, Ascot Park.

WALNUT CRISPS

Four ounces butter or margarine, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup coconut, 1 finely chopped walnuts.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, beat well, add beaten egg, then sifted salt and cocoa. Finally mix in coconut and walnuts. Press mixture, a teaspoonful at a time, on to greased oven tray. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on tray, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kenny, 24 Holland Park Ave., Holland Park, O.K.

FAMILY DISH

OUR family dish this week is the ever popular baked shoulder of lamb stuffed with a piquant seasoning. It costs approximately nine shillings and serves five.

SEASONED SHOULDER OF LAMB

One small shoulder of lamb, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon each of chopped parsley, onion, and green pepper, pinch each of grated lemon rind, nutmeg, and herbs, salt, pepper, little milk and egg-yolk to moisten.

Have the butcher bone and roll shoulder. Lay on flat board. Combine all seasoning ingredients, adding egg-yolk and sufficient milk to bind. Spread over meat, re-roll. Tie into a neat, round shape with fine string. Place in baking-dish with 1in. fat; bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours, basting occasionally. Serve hot with baked vegetables.

PRESENT FOR MOTHERS

AN ideal Christmas present for a young mother or mother-to-be is a copy of our attractive, illustrated book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse.

Simply written and clearly illustrated, the book gives practical guidance to mothers on the personal care required during the pre-natal and post-natal periods.

Diet charts, valuable

recipes, and nursery hints included, and there is a chapter on the treatment of the common ailments of the infant, including infectious fevers of childhood.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 1088, Sydney, or from booksellers in the capital cities. Price plus postage 9d. Please send names and addresses.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4338.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make smock-suit designed for a girl or boy. Sizes six months and 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires: Girl, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yds. 36in. material and 1 yds. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. embroidered edging; boy, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4339.—Slender-line one-piece finished with a button trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/.

F4341.—Smart Empire-inspired coat-dress has neckline bared for coolness. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

F4343.—Attractively styled one-piece has contrast for bodice and skirt trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 7-8th yds. 36in. material, 1 yds. 36in. contrast, and 12 yds. edging. Price 4/.

F4340.—Girl's sun-frock and bolero jacket. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires: Design A, 3 to 4 yds. 36in. material, 1 to 1 yds. 36in. contrast; design B, 4 to 4 7-8th yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

F4342.—Lace and ribbon-trimmed short-skirted nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 7-8th yds. 36in. material, 3 yds. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. lace edging, 1 yds. 2in. lace edging, 3 yds. beading, and 4 yds. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. ribbon. Price 4/6.



F4340

F4343

F4342

F4341

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 360—ONE-PIECE TENNIS DRESS
Smartly styled, above knee-length tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality white pique.

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 30/8, 38 and 36in. bust 33/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 361—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a palm leaf motif. The material and color choice is Irish linen in white and cream and sheer linen in lemon, blue, and pink.

Sizes: Centre mat 14in. by 14in., plate mat 11in. by 11in., and cup-and-saucer mat 7in. by 7in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre mat, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre mat, 8 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer

mats, 22/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviettes to match, size 11in. by 11in., 1/9 each. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 362—INFANT FROCK AND PETTICOAT SLIP

The garments are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is easy-to-laundry plisse, available in pink, blue, and white.

Size: Infants. Price 32/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

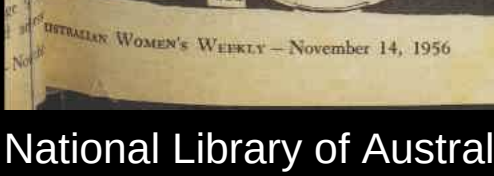
No. 363—BOY'S OVERALL

Bib overall obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a horse motif. The material choice is denim in grey, blue, light brown, and wine red.

Sizes: 2 and 3 years 17/9, 4 and 5 years 19/-. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



363



362

MODERN WOMEN



Sheath in blonde polished cotton the only fullness under the bust-line.

prefer

Modess

because...

... it's as up-to-date as to-day's fashions with the newest luxury... a whisper-soft Masslinn cover. Modess Masslinn has all the fine features of New Modess with its full-length safety shield, side strips inside the cover and, of course, tapered and pre-folded ends and tabs. If you prefer, you may still have Modess with gauze cover.



with whisper-soft masslinn cover

2/11

with gauze cover

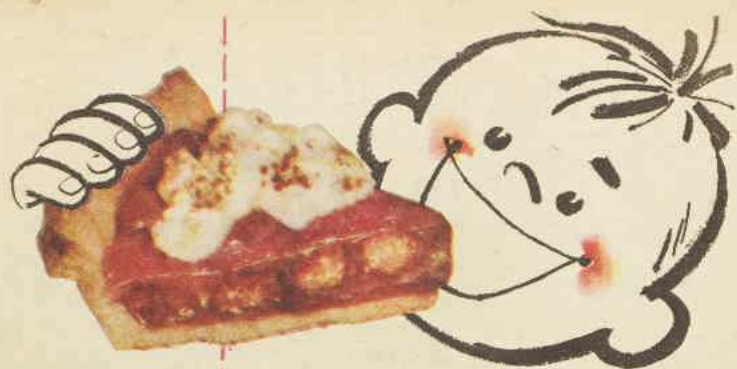
2/9

and for those who need extra protection
Modess Hospital Napkins
with extra absorbency

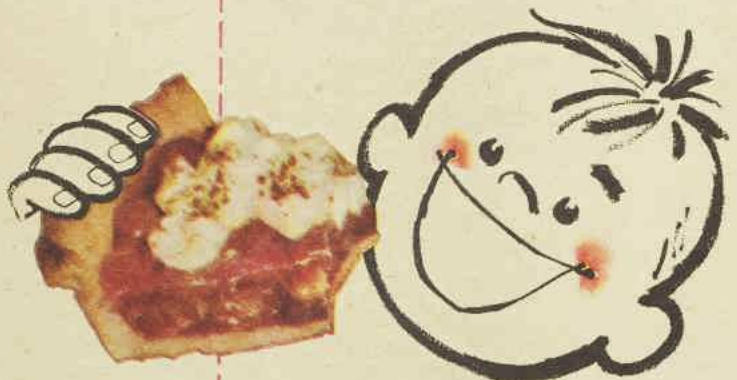
Modess Hospital Napkins were originally designed for use in hospitals. They are wider, longer and of greater capacity than normal sanitary napkins. In addition, Modess Hospital Napkins feature the new whisper-soft Masslinn Cover.

3/3 pocket of twelve

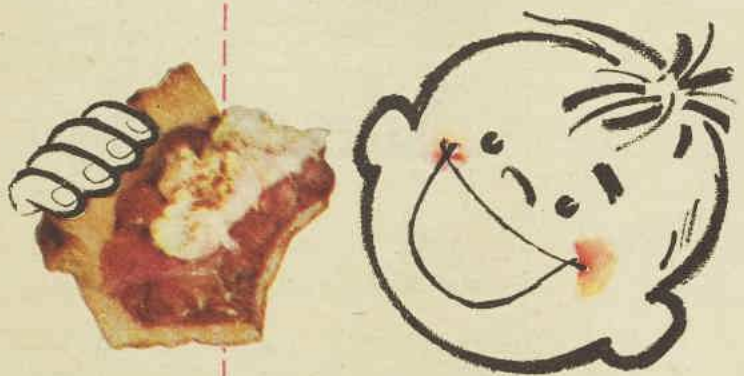
PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS



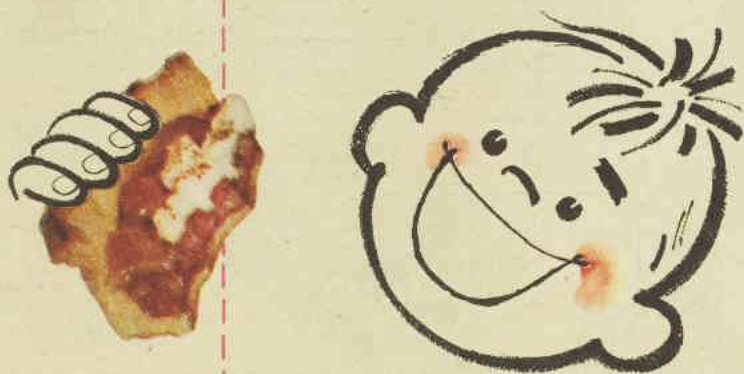
THE MORE



YOU HAVE



THE MORE



YOU WANT



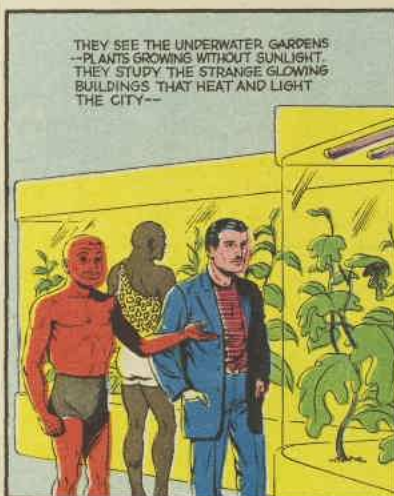
Makes every sweet
twice as nice

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTRAR: His giant Nubian servant, and their friend Sir Harry, find themselves in a weird undersea city inhabited by human beings. Mandrake soon learns the strange language of the inhabitants and discovers that these men are fugitives from Mu, exiled

years before by a tyrant, and still living in fear of discovery by the armies of Mu. Mandrake explains that the vast continent of Mu disappeared when it sank into the sea thousands of years ago and that they are free to return to the surface of the earth to live like other earth men. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY